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THE
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OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,
IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

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PLAYS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

ACCURATELY PRINTED FROM

THE TEXT OF MR. STEEVENS'S LAST EDITION,

WITH

A SELECTION OF THE MOST IMPORTANT NOTES.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

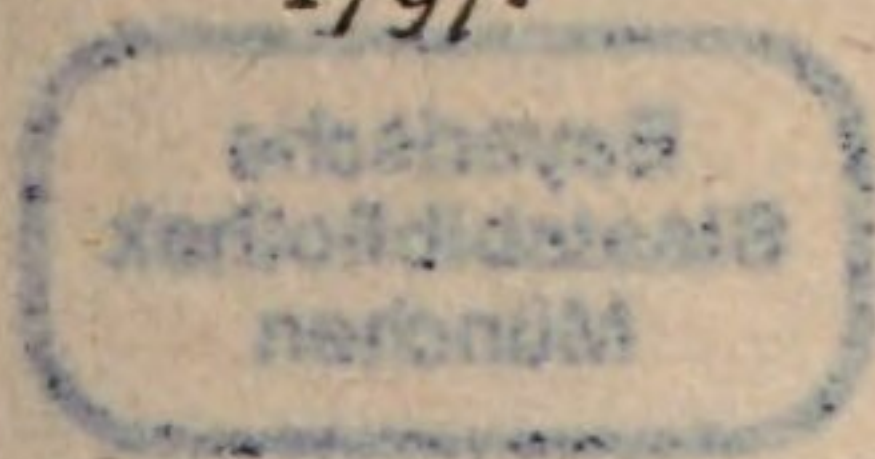
VOLUME VI.

CONTAINING
KING HENRY VIII.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA;
TIMON OF ATHENS;
CORIOLANUS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, C. DILLY, J. JOHNSON,
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1797.



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KING HENRY VIII.

* * * We are unacquainted with any dramattick piece on the subject of Henry VIII. that preceded this of Shakspeare; and yet on the books of the Stationers' Company appears the following entry: "Nathaniel Butter] (who was one of our author's printers) Feb. 12, 1604. That he get good allowance for the enterlude of *K. Henry VIII.* before he begin to print it; and with the wardens hand to yt, he is to have the same for his copy." Dr. Farmer in a note on the epilogue to this play, observes from Stowe, that *Robert Greene* had written somewhat on the same story.

STEEVENS.

This historical drama comprizes a period of twelve years, commencing in the twelfth year of King Henry's reign, (1521,) and ending with the christening of Elizabeth in 1533. Shakspeare has deviated from history in placing the death of Queen Katharine before the birth of Elizabeth, for in fact Katharine did not die till 1536.

King Henry VIII. was written, I believe, in 1601. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's Plays.*

Dr. Farmer in a note on the epilogue observes from Stowe, that "Robert Greene had written something on this story;" but this, I apprehend, was not a play, but some historical account of Henry's reign, written not by Robert Greene, the dramattick poet, but by some other person. In the list of "author's out of whom Stowe's *Annals* were compiled," prefixed to the last edition printed in his life time, quarto, 1605, Robert Greene is enumerated with Robert de Brun, Robert Fabian, &c. and he is often quoted as an authority for facts in the margin of the history of that reign. MALONE.

PROLOGUE.

P R O L O G U E.

I come no more to make you laugh ; things now,
 That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
 Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
 Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
 We now present. Those, that can pity, here
 May, if they think it well, let fall a tear ;
 The subject will deserve it. Such, as give
 Their money out of hope they may believe,
 May here find truth too. Those, that come to see
 Only a show or two, and so agree,
 The play may pass ; if they be still, and willing,
 I'll undertake, may see away their shilling
 Richly in two short hours. Only they,
 That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
 A noise of targets ; or to see a fellow
 In a long motley coat,² guarded with yellow,
 Will be deceiv'd : for, gentle hearers, know,
 To rank our chosen truth with such a show
 As fool and fight is,³ beside forfeiting
 Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
 (To make that only true we now intend,⁴)
 Will leave us never an understanding friend.

Therefore,

² Alluding to the *fools* and *buffoons*, introduced in the plays a little before our author's time : and of whom he has left us a small taste in his own.

THEOBALD.

³ This is not the only passage in which Shakspeare has discovered his conviction of the impropriety of battles represented on the stage. He knew that five or six men with swords, gave a very unsatisfactory idea of an army, and therefore, without much care to excuse his former practice, he allows that a theatrical fight would destroy all *opinion of truth*, and leave him *never an understanding friend*. *Magnis ingenii & multa nihilominus habituris simplex convenit erroris confessio*. Yet I know not whether the coronation shown in this play may not be liable to all that can be objected against a battle. JOHNSON.

⁴ These lines I do not understand, and suspect them of corruption. I believe we may better read thus :

—the

Therefore, for goodnefs' fake, and as you are known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,⁵

Be

—*the opinion, that we bring*

Or make; *that only truth we now intend.* JOHNSON.

To *intend* in our author, has sometimes the same meaning as to *pretend*. STEEVENS.

If any alteration were necessary, I should be for only changing the order of the words, and reading:

That only true to make we now intend:

i. e. that now we intend to exhibit only *what is true.*

This passage, and others of this Prologue, in which great stress is laid upon *the truth* of the ensuing representation, would lead one to suspect, that this play of Henry the VIIIth is the very play mentioned by Sir H. Wotton, [in his letter of 2 July, 1613, *Reliq. Wotton*, p. 425,] under the description of “*a new play, [acted by the king's players at the Bank's Side] called, All is true, representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry the VIIIth.*” The *extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty*, with which, Sir Henry says, that play was set forth, and the particular incident of *certain cannons shot off at the king's entry to a masque at the Cardinal Wolsey's house*, (by which the theatre was set on fire and burnt to the ground,) are strictly applicable to the play before us. Mr. Chamberlaine, in *Winwood's Memorials*, Vol. III. p. 469, mentions, “the burning of *the Globe*, or playhouse, on the *Bankside*, on St. Peter's-day [1613,] which, (says he) fell out by a *peale of chambers*, that I know not on what occasion were to be used in the play.” Ben Jonson, in his *Excecration upon Vulcan*, says, they were *two poor chambers*. [See the stage-direction in this play, a little before the king's entrance. “*Drum and trumpet, chambers discharged.*”] The continuator of Stowe's *Chronicle*, relating the same accident, p. 1003, says expressly, that it happened at *the play of Henry the VIIIth.*

In a MS. letter of Tho. Lorkin to Sir Tho. Puckering, dated *London, this last of June, 1613*, the same fact is thus related: “No longer since than yesterday, while Bourbage his companie were acting at the Globe the play of *Hen. VIII.* and there shooting of certayne chambers in way of triumph, the fire catch'd,” &c. MS. Harl. 7002. TYRWHITT.

I have followed a regulation recommended by an anonymous correspondent, and only included the contested line in a parenthesis, which in some editions was placed before the word *beside*.

MALONE.

⁵ Were it necessary to strengthen Dr. Johnson's and Dr. Farmer's supposition (See notes on the Epilogue) that old Ben, not Shakspeare, was author of the prologue before us, we might observe that *happy* appears in the present instance to have been used with one of its Roman significations, i. e. *propitious* or *favourable*: *Sis bonus O, felixque tuis!*” *Virg. Ecl. 5.* a sense of the word which must have been unknown to Shakspeare, but was familiar to Jonson. STEEVENS.

PROLOGUE.

5

Be sad, as we would make ye: Think, ye see
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living; think, you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat,
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery!
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Henry the Eighth.
Cardinal Wolsey. Cardinal Campeius.
Capucius, Ambassador from the Emperor, Charles V.
Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.
Duke of Norfolk. Duke of Buckingham.
Duke of Suffolk. Earl of Surrey.
Lord Chamberlain. Lord Chancellor.
Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester.
Bishop of Lincoln, Lord Abergavenny, Lord Sands.
Sir Henry Guildford. Sir Thomas Lovell.
Sir Anthony Denny. Sir Nicholas Vaux.
Secretaries to Wolsey.
Cromwell, Servant to Wolsey.
Griffith, Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katharine.
Three other Gentlemen.
Doctor Butts, Physician to the King.
Garter, King at Arms.
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
Brandon, and a Serjeant at Arms.
Door-keeper of the Council-Chamber. Porter, and his Man.
Page to Gardiner. A Cryer.

Queen Katharine, wife to King Henry; afterwards divorced.
Anne Bullen, her maid of honour; afterwards Queen.
An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.
Patience, Woman to Queen Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her, Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

SCENE, chiefly in London, and Westminster; once at Kimbolton.

KING

KING HENRY VIII.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. *An Antechamber in the Palace.*

*Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, at one door; at the other, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and the Lord ABERGAVENNY.*²

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have you done,
Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your grace:
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer³
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory,⁴ those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Arde.

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde;⁵
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd
Such

² George Nevill, who married Mary, daughter of Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham. REED.

³ An admirer untired; an admirer still feeling the impression as if it were hourly renewed. JOHNSON.

⁴ That is, those glorious suns. The editor of the third folio plausibly enough reads—Those *sons* of glory; and indeed as in old English books the two words are used indiscriminately, the luminary being often spelt *son*, it is sometimes difficult to determine which is meant; *sun*, or *son*. However, the subsequent part of the line, and the recurrence of the same expression afterwards, are in favour of the reading of the original copy.

MALONE.

⁵ Guynes then belonged to the English, and Arde to the French; they are towns in Picardy, and the valley of Ardren lay between them. *Arde* is *Ardres*, but both Hall and Holinshed write it as Shakspeare does.

REED.

Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory : Men might say,
Till this time, pomp was single ; but now marry'd
To one above itself.⁶ Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders it's :⁷ To-day, the French,
All clinquant,⁸ all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English ; and to-morrow, they
Made Britain, India : every man, that stood,
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt : the madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting : now this mask
Was cry'd incomparable ; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them ; him in eye,
Still him in praise : and, being present both,

'Twas

⁶ The thought is odd and whimsical ; and obscure enough to need an explanation. — Till this time (says the speaker) Pomp led a single life, as not finding a husband able to support her according to her dignity ; but she has now got one in Henry VIII. who could support her, even above her condition, in finery. *WARBURTON.*

Dr. Warburton has here discovered more beauty than the author intended, who only meant to say in a noisy periphrase, that *pomp was increased on this occasion to more than twice as much as it had ever been before.* Pomp is no more married to the English than to the French king, for to neither is any preference given by the speaker. Pomp is only married to pomp, but the new pomp is greater than the old. *JOHNSON.*

Before this time all pompous shows were exhibited by one prince only. On this occasion the King's of England and France vied with each other. To this circumstance Norfolk alludes. *M. MASON.*

⁷ *Dies diem docet.* Every day learned something from the preceding, till the concluding day collected all the splendor of all the former shows.

JOHNSON.

⁸ All glittering, all shining. Clarendon uses this word in his description of the Spanish *Juego de Toros.* *JOHNSON.*

It is likewise used in *A Memorable Masque, &c.* performed before King James at Whitehall in 1613. *STEEVENS.*

'Twas said, they saw but one; and no discerner
 Durst wag his tongue in censure.⁹ When these funs
 (For so they phrase them,) by their heralds challeng'd
 The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
 Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,
 Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
 That Bevis was believ'd.²

Buck. O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
 In honour honesty, the tract of every thing³
 Would by a good discourser lose some life,
 Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;⁴
 To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
 Order gave each thing view; the office did
 Distinctly his full function.⁵

Buck. Who did guide,
 I mean, who set the body and the limbs
 Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, Certes,⁶ that promises no element⁷
 In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good descretion
 Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

Buck.

⁹ *Censure* for determination, of which had the noblest appearance.

WARBURTON.

² The old romantic legend of Bevis of Southampton. This Bevis (or Bevois) a Saxon, was for his prowess created by William the Conqueror Earl of Southampton: of whom Camden in his *Britannica*.

THEOBALD.

³ The course of these triumphs and pleasures, however well related, must lose in the description part of that spirit and energy which were expressed in the real action. JOHNSON.

⁴ This speech was given in all the editions to Buckingham; but improperly. For he wanted information, having kept his chamber during the solemnity. I have therefore given it to Norfolk. WARBURTON.

⁵ The commission for regulating this festivity was well executed, and gave exactly to every particular person and action the proper place.

JOHNSON.

⁶ An obsolete adverb, signifying—certainly, in truth. STEEVENS.

⁷ No initiation, no previous practices. *Elements* are the first principles of things, or rudiments of knowledge. The word is here applied, not without a *catachresis*, to a person. JOHNSON.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is free'd
From his ambitious finger.⁸ What had he
To do in these fierce vanities?⁹ I wonder,
That such a keech² can with his very bulk
Take up the rays of the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, fir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends:
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, (whose grace
Chalks successors their way,) nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither ally'd
To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web,³ he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.⁴

Aber.

⁸ To have a finger in the pie, is a proverbial phrase. See Ray, 244.

REED.

⁹ *Fierce* is here, I think, used like the French *fier* for *proud*, unless we suppose an allusion to the mimical ferocity of the combatants in the tilt.

JOHNSON.

It is certainly used as the French word *fier*. So, in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, the puritan says, the hobby horse "is a *fierce* and rank idoh." STEEVENS.

² A *keech* is a solid lump or mass. A cake of wax or tallow formed in a mould, is called yet in some places, a *keech*. JOHNSON.

There may, perhaps, be a singular propriety in this term of contempt. *Wolfey* was the son of a *butcher*, and in the Second Part of *King Henry IV.* a butcher's wife is called—*Goody Keech*. STEEVENS.

³ Thus it stands in the first edition. The latter editors, by injudicious correction, have printed:

Out of his self-drawn web. JOHNSON.

⁴ It is evident a word or two in the sentence is misplaced, and that we should read:

A gift that heaven gives; which buys for him

A place next to the king. WARBURTON.

It is full as likely that Shakspeare wrote:

— gives to him, —

which will save any greater alteration. JOHNSON.

I am too dull to perceive the necessity of any change. What he is unable to give himself, heaven gives or deposits *for* him, and that gift, or deposit, *buys a place, &c.* STEEVENS.

I agree with Johnson that we should read:

A gift that heaven gives to him;

Aber.

I cannot tell

What heaven hath given him, let some graver eye
 Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
 Peep through each part of him: Whence has he that?
 If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;
 Or has given all before, and he begins
 A new hell in himself.

Buck.

Why the devil,

Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
 Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
 Who should attend on him? He makes up the file⁵
 Of all the gentry; for the most part such
 Too, whom as great a charge as little honour
 He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
 The honourable board of council out,⁶
 Must fetch him in he papers.⁷

Aber.

I do know

Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
 By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
 They shall abound as formerly.

Buck.

for Abergavenny says in reply,

“ I cannot tell

“ What heaven hath *given him* :”

which confirms the justness of this amendment. I should otherwise have
 thought Steevens's explanation right. M. MASON.

⁵ That is, *the list*. JOHNSON.⁶ Council not then sitting. JOHNSON.

The expression rather means, “ all mention of the board of council
 being *left out* of his letter.” STEEVENS.

That is, left out, omitted, unnoticed, unconsulted with. RITSON.

It appears from Holinshed, that this expression is rightly explained by
 Mr. Pope in the next note: *without the concurrence of the council*. “ The
 peers of the realme receiving letters to prepare themselves to attend the
 king in this journey, and no apparent necessarie cause exprest, why or
 wherefore, seemed to grudge that such a costly journey should be taken in
 hand—*without consent of the whole boarde of the Counsaile*.” MALONE.

⁷ *He papers*, a verb; his own letter, by his own single authority, and
 without the concurrence of the council, must fetch in him whom he
 papers down.—I don't understand it unless this be the meaning. POPE.

Wolsey published a list of the several persons whom he had appointed to
 attend on the king at this interview. See Hall's *Chronicle*, Rymer's *Fædera*,
 Tom. XIII. &c. STEEVENS.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on them
For this great journey.⁸ What did this vanity,
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?⁹

Nor. Grievingly I think,
'The peace between the French and us not values
'The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
'The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenc'd?²

Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace;³ and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carry'd.⁴

Nor.

⁸ In the ancient *Interlude of Nature*, bl. l. no date, but apparently printed in the reign of King Henry VIII. there seems to have been a similar stroke aimed at this expensive expedition. STEEVENS.

So also, Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*: "'Tis an ordinary thing to put a thousand oakes, or an hundred oxen, into a suit of apparell, to weare a whole manor on his back." Edit. 1634, p. 482.

WHALLEY.

⁹ What effect had this pompous show, but the production of a wretched conclusion. JOHNSON.

² *Silenc'd* for recall'd. This being proper to be said of an orator; and an ambassador or public minister being called an orator, he applies *silenc'd* to an ambassador. WARBURTON.

I understand it rather of the French ambassador residing in England, who, by being refused an audience, may be said to be *silenc'd*.

JOHNSON.

³ A fine name of a peace. Ironically. JOHNSON.

⁴ *To carry a business* was at this time a current phrase for to conduct or manage it. REED.

Nor. 'Like it your grace,
 The state takes notice of the private difference
 Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,
 (And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
 Honour and plenteous safety,) that you read
 The cardinal's malice and his potency
 Together: to consider further, that
 What his high hatred would effect, wants not
 A minister in his power: You know his nature,
 That he's revengeful; and I know, his sword
 Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, it may be said,
 It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
 Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
 You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock,⁶
 That I advise your shunning.

*Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, (the purse borne before him,) certain
 of the guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The Car-
 dinal in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and
 Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.*

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha?
 Where's his examination?

1. Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

1. Secr. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Bucking-
 ham

Shall lessen this big look. [*Exeunt WOLSEY, and train.*]

Buck. This butcher's cur⁷ is venom-mouth'd, and I
 Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best
 Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
 Out-worths a noble's blood.⁸

Nor.

⁶ To make the *rock come*, is not very just. JOHNSON.

⁷ Wolsey is said to have been the son of a butcher. JOHNSON.

Dr. Grey observes, that when the death of the Duke of Buckingham was reported to the Emperor Charles V. he said, "The first buck of England was worried to death by a *butcher's dog*." STEEVENS.

⁸ That is, the literary qualifications of a bookish beggar are more prized than the high descent of hereditary greatness. This is a contemptuous

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance only,
Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in his looks
Matter against me; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bores me with some trick:⁹ He's gone to the king;
I'll follow, and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about: To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first: Anger is like
A full-hot horse; who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king;
And from a mouth of honour² quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim,
There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do finge yourself:³ We may outrun,
By violent swiftnefs, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
'The fire, that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advis'd:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself;
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck.
temptuous exclamation very naturally put into the mouth of one of the
ancient, unlettered, martial nobility. JOHNSON.

It ought to be remembered that the speaker is afterward pronounced by
the king himself a *learned gentleman*. RITSON.

⁹ He stabs or wounds me by some artifice or fiction. JOHNSON.

² I will crush this base-born fellow, by the due influence of my rank,
or say that all distinction of persons is at an end. JOHNSON.

³ Might not Shakspeare allude to *Dan. iii. 22*? "Therefore because
the king's commandment was urgent, and the furnace exceeding hot, the
flame of fire slew those men that took up *Shadrach, Meshac, and Abed-
nego*." STEEVENS.

Buck.

Sir,

I am thankful to you; and I'll go along
 By your prescription:—but this top-proud fellow,
 (Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
 From sincere motions,⁴) by intelligence,
 And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
 We see each grain of gravel, I do know
 To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor.

Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To the king I'll say't; and make my vouch as
 strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
 Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous,⁵
 As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief,
 As able to perform it: his mind and place
 Infecting one another,⁶ yea, reciprocally,)
 Only to show his pomp as well in France
 As here at home, suggests the king our master⁷
 To this last costly treaty, the interview,
 That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
 Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor.

'Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal
 The articles o' the combination drew,
 As himself pleas'd; and they were ratify'd,
 As he cry'd, Thus let be: to as much end,
 As give a crutch to the dead: But our count-cardinal⁸
 Has done this, 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
 Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
 (Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
 To the old dam, treason,)—Charles the emperor,

Under

⁴ Honest indignation; warmth of integrity. Perhaps *name* not, should be *blame* not.

Whom from the flow of gall I blame not. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Equal for equally.* Shakspeare frequently uses adjectives adverbially. See *King John*, Vol. IV. p. 114, n. 7. MALONE.

⁶ This is very satirical. His mind he represents as highly corrupt; and yet he supposes the contagion of the *place* of first minister as adding an infection to it. WARBURTON.

⁷ *Suggests*, for *excites*. WARBURTON.

⁸ Wolsey is afterwards called *king* cardinal. Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—*court*-cardinal. MALONE.

Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,
 (For 'twas, indeed, his colour; but he came
 To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation:
 His fears were, that the interview, betwixt
 England and France, might through their amity,
 Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
 Peep'd harms that menac'd him: He privily
 Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,—
 Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor
 Pay'd ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was granted,
 Ere it was ask'd;—but when the way was made,
 And pay'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd;—
 That he would please to alter the king's course,
 And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,
 (As soon he shall by me,) that thus the cardinal
 Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,⁹
 And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
 To hear this of him; and could wish, he were
 Something mistaken in't.²

Buck. No, not a syllable;
 I do pronounce him in that very shape,
 He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON; a Sergeant at arms before him, and two or
 three of the guard.*

Bran. Your office, sergeant: execute it.

Serg. Sir,
 My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl
 Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
 Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
 Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
 The net has fall'n upon me; I shall perish
 Under device and practice.³

Bran.

⁹ This was a proverbial expression. See *King Richard III.* Act V. sc. iii. MALONE.

² That is, that he were something different from what he is taken or supposed by you to be. MALONE.

³ i. e. unfair stratagem. REED.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present : + 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing,
To plead mine innocence ; for that die is on me,
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of heaven
Be done in this and all things !—I obey.—
O my lord Abergavenny, fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company :—The king
[To ABERGAVENNY.]
Is pleas'd, you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king, to attach lord Montacute ; ⁵ and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Court, ⁶
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor, ⁷—

Buck. So, so ;
These are the limbs of the plot : No more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins ? ⁸

Bran. He.
Buck.

⁴ I am sorry that I am obliged to be present and an eye-witness of your loss of liberty. JOHNSON.

⁵ This was Henry Pole, grandson to George Duke of Clarence, and eldest brother to Cardinal Pole. He had married the Lord Abergavenny's daughter. He was restored to favour at this juncture, but was afterwards executed for another treason in this reign. REED.

⁶ The name of this monk of the Chartreux was *John de la Car*, alias *de la Court*. See Holinshed, p. 863. STEEVENS.

⁷ The old copies have it—his *counsellor* ; but I, from the authorities of Hall and Holinshed, changed it to *chancellor*. And our poet himself, in the beginning of the second act, vouches for this correction :

“ At which, appear'd against him his surveyor,

“ Sir Gilbert Peck, his *chancellor*.” THEOBALD.

⁸ The old copy has—*Michael* Hopkins. Mr. Theobald made the emendation, conformably to the Chronicle : “ Nicholas Hopkins, a monk of an house of the Chartreux order, beside Bristow, called Henton.” In the MS. *Nich.* only was probably set down, and mistaken for *Mich.*

MALONE.

Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath show'd him gold: my life is spann'd already: ⁹
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun.²—My lord, farewell. [Exeunt.]

⁹ To *span* is to gripe, or enclose in the hand; to *span* is also to measure by the palm and fingers. The meaning, therefore, may either be, that *bold* is taken of my life, my life is in the gripe of mine enemies; or, that my time is measured, the length of my life is now determined. JOHNSON.

Man's life in Scripture is said to be but a *span* long. Probably therefore it means, when 'tis spann'd 'tis ended. REED.

² These lines have puzzled all the editors. Does the reader understand them? By me they are inexplicable, and must be left, I fear, to some happier sagacity. If the usage of our author's time could allow *figure* to be taken, as now, for *dignity* or *importance*, we might read:

Whose figure even this instant cloud puts out.

But I cannot please myself with any conjecture.

Another explanation may be given, somewhat harsh, but the best that occurs to me:

I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,

Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,

whose port and dignity is assumed by the cardinal, that overclouds and oppresses me, and who gains my place

By dark'ning my clear sun. JOHNSON.

Wolsey could only reach Buckingham through the medium of the King's power. The Duke therefore compares the Cardinal to a cloud, which intercepts the rays of the sun, and throws a gloom over the object beneath it. "I am (says he) but the shadow of poor Buckingham, on whose figure this impending cloud looks gloomy, having got between me and the sunshine of royal favour." STEEVENS.

The following passage in Greene's *Dorastus and Fawnia*, 1588, (a book which Shakspeare certainly had read,) adds support to Dr. Johnson's conjecture: "Fortune, envious of such happy successe,—turned her wheele, and darkened their bright sunne of prosperitie with the mistie cloudes of mishap and misery."

Mr. M. Mason has observed that Dr. Johnson did not do justice to his own emendation, referring the words *whose figure* to Buckingham, when in fact they relate to *shadow*. Sir W. Blackstone had already explained the passage in this manner. MALONE.

By adopting Dr. Johnson's first conjecture, "puts out," for "puts on," a tolerable sense may be given to these obscure lines. "I am but the shadow of poor Buckingham; and even the figure or outline of this shadow begins now to fade away, being extinguished by this impending cloud, which darkens (or interposes between me and) my clear sun; that is, the favour of my sovereign." BLACKSTONE.

SCENE

SCENE II.

The Council-Chamber.

Cornets. Enter King HENRY, Cardinal WOLSEY, the Lords of the Council, Sir THOMAS LOVELL, Officers, and Attendants. The King enters leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder.

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it,³
Thanks you for this great care : I stood i' the level
Of a full-charg'd confederacy,⁴ and give thanks
To you that chok'd it—Let be called before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's : in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify ;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

The King takes his state. The Lords of the Council take their several places. The Cardinal places himself under the King's feet, on his right side.

A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen. Enter the Queen, ushered by the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK : she kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel ; I am a suitor.

K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us :—Half your suit
Never name to us ; you have half our power :
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given ;
Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself ; and, in that love,
Not unconfider'd leave your honour, nor

The

³ *Heart* is not here taken for the great organ of circulation and life, but, in a common, and popular sense, for the most valuable or precious part. Our author, in *Hamlet*, mentions the *heart of heart*. Exhausted and effete ground is said by the farmer to be *out of heart*. The hard and inner part of the oak is called *heart of oak*. JOHNSON.

⁴ To stand in the *level* of a gun is to stand in a line with its mouth, so as to be hit by the shot. JOHNSON.

The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
Sent down among them, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties:—wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions,⁵ yet the king our master,
(Whose honour heaven shield from foil!) even he escaped
not

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The fides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear: for, upon these taxations,
'The clothiers all, not able to maintain
'The many to them 'longing,⁶ have put off
'The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And Danger serves among them.⁷

K. Hen.

⁵ The *instigator* of these exactions; the person who suggested to the king the taxes complained of, and *incited* him to exact them from his subjects. MALONE.

⁶ The *many* is the *meiny*, the train, the people. Dryden is, perhaps, the last that used this word:

“The kings before their *many* rode.” JOHNSON.

I believe the *many* is only the *multitude*, the οἱ πολλοί. Thus, *Coriolanus*, speaking of the rabble, calls them:

“—— the mutable rank-scented *many*.” STEEVENS.

⁷ Could one easily believe, that a writer, who had, but immediately before, sunk so low in his expression, should here rise again to a height so truly sublime? where, by the noblest stretch of fancy, *Danger* is personified as serving in the rebel army, and shaking the established government.

WARBURTON.

Chaucer, Gower, Skelton, and Spenser, have personified *Danger*. The first, in his *Romaunt of the Rose*; the second, in his fifth book *De Confessionibus*

K. Hen. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file⁸
Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things, that are known alike; ⁹ which are not who'esome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say,
They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

K. Hen. Still exaction!
The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subject's grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levy'd
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France: This makes bold mouths:
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze

Allegiance

fessiane Amantis; the third in his *Bouge of Court*: and the fourth, in the
10th Canto of the fourth book of his *Faery Queen*, and again in the fifth
book and the ninth Canto. STEEVENS.

⁸ I am but *primus inter pares*. I am but first in the row of counsellors.
JOHNSON.

This was the very idea that Wolsey wished to disclaim. It was not his
intention to acknowledge that he was the first in the row of counsellors,
but that he was merely on a level with the rest, and stepped in the same line
with them. M. MASON.

⁹ That is, you know no more than other counsellors, but you are the
person who frame those things which are afterwards proposed, and known
equally by all. M. MASON.

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person who frame those things which are afterwards proposed, and known
equally by all. M. MASON.

Allegiance in them; their curses now,
 Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass,
 That tractable obedience is a slave
 To each incensed will.² I would, your highness
 Would give it quick consideration, for
 There is no primer business.³

K. Hen. By my life,
 This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
 I have no farther gone in this, than by
 A single voice; and that not pass'd me, but
 By learned approbation of the judges.
 If I am traduc'd by tongues, which neither know
 My faculties, nor person, yet will be
 The chronicles of my doing,—let me say,
 'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake

That

² i. e. those who are tractable and obedient, must give way to others who are angry. MUSGRAVE.

The meaning of this is, that the people were so much irritated by oppression, that their resentment got the better of their obedience.

M. MASON.

The meaning, I think, is—Things are now in such a situation, that resentment and indignation predominate in every man's breast over duty and allegiance. MALONE.

³ In the old edition :

There is no primer baseness.

The queen is here complaining of the suffering of the commons; which, she suspects, arose from the abuse of power in some great men. But she is very reserved in speaking her thoughts concerning the quality of it. We may be assured then, that she did not, in conclusion, call it the highest *baseness*; but rather made use of a word that could not offend the cardinal, and yet would incline the king to give it a speedy hearing. I read therefore :

There is no primer business.

i. e. no matter of state that more earnestly presses a dispatch.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton (for reasons which he has given in his note) would read :

— no primer business :

but I think the meaning of the original word is sufficiently clear. No *primer baseness* is no mischief more ripe or ready for redress. STEEVENS.

That virtue must go through. We must not stint⁵
 Our necessary actions, in the fear
 To cope⁶ malicious censurers; which ever,
 As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
 That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
 Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
 By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
 Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,
 Hitting a grosser quality,⁷ is cry'd up
 For our best act. If we shall stand still,
 In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
 We should take root here where we sit, or sit
 State statues only.

K. Hen. Things done well,
 And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
 Things done without example, in their issue
 Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
 Of this commission? I believe, not any.
 We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
 And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
 A trembling contribution! Why, we take,
 From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber;⁸
 And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
 The air will drink the sap. To every county,
 Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
 Free pardon to each man that has deny'd
 The force of this commission: Pray, look to't;
 I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you [*To the Secretary.*
 Let there be letters writ to every shire,
 Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
 Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,
 That, through our intercession, this revokement
 And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
 Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*

Enter

⁵ To *stint* is to *stop*, to *retard*. STEEVENS.

⁶ To engage with; to encounter. The word is still used in some counties. JOHNSON.

⁷ The worst actions of great men are commended by the vulgar, as more accommodated to the grossness of their notions. JOHNSON.

⁸ *Lop* is a substantive, and signifies the *branches*. WARBURTON.

*Enter Surveyor.*⁹

Q. Kath. I am sorry, that the duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

K. Hen. It grieves many :
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound ; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself.²
Yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd,³ the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
'Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find
His hour of speech a minute ; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us ; you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust,) of him
Things to strike honour sad. — Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices ; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth ; and with bold spirit relate what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, That if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the scepter his : These very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberga'ny ; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note

This

⁹ It appears from Holinshed that his name was *Charles Knyvet*.

RITSON.

² Beyond the treasures of his own mind. JOHNSON.

³ Greats gifts of nature and education, not joined with good dispositions.
JOHNSON.

This dangerous conception in this point.⁴
 Not friended by his wish, to your high person
 His will is most malignant; and it stretches
 Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kat. My learn'd lord cardinal,
 Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen. Speak on:
 How grounded he his title to the crown,
 Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
 At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
 By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.⁵

K. Hen. What was that Hopkins?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
 His confessor; who fed him every minute
 With words of sovereignty.

K. Hen. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
 The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
 Saint Lawrence Poultney,⁶ did of me demand

What

⁴ Note this particular part of this dangerous design. JOHNSON.

⁵ In former editions:

By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Henton.

We heard before, from Brandon, of one Nicholas Hopkins; and now his name is changed into Henton; so that Brandon and the surveyor seem to be in two stories. There is, however, but one and the same person meant, Hopkins; as I have restored in the text, for perspicuity's sake: yet it will not be any difficulty to account for the other name, when we come to consider, that he was a monk of the convent, called Henton, near Bristol. So both Hall and Holinshed acquaint us. And he might, according to the custom of these times, be called Nicholas of Henton, from the place; as Hopkins from his family. THEOBALD.

This mistake, as it was undoubtedly made by Shakspeare, is worth a note. It would be doing too great an honour to the players to suppose them capable of being the authors of it. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare was perhaps led into the mistake by inadvertently referring the words, "called Henton," in the passage already quoted from Holinshed, (p. 17. n. 8.) not to the monastery, but to the monk.

MALONE.

⁶ This house was purchased about the year 1561, by Richard Hill, sometime master of the Merchant Tailors company, and is now the Merchant Tailors school, in Suffolk-lane. WHALLEY.

What was the speech amongst the Londoners
 Concerning the French journey : I reply'd,
 Men fear'd, the French would prove perfidious
 To the king's danger. Presently the duke
 Said, 'Twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted,
 'Twould prove the verity of certain words
 Spoke by a holy monk; *that oft*, says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment :
Whom after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensu'd,—Neither the king, nor his heirs,
(Tell you the duke) shall prosper : bid him strive
To gain the love of the commonalty ; the duke
Shall govern England.

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
 You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
 On the complaint o' the tenants : Take good heed,
 You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
 And spoil your nobler soul ! I say, take heed ;
 Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Let him on :—
 Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
 I told my lord the duke, By the devil's illusions
 This monk might be deceiv'd ; and that 'twas dang'rous for
 him,
 To ruminate on this so far, until
 It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
 It was much like to do : He answer'd, *Tush !*
It can do me no damage : adding further,
 That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
 The cardinal's and sir Thomas Lovell's heads
 Should have gone off.

K. Hen. Ha ! what, so rank ?⁷ Ah, ha !

There's

⁷ Rank weeds, are weeds grown up to great height and strength. *What,*
 says the king, *was he advanced to this pitch ?* JOHNSON. 3

There's mischief in this man:—Canst thou say further?

Surv. I can, my liege.

K. Hen.

Proceed.

Surv.

Being at Greenwich,

After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About sir William Blomer,—

K. Hen.

I remember

Of such a time:—Being my sworn servant,⁸

The duke retain'd him his.—But on; What hence?

Surv. If, quoth he, *I for this had been committed,*
As, to the Tower, I thought,—I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard: who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in his presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
*Have put his knife into him.*⁹

K. Hen.

A giant traitor!

Wol.

⁸ Sir William Blomer, (Holinshed calls him *Bulmer*,) was reprimanded by the king in the star-chamber, for that, being his sworn servant, he had left the king's service for the duke of Buckingham's. *Edwards's MSS.*
STEEVEN.

⁹ The accuracy of Holinshed, if from him Shakspeare took his account of the accusations and punishment, together with the qualities of the duke of Buckingham, is proved in the most authentick manner by a very curious report of his case in East. Term, 13 Hen. VIII. in the Year books published by authority, fol. 11 and 12, edit. 1597. After in the most exact manner setting forth the arrangement of the Lord High Steward, the Peers, the arraignment, and other forms and ceremonies, it says: "Et issint fuit arreine *Edward duc de Buckingham*, le derrain jour de Terme le xij jour de *May*, le duc de *Norfolk* donques estant Grand seneschal: la cause fuit, pur ceo que il avoit entend l' mort de nostre S^r. le Roy. Car premierment un Moine del' *Abbey de Henton* in le countie de *Somerjet* dit a lui que il sera Roy & command' luy de obtenir le benevolence del' communalte, & sur ceo il dona certaines robbes a cest intent. A que il dit que le moine ne onques dit ainsi a lui, & que il ne dona ceux dones a cest intent. Donques auterfoits il dit, si le Roy morust sans issue male, il voul' estre Roy: & auxi que il disoit, si le Roy avoit lui commis al' prison, donques il voul' lui occire ove son dagger. Mes tous ceux matters il denia in effect, mes fuit trove coup: Et per ceo il avoit jugement comme traître, et fuit decolle le *Vendredy* devant le *Feste del Pentecost* que fuit le xiiij jour de *May* avant dit. Dieu à sa ame grant mercy—car il fuit tres noble prince & prudent, et mirror de tout courtesie."

VAILLANT.

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?

Q. Kath.

God mend all!

K. Hen. There's something more would out of thee;
What say'st?

Surv. After—the duke his father,—with the knife,—
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour
Was,—Were he evil us'd, he would out-go
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

K. Hen. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us: By day and night,²
He's traitor to the height.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain³ and Lord SANDS.⁴

Cham. Is it possible, the spells of France should juggle
Men

² — *By day and night,*] This, I believe, was a phrase anciently signifying—at all times, every way, completely. In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Falstaff, at the end of his letter to Mrs. Ford, styles himself:

“Thine own true knight,

“*By day or night,*” &c.

The King's words, however, by some criticks, have been considered as an adjuration. I do not pretend to have determined the exact force of them. STEEVENS.

³ Shakspeare has placed this scene in 1521. Charles Earl of Worcester was then Lord Chamberlain; but when the king in fact went in masquerade to Cardinal Wolsey's house, Lord Sands, who is here introduced as going thither with the Chamberlain, himself possessed that office.

MALONE.

Charles Somerset, created earl of Worcester 5 Henry VIII. He was Lord Chamberlain both to Henry VII. and Henry VIII. and continued in the office until his death, 1526. REED.

⁴ Sir William Sands, of the Vine near Basingstoke in Hants, was created a peer 1524. He became Lord Chamberlain upon the death of the Earl of Worcester in 1526. REED.

Men into such strange mysteries?⁵

Sands.

New customs,

Though they be never so ridiculous,

Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage, is but merely
A fit or two o'the face;⁶ but they are shrew'd ones;
For when they hold them, you would swear directly,
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones; one would
take it,

That never saw them pace before, the spavin,
A springhalt reign'd among them.⁷

Cham.

Death! my lord,

Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they have worn out christendom. How now?
What news, sir Thomas Lovell?

Enter Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

Lov.

'Faith, my lord,

I hear of none, but the new proclamation

That's

⁵ *Mysteries* were allegorical shows, which the *munimers* of those times exhibited in odd fantastick habits. *Mysteries* are used, by an easy figure, for those that exhibited *mysteries*; and the sense is only, that the travelled Englishmen were metamorphosed, by foreign fashions, into such an uncouth appearance, that they looked like *munimers* in a mystery.

JOHNSON.

That *Mysteries* is the genuine reading, [Dr. Warburton would read—*mockeries*] and that it is used in a different sense from the one here given, will appear in the following instance from Drayton's *Shepherd's Garland*:

“——even so it fareth now with thee,

“And with these *wisards* of thy *mysterie*.”

The context of which shows, that by *wisards* are meant *poets*, and by *mysterie* their *poetic skill*, which was before called “*mister artes*.” Hence the *mysteries* in Shakspeare signify those *fantastick manners* and *fashions* of the French, which had operated as *spells* or *enchantments*. HENLEY.

⁶ A fit of the face seems to be what we now term a *grimace*, an artificial cast of the countenance. JOHNSON.

⁷ The *stringhalt*, or *springhalt*, (as the old copy reads,) is a disease incident to horses, which gives them a convulsive motion in their paces.

STEEVENS.

That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham.

What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I am glad, 'tis there; now I would pray our mon-
sieurs

To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov.

They must either
(For so run the conditions,) leave these remnants
Of fool, and feather,⁷ that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, (as fights and fireworks;⁸
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom,) renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men;
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give them physick, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham.

What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanites!

Lov.

Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords; the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;

A French

⁷ This does not allude to the *feathers* anciently worn in the hats and caps of our countrymen, (a circumstance to which no ridicule could justly belong,) but to an effeminate fashion recorded in Greene's *Farewell to Folly*, 1617; from whence it appears that even young gentlemen carried *fans of feathers* in their hands: "—— we strive to be counted womanish, by keeping of beauty, by curling the hair, by *wearing plumes of feathers in our hands*, which in wars our ancestors wore on their heads."

STEEVENS.

⁸ We learn from a French writer quoted in Montfaucon's *Monuments de la Monarchie François*, Vol. IV. that some very extraordinary fireworks were played off on the evening of the last day of the royal interview between Guynes and Ardres. Hence, our "travelled gallants," who were present at this exhibition, might have imbibed their fondness for the pyrotechnic art. STEEVENS.

A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle them! I am glad they're going;
(For, sure, there's no converting of them;) now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r-lady,
Held current musick too.

Cham. Well said, lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you going?

Low. To the cardinal's;
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true;
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Low. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dewes fall every where.

Cham. No doubt, he's noble;
He had a black mouth, that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord, he has wherewithal; in him,
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine:
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;⁹
Your lordship shall along:—Come, good sir Thomas,
We shall be late else; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I am your lordship's. [Exeunt.]

⁹ The speaker is now in the king's palace at *Bridewell*, from which he is proceeding by water to York-place, (Cardinal Wolsey's house,) now Whitehall. MALONE.

SCENE IV.

The Presence-Chamber in York-Place.

Hautboys. *A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Enter at one door, ANNE BULLEN, and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as guests; at another door, enter Sir HENRY GUILDFORD.*

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all: This night he dedicates
To fair content, and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry
As first-good company, good wine, good welcome
Can make good people.²—O, my lord, you are tardy;

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord SANDS, and Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, fir Harry Guildford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet³ ere they rested,
I think, would better please them: By my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!

Sands.

² The poet, I am persuaded, wrote:

As first good company, good wine, good welcome, &c.

i. e. he would have you as merry as these three things can make you, the best company in the land, of the best rank, good wine, &c. THEOBALD.

Sir T. Hanmer has mended it more elegantly, but with greater violence:

As first, good company, then good wine, &c. JOHNSON.

³ A running banquet, literally speaking, is a *hasty refreshment*, as set in opposition to a regular and *protracted meal*. The former is the object of this rakish peer; the latter, perhaps he would have relinquished to those of more permanent desires. STEEVENS.

Sands. I would, I were;
They should find easy penance.

Low. 'Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:
His grace is ent'ring.—Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather:—
My lord Sands, you are one will keep them waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies:

[Seats himself between ANNE BULLEN and another Lady.]

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:

But he would bite none; just as I do now,

He would kiss you twenty with a breath. *[Kisses her.]*

Cham. Well said, my lord.—

So, now you are fairly seated:—Gentlemen,

The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies

Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,

Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, attended; and takes
his state.

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health. *[Drinks.]*

Sands. Your grace is noble:—

Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,

And save me so much talking.

Wol. My lord Sands,
I am beholden to you: cheer your neighbours.—

Ladies, you are not merry;—Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have them
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.³
Here's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing,—

Anne. You cannot show me.

Sands. I told your grace, they would talk anon.

[*Drum and trumpets within: chambers discharged.*⁴

Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of you. [*Exit a Servant.*

Wol. What warlike voice?

And to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you are privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now? what is't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers;
For so they seem: they have left their barge, and landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give them welcome, you can speak the French tongue;
And,

³ i. e. if I make my party. STEEVENS.

Rather, if I may choose my game. RITSON.

As the measure, in this place, requires an additional syllable, we may, commodiously enough, read with Sir Thomas Hanmer:

Yes, if I may make my play. STEEVENS.

⁴ A *chamber* is a gun which stands erect on its breech. Such are used only on occasions of rejoicing, and are so contrived as to carry great charges, and thereby to make a noise more than proportioned to their bulk. They are called *chambers* because they are mere *chambers* to lodge powder; a *chamber* being the technical term for that cavity in a piece of ordnance which contains the combustibles. Some of them are still fired in the Park, and at the places opposite to the parliament-house when the king goes thither. STEEVENS.

And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct them,
 Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
 Shall shine at full upon them:—Some attend him.—

[*Exit Chamberlain, attended. All arise, and tables removed.*]

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.
 A good digestion to you all: and, once more,
 I shower a welcome on you;—Welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the King, and twelve others, as Maskers,^s habited like Shepherds, with sixteen torch-bearers; usher'd by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company! What are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd
 To tell your grace;—That, having heard by fame
 Of this so noble and so fair assembly
 This night to meet here, they could do no less,
 Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
 But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,
 Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
 An hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
 They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay
 them

A thou—

^s For an account of this masquerade see Holinshed, Vol. II. p. 921.

STEEVENS.

The account of this masquerade was first given by Cavendish, in his *Life of Wolsey*, which was written in the time of Queen Mary; from which Stowe and Holinshed copied it. Cavendish was himself present. Before the king, &c. began to dance, they requested leave (says Cavendish) to accompany the ladies at *mumchance*. Leave being granted, “then went the masquers, and first saluted all the dames, and then returned to the most worthiest, and then opened the great cup of gold filled with crownes, and other pieces to cast at.—Thus perusing all the gentlewomen, of some they wonne, and to some they lost. And having viewed all the ladies they returned to the Cardinal with great reverence, pouring downe all their gold, which was above two hundred crownes. At all, quoth the Cardinal, and casting the die, he wonne it; whereat was made great joy.” *Life of Wolsey*, p. 22. edit. 1641. MALONE.

A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.

[*Ladies chosen for the dance. The King chooses ANNE BULLEN.*

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O, beauty,
Till now I never knew thee. [*Musick. Dance.*

Wol. My lord,—

Cham. Your grace?

Wol. Pray, tell them thus much from me:
There should be one amongst them, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[*Cham. goes to the company, and returns.*

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.⁶

Wol. Let me see then.—

[*Comes from his state.*

By all your good leaves, gentlemen;—Here I'll make
My royal choice.

K. Hen. You have found him, cardinal:⁷

[*Unmasking.*

You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.⁸

Wol. I am glad,

Your grace is grown so pleasant.

K. Hen. My lord chamberlain,

Pr'ythee, come hither: What fair lady's that?

Cham. An't please your grace, fir Thomas Bullen's
daughter,

The viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweet-heart,
I were

⁶ That is, take the chief place. JOHNSON.

⁷ Holinshed says the Cardinal mistook, and pitched upon fir Edward Neville; upon which the king laughed, and pull'd off both his own mask and fir Edward's. *Edwards's MSS.* STEEVENS.

⁸ That is, unluckily, mischievously. JOHNSON.

I were unmannerly, to take you out,
And not to kifs you.⁹—A health, gentlemen,
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.²

K. Hen. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you :—Let's be merry ;—
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again ; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour.—Let the musick knock it.

[*Exeunt, with trumpets.*]

⁹ A kifs was anciently the established fee of a lady's partner. So, in *A Dialogue between Custom and Veritie, concerning the Use and Abuse of Dauncing and Minstrelsie* :

“ But some reply, what foole would daunce,

“ If that when daunce is doon,

“ He may not have at ladyes lips

“ That which in daunce he woon ?” STEEVENS.

This custom is still prevalent, among the country people, in many, perhaps all, parts of the kingdom. When the fiddler thinks his young couple have had musick enough, he makes his instrument squeak out two notes which all understand to say—*kifs her* ! RITSON.

² The king on being discovered and desired by Wolsey to take his place, said that he would “ first go and shift him : and thereupon, went into the Cardinal's bedchamber, where was a great fire prepared for him, and there he new appareled himselfe with rich and princely garments. And in the king's absence the dishes of the banquet were cleane taken away, and the tables covered with new and *perfumed* clothes.—Then the king took his seat under the cloath of estate, commanding every person to sit still as before ; and then came in a new banquet before his majestie of *two hundred dishes*, and so they passed the night in banqueting and dancing untill morning.” *Cavendish's Life of Wolsey.* MALONE.

ACT

KING HENRY VIII.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1. *Gent.* Whither away so fast?

2. *Gent.* O,—God save you! ³
Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great duke of Buckingham.

1. *Gent.* I'll save you
That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.

2. *Gent.* Were you there?

1. *Gent.* Yes, indeed, was I.

2. *Gent.* Pray, speak, what has happen'd?

1. *Gent.* You may guess quickly what.

2. *Gent.* Is he found guilty?

1. *Gent.* Yes, truly, is he, and condemn'd upon it.

2. *Gent.* I am sorry for't.

1. *Gent.* So are a number more.

2. *Gent.* But, pray, how pass'd it?

1. *Gent.* I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where, to his accusations,
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alledg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd
To him brought, *viva voce*, to his face:
At which appear'd against him, his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Court,
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2. *Gent.* That was he,
That fed him with his prophecies?

1. *Gent.* The same.
All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain

Would

³ Surely, (with Sir Thomas Hanmer) we should complete the measure
by reading:

O, sir, God save you! STEEVENS.

Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not :
 And so his peers, upon this evidence,
 Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
 He spoke, and learnedly, for life ; but all
 Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.⁴

2. *Gent.* After all this, how did he bear himself ?

1. *Gent.* When he was brought again to the bar,—to
 hear

His knell rung out, his judgement,—he was stirr'd
 With such an agony, he sweat extremely,⁵
 And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty :
 But he fell to himself again, and, sweetly,
 In all the rest shew'd a most noble patience.

2. *Gent.* I do not think, he fears death.

1. *Gent.* Sure, he does not,

He never was so womanish ; the cause
 He may a little grieve at.

2. *Gent.* Certainly,

The cardinal is the end of this.

1. *Gent.* 'Tis likely,

By all conjectures : First, Kildare's attainder,
 Then deputy of Ireland ; who remov'd,
 Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
 Left he should help his father.

2. *Gent.* That trick of state

Was a deep envious one.

1. *Gent.* At his return,

No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,
 And generally whoever the king favours,
 The cardinal instantly will find employment,
 And far enough from court too.

2. *Gent.* All the commons

Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
 Wish him ten fathom deep : this duke as much

They

⁴ Either produced no effect, or produced only ineffectual pity.

MALONE.

⁵ This circumstance is taken from Holinshed.—“ After he was found guilty, the duke was brought to the bar, fore-chafing, and sweat marvelously.” STEEVENS.

They love and dote on; call him, bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy;—

1. *Gent.* Stay there, fir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment; Tipstaves before him, the axe with the edge towards him; halberds on each side: with him, Sir THOMAS LOVELL, Sir NICHOLAS VAUX, Sir WILLIAM SANDS,⁶ and common people.

2. *Gent.* Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgement,
And by that name must die; Yet, heaven bear witness,
And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death,
It has done, upon the premises, but justice;
But those, that fought it, I could wish more christians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive them:
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;⁷
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,⁸
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,

His

⁶ The old copy reads—*Sir Walter.* STEEVENS.

The correction is justified by Holinshed's Chronicle, in which it is said, that Sir Nicholas Vaux, and Sir William Sands, received Buckingham at the Temple, and accompanied him to the Tower. Sir W. Sands was at this time, (May, 1521,) only a baronet, [rather, a knight; as baronetage was unknown till 1611] not being created Lord Sands till April 27, 1527. Shakspeare probably did not know that he was the same person whom he has already introduced with that title. He fell into the error by placing the king's visit to Wolsey, (at which time Sir William was Lord Sands,) and Buckingham's condemnation in the same year; whereas that visit was made some years afterwards. MALONE.

⁷ *Evils* in this place are *foricæ.* STEEVENS.

⁸ These lines are remarkably tender and pathetick. JOHNSON.

His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o'God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, I can't take peace with: no black envy
Shall make my grave.⁹—Commend me to his grace;
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,
You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake me,
Shall cry for blessings on him: May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be!
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace;
Then give my charge up to sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux.

Prepare there,

The

⁹ Shakspeare, by this expression, meant no more than to make the duke say, *No action expressive of malice shall conclude my life.* Envy by our authour is used for malice and *hatred* in other places, and, perhaps, in this. To make a grave, however, may mean to close it. i. e. closed, shut. The sense will then be (whether quaintly, or poetically expressed, let the reader determine,) *no malicious action shall close my grave, i. e. attend the conclusion of my existence, or terminate my life; the last action of it shall not be uncharitable.* STEEVENS.

Envy is frequently used in this sense by our author and his contemporaries. I have therefore no doubt that Mr. Steevens's exposition is right. Dr. Warburton reads—*mark my grave*; and in support of the emendation it may be observed that the same error has happened in *King Henry V.*; or at least that all the editors have supposed so, having there adopted a similar connection. MALONE.

To *make* the door, or the windows, is a provincial expression, in the midland counties, for *fastening* them. NICHOLS.

The duke is coming : see, the barge be ready ;
And fit it with such furniture, as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.²
When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun :³
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant : I now seal it ;⁴
And with that blood will make them one day groan for't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell ; God's peace be with him !
Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the eighth, life, honour, name, and all
'That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,

And,

² The last verse would run more smoothly, by making the monosyllables change places :

Let it alone, my state will now but mock me. WHALLEY.

³ The duke of Buckingham's name was Stafford. Shakspeare was led into the mistake by Holinshed. STEEVENS.

This is not an expression thrown out at random, or by mistake, but one strongly marked with historical propriety. The name of the duke of Buckingham most generally known, was *Stafford*; but the *History of Remarkable Trials*, 8vo. 1715, p. 170, says : "it seems he affected that surname [of *Bohun*] before that of *Stafford*, he being descended from the *Bohuns*, earls of Hereford." His reason for this might be, because he was lord high constable of England by inheritance of tenure from the *Bohuns*; and as the poet has taken particular notice of his great office, does it not seem probable that he had fully considered of the duke's foundation for assuming the name of *Bohun*? In truth, the duke's name was *BAGOT*; for a gentleman of that very ancient family married the heiress of the barony of Stafford, and their son relinquishing his paternal surname, assumed that of his mother, which continued in his posterity. TOLLET.

Of all this probably Shakspeare knew nothing. MALONE.

⁴ I now seal my truth, my loyalty, with blood, which blood shall one day make them groan. JOHNSON.

And, must needs say, a noble one ; which makes me
 A little happier than my wretched father :
 Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—Both
 Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most ;
 A most unnatural and faithless service !
 Heaven has an end in all : Yet, you that hear me,
 This from a dying man receive as certain :
 Where you are liberal of your loves, and counsels,
 Be sure, you be not loose ; for those you make friends,
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
 Like water from ye, never found again
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
 Pray for me ! I must now forsake ye ; the last hour
 Of my long weary life is come upon me.
 Farewell :

And when you would say something that is sad,
 Speak how I fell.—I have done ; and God forgive me !
 [*Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and Train.*

1. *Gent.* O, this is full of pity !—Sir, it calls,
 I fear, too many curses on their heads,
 That were the authors.

2. *Gent.* If the duke be guiltless,
 'Tis full of woe : yet I can give you inkling
 Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
 Greater than this.

1. *Gent.* Good angels keep it from us !
 What may it be ? You do not doubt my faith, sir ?

2. *Gent.* The secret is so weighty, 'twill require
 A strong faith ⁷ to conceal it.

1. *Gent.* Let me have it ;
 I do not talk much.

2. *Gent.* I am confident ;
 You shall, sir : Did you not of late days hear
 A buzzing, of a separation
 Between the king and Katharine ?

1. *Gent.* Yes, but it held not ?
 For when the king once heard it, out of anger
 He sent command to the lord mayor, straight

To

⁷ Is great fidelity. JOHNSON.

To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst desperfe it.

2. *Gent.* But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now : for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was ; and held for certain,
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
'That will undo her : To confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately ;
As all think, for this business.

1. *Gent.* 'Tis the cardinal ;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2. *Gent.* I think, you have hit the mark : But is't not
cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this ? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1. *Gent.* 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this ;
Let's think in private more. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

An Antechamber in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

Cham. My lord,—The horses your lordship sent for, with all
the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They
were young, and handsome ; and of the best breed in the north.
When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord
cardinal's, by commission, and main power, took 'em from me ;
with this reason,—His master would be served before a subject,
if not before the king : which stopp'd our mouths, sir.

I fear, he will, indeed : Well, let him have them ;
He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.

Nor.

Well met, my good

Lord

Lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so;

This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.

Suf. Pray God, he do! he'll never know himself elie.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! For, now he has crack'd the league
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,
He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage:
And, out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce: a loss of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her,
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king: And is not this course pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most
true,

These news are every where; every tongue speaks them,
And every true heart weeps for't: All, that dare
Look into these affairs, see this main end,—
The French king's sister.⁸ Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,

And

⁸ i. e. the duchess of Alençon. STEEVENS.

And heartily, for our deliverance ;
 Or this imperious man will work us all
 From princes into pages :⁹ all men's honours
 Lie in one lump before him, to be fashion'd
 Into what pitch he please.²

Suf. For me, my lords,
 I love him not, nor fear him ; there's my creed :
 As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
 If the king please ; his curses and his blessings
 Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe in.
 I knew him, and I know him ; so I leave him
 To him, that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let's in ;
 And, with some other business, put the king
 From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him :—
 My lord, you'll bear us company ?

Cham. Excuse me ;
 The king hath sent me elsewhere : besides,
 You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him :
 Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.
 [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

*NORFOLK opens a folding-door. The King is discovered sitting,
 and reading pensively.³*

Suf. How sad he looks ! sure, he is much afflicted.

K. Hen.

⁹ This may allude to the retinue of the Cardinal, who had several of the nobility among his menial servants. JOHNSON.

² The mass must be fashioned into *pitch* or height, as well as into particular form. The meaning is, that the cardinal can, as he pleases, make high or low. JOHNSON.

The allusion seems to be to the 21st verse of the 9th chapter of the Epistle of St. Paul to the *Romans*: “Hath not the potter power over the clay of the same lump, to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour?” COLLINS.

³ The stage-direction in the old copy is a singular one. *Exit Lord Chamberlain, and the King draws the curtain, and sits reading pensively.*

STEEVENS.

This stage-direction was calculated for, and ascertains precisely the state of, the theatre in Shakspeare's time. When a person was to be discovered in a different apartment from that in which the original speakers
 in

en. Who is there? ha?

Nor. 'Pray God, he be not angry.

K. Hen. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves

Into my private meditations?

Who am I? ha?

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, this way,
Is business of estate; in which, we come
To know your royal pleasure.

K. Hen. You are too bold;
Go to; I'll make you know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?—

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?—O my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome,

[*To CAMPEIUS.*

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom;
Use us, and it:—My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.⁴

[*To WOLSEY.*

Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would, your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

K. Hen. We are busy; go.

[*To NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.*

Nor.

in the scene are exhibited, the artless mode of our author's time, was to place such person in the back part of the stage behind the curtains, which were occasionally suspended across it. These the person, who was to be discovered, (as Henry, in the present case,) drew back just at the proper time. Mr. Rowe, who seems to have looked no further than the modern stage, changed the direction thus: "*The scene opens, and discovers the King,*" &c. but, besides the impropriety of introducing *scenes*, when there were none, such an exhibition would not be proper here, for Norfolk has just said—"Let's in,"—and therefore should himself do some act, in order to visit the king. This indeed, in the simple state of the old stage, was not attended to; the king very civilly discovering himself.

MALONE.

⁴ I take the meaning to be, *Let care be taken that my promise be performed, that my professions of welcome be not found empty talk.* JOHNSON.

<i>Nor.</i> This priest has no pride in him?	} <i>Aside.</i>
<i>Suf.</i> Not to speak of;	
I would not be so sick though, ⁵ for his place:	
But this cannot continue.	
<i>Nor.</i> If it do,	}
I'll venture one heave at him.	
<i>Suf.</i> I another.	}

[*Exeunt NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.*]

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
 Above all princes, in committing freely
 Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:
 Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
 The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
 Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
 The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
 I mean, the learned ones, in christian kingdoms,
 Have their free voices;⁶ Rome, the nurse of judgement,
 Invited by your noble self, hath sent
 One general tongue unto us, this good man,
 This just and learned priest, cardinal Campeius;
 Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

K. Hen. And, once more, in mine arms I bid him welcome,
 And thank the holy conclave for their loves;
 They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
 You are so noble: To your highness' hand
 I tender my commission; by whose virtue,
 (The court of Rome commanding,)—you, my lord
 Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant,
 In the impartial judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted
 Forthwith, for what you come:—Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know, your majesty has always lov'd her
 So dear in heart, not to deny her that
 A woman of less place might ask by law,
 Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

K. Hen.

⁵ That is, *so sick* as he is proud. JOHNSON.

⁶ The construction is, have *sent* their free voices; the word *sent*, which occurs in the next line, being understood here. MALONE.

K. Hen. Ay, and the best, she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best; God forbid else. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary;
I find him a fit fellow. [Exit WOLSEY.]

Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand: much joy and favour to you;
You are the king's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me. [Aside.]

K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner. [They converse apart.]

Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envy'd him;
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still:⁷ which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad, and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's christian care enough: for living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: That good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will have none so near else. Learn, this brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[Exit GARDINER.]

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business:—
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O my lord,

Would

⁷ Kept him out of the king's presence, employed in foreign embassies.
JOHNSON.

Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
 So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience,—
 O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

An Antechamber in the Queen's Apartments.

Enter ANNE BULLEN, and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither;—Here's the pang that pinches:
 His highness having liv'd so long with her; and she
 So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
 Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,
 She never knew harm-doing;—O now, after
 So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
 Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the which
 To leave is a thousand-fold more bitter, than
 'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,
 To give her the avaunt!⁸ it is a pity
 Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
 Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! much better,
 She ne'er had known pomp: though it be temporal,
 Yet, if that quarrel, fortune,⁹ do divorce
 It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
 As soul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady!

She's

⁸ To send her away contemptuously; to pronounce against her a sentence of ejection. JOHNSON.

⁹ She calls Fortune a *quarrel* or arrow, from her striking so deep and suddenly. *Quarrel* was a large arrow so called. WARBURTON.

Such is Dr. Warburton's interpretation. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:

That quarreller Fortune.

I think the poet may be easily supposed to use *quarrel* for *quarreller*, as *murder* for the *murderer*, the act for the agent. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson may be right. We might, however, read:

Yet if that quarrel fortune to divorce

It from the bearer.—

i. e. if any quarrel *happen* or *chance* to divorce it from the bearer. To *fortune* is a verb used by Shakspeare in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

STEEVENS.

She's a stranger now again.²

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best having.³

Anne. By my troth, and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for't ; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy :
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart ; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty ;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings : and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft cheveril⁴ conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth,—

Old L. Yes, troth, and troth,—You would not be a
queen ?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'Tis strange ; a three-pence bow'd would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it : But, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess ? have you limbs
To bear that load of title ?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L.

² Again an alien ; not only no longer queen, but no longer an Englishwoman. JOHNSON.

It rather means, she is alienated from the king's affection, is a stranger to his bed ; for she still retained the rights of an Englishwoman, and was princess dowager of Wales. TOLLET.

Dr. Johnson's interpretation appears to me to be the true one.

MALONE.

³ That is, our best possession. JOHNSON.

⁴ Is kid-skin, soft-leather. JOHNSON.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: Pluck off a little;⁵
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing:⁶ I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire,⁷ although there 'long'd

No

⁵ What must she pluck off? I think we may better read:

—*Pluck up a little.*

Pluck up! is an idiomatical expression for *take courage*. JOHNSON.

The old lady first questions Anne Bullen about being a *queen*, which she declares her aversion to; she then proposes the title of a *duchess*, and asks her if she thinks herself equal to the task of sustaining it; but as she still declines the offer of greatness;

—*Pluck off a little,*

says she; i. e. let us still further divest preferment of its glare, let us descend yet lower, and more upon a level with your own quality; and then adds:

I would not be a young count in your way,
which is an inferior degree of honour to any before enumerated.

STEEVENS.

⁶ You would venture to be distinguished by the *ball*, the ensign of royalty. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation cannot be right, because a *queen-consort*, such as *Anne Bullen* was, is not distinguished by the *ball*, the ensign of royalty, nor has the poet expressed that she was so distinguished. TOLLET.

Mr. Tollet's objection to Johnson's explanation, is an hypercriticism. Shakspeare did not probably consider so curiously his distinction between a queen consort and a queen regent. M. MASON.

Might we read—You'd venture an *empalling*; i. e. being invested with the *pall* or robes of state? In *Macbeth*, the verb to *pall* is used in the sense of *enrobe*. MALONE.

Might we not read—an *embalming*? A queen consort is *anointed* at her coronation; and in *King Richard II.* the word is used in that sense:

“With my own tears I wash away my *balm*.”

Dr. Johnson properly explains it, the *oil of consecration*. WHALLEY.

The Old Lady's jocularitv, I am afraid, carries her beyond the bounds of decorum; but her quibbling allusion is more easily comprehended than explained. RITSON.

⁷ *Little England* seems very properly opposed to *all the world*; but what has *Carnarvonshire* to do here? Does it refer to the birth of Edward

No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were't worth to know
The secret of your conference.

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistrefs' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope,
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know,
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all is nothing:⁸ nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd,⁹ nor my wishes

More

Edward II. at Carnarvon? or may not this be the allusion? By *little England* is meant, perhaps, that territory in Pembrokeshire, where the Flemings settled in Henry I's time, who speaking a language very different from the Welsh, and bearing some affinity to the English, this fertile spot was called by the Britons, as we are told by Camden, *Little England beyond Wales*; and, as it is a very fruitful country, may be justly opposed to the mountainous and barren county of *Carnarvon*.

WHALLEY.

⁸ Not only my *all is nothing*, but if my all were more than it is, it were still nothing. JOHNSON.

⁹ It appears to me absolutely necessary, in order to make sense of this passage, to read:

————— for my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, &c.

instead of "*nor my prayers.*"

Anne's

More worth than empty vanities ; yet prayers, and wishes,
Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness ;
Whose wealth, and royalty, I pray for.

Cham.

Lady,

I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit,²
The king hath of you. — I have perus'd her well ;³ [*Aside.*
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the king : and who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem,
To lighten all this isle ? ⁴—I'll to the king,
And say, I spoke with you.

Anne.

My honour'd lord.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*

Old L. Why, this it is ; see, see !
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
(Am yet a courtier beggarly,) nor could
Come pat betwixt two early and too late,

For

Anne's argument is this:—"More than my all is nothing, *for* my prayers and wishes are of no value, and yet prayers and wishes are all I have to return." M. MASON.

The double negative, it has been already observed, was commonly used in our author's time.

For my prayers, a reading introduced by Mr. Pope, even if such arbitrary changes were allowable, ought not to be admitted here ; this being a distinct proposition, not an illation from what has gone before. I know not, (says Anne,) what *external* acts of duty and obeisance, I ought to return for such unmerited favour. All I can do of that kind, and even more, if more were possible, would be insufficient : *nor* are any prayers that I can offer up for my benefactor sufficiently sanctified, nor any wishes that I can breathe for his happiness, of more value than the most worthless and empty vanities. MALONE.

² I shall not omit to strengthen by my commendation, the opinion which the king has formed. JOHNSON.

³ From the many artful strokes of address the poet has thrown in upon Queen Elizabeth and her mother, it should seem that this play was written and performed in his royal mistress's time : if so, some lines were added by him in the last scene, after the accession of her successor, king James.

THEOBALD.

⁴ Perhaps alluding to the *carbuncle*, a gem supposed to have intrinsic light, and to shine in the dark : any other gem may reflect light, but cannot give it. JOHNSON.

For any suit of pounds : and you, (O fate!)
A very fresh fish here, (fye, fye upon
'This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no.³
There was a lady once, ('tis an old story,)
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt :⁴—Have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'ermount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year! for pure respect;
No other obligation: By my life,
That promises more thousands: Honour's train
Is longer than his forekirt. By this time,
I know your back will bear a duchess;—Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me,
To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: Pray, do not deliver
What here you have heard, to her.

Old L. What do you think me?
[*Exeunt.*]

³ Mr. Roderick, in his appendix to Mr. Edwards's book, proposes to read :

— for two-pence, —.

The old reading may, however, stand. *Forty pence* was in those days the proverbial expression of a small wager, or a small sum. Money was then reckoned by *pounds, marks, and nobles*. *Forty pence* is half a noble, or the sixth part of a pound. Forty pence, or three and four pence, still remains in many offices the legal and established fee. STEEVENS.

⁴ The fertility of Egypt is derived from the *mud* and *slime* of the Nile. STEEVENS.

SCENE IV.

A Hall in Black-Fryars.

Trumpets, sennet,⁵ and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habits of doctors; after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and Saint Asaph;⁶ next them, with some small distance, follows a gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman-usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant at arms, bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver pillars;⁷ after them, side by side,

⁵ Dr. Burney (whose *General History of Musick* has been so highly and deservedly applauded) undertook to trace the etymology, and discover the certain meaning of this term, but without success. The following conjecture of his, should not, however, be withheld from the publick:

“*Senné* or *sennie*, de l'Allemand *sen*, qui signifie assemblée. Dict. de vieux Language:

‘*Senne*, assemblée a son de cloche.’ *Menage*.

Perhaps, therefore, says he, *sennet* may mean a flourish for the purpose of assembling chiefs, or apprizing the people of their approach. I have likewise been informed, (as is elsewhere noted,) that *seneste* is the name of an antiquated French tune.” See *Julius Cæsar*, Act I. sc. ii.

STEEVENS.

In the second part of Marston's *Antonio and Melida*:

“*Cornets sound a cynet.*” FARMER.

A *Senet* appears to have signified a short flourish on cornets. In *King Henry VI.* P. III. after the king and the duke of York have entered into a compact in the parliament-house, we find this marginal direction: “*Senet. Here they [the lords] come down [from their seats].*” In that place a flourish must have been meant. The direction which has occasioned this note, should be, I believe, *sennet on cornets*.

Senet or *signate* was undoubtedly nothing more than a flourish or sounding. The Italian *Sonata* formerly signified nothing more. MALONE.

⁶ These were, William Warham, John Longland, Nicholas West, John Fisher, and Henry Standish. West, Fisher, and Standish, were counsel for the Queen. REED.

⁷ *Pillars* were some of the ensigns of dignity carried before cardinals. Sir Thomas More, when he was speaker to the commons, advised them to admit Wolsey into the house with his maces and his *pillars*. JOHNSON.

A

side, the two Cardinals WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. Then enter the King and Queen, and their trains. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him, as judges. The Queen takes place, at some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The Crier and the rest of the attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

K. Hen. What's the need?
It hath already publickly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so:—Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry king of England, come into the court.

Crier. Henry king of England, &c.

K. Hen. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katharine queen of England, come into court.

Crier. Katharine queen of England, &c.

[The

At the end of Fiddes's *Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, is a curious letter of Mr. Anstis's on the subject of the *two silver pillars* usually borne before Cardinal Wolsey. This remarkable piece of pageantry did not escape the notice of Shakspeare. PERCY.

Wolsey had two great crosses of silver, the one of his archbishoprick, the other of his legacy, borne before him whithersoever he went or rode, by two of the tallest priests that he could get within the realm. This is from Vol. III. p. 920, of Holinshed, and it seems from p. 837, that one of the pillars was a token of a cardinal, and perhaps he bore the other pillar as an archbishop. TOLLET.

One of Wolsey's crosses certainly denoted his being Legate, as the other was borne before him either as cardinal or archbishop. "On the — day of the same moneth (says Hall) the cardinall removed out of his house called Yorke Place, with one crosse, saying, that he would he had never borne more, meaning that by hys crosse which he bore as legate, which degree-taking was his confusion." MALONE.

[*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court,*⁸ *comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*]

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice; ⁹
 And to bestow your pity on me: for
 I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
 Born out of your dominions; having here
 No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
 Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
 In what have I offended you? what cause
 Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
 That thus you should proceed to put me off,
 And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
 I have been to you a true and humble wife,
 At all times to your will conformable: ²
 Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
 Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry,
 As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
 I ever contradicted your desire,
 Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
 Have I not strove to love, although I knew
 He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,
 That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
 Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice ³

He

⁸ “Because (says Cavendish) she could not come to the king directlie, for the distance severed between them.” MALONE.

⁹ This speech of the queen, and the king's reply, are taken from Holinshed with the most trifling variations. STEEVENS.

² The character Queen Katharine here prides herself for, is given to another Queen in *The Historie of the uniting of the Kingdom of Portugall to the Crowne of Castill*, fo. 1600, p. 238: “—— at which time Queene Anne his wife fell sicke of a rotten fever, the which in few daies brought her to another life; wherewith the King was much grieved being a lady wholly conformable to his humour. REED.

³ In modern editions:

—— nay, gave not notice——

Though the author's common liberties of speech might justify the old reading, yet I cannot but think that *not* was dropped before *notice*, having the same letters, and would therefore follow Sir T. Hanmer's correction.

JOHNSON.

Our

He was from thence discharg'd ? Sir, call to mind
 That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
 Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
 With many children by you : If, in the course
 And process of this time, you can report,
 And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
 My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
 Against your sacred person,⁴ in God's name,
 Turn me away ; and let the foul'st contempt
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up
 To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
 The king, your father, was reputed for
 A prince most prudent, of an excellent
 And unmatched wit and judgement : Ferdinand,
 My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
 The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many
 A year before : It is not to be question'd
 That they had gather'd a wise council to them
 Of every realm, that did debate this business,
 Who deem'd our marriage lawful : Wherefore I humbly
 Be-

Our author is so licentious in his construction that I suspect no corruption. MALONE.

Perhaps this inaccuracy (like a thousand others) is chargeable only on the blundering superintendants of the first folio.—Instead of—*may*, we might read :

—— nor gave notice

He was from thence discharg'd ? STEEVENS.

⁴ There seems to be an error in the phrase “ Against your sacred person ;” but I don't know how to amend it. The sense would require that we should read, “ *Towards* your sacred person,” or some word of a similar import, which *against* will not bear ; and it is not likely that *against* should be written by mistake for *towards*. M. MASON.

In the old copy there is not a comma in the preceding line after *duty*, Mr. M. Mason has justly observed that with such a punctuation the sense requires—*Towards* your sacred person. A comma being placed at *duty*, the construction is—If you can report and prove aught against mine honour, my love and duty, *or aught* against your sacred person, &c. but I doubt whether this was our author's intention ; for such an arrangement seems to make a breach of her honour and matrimonial bond to be something distinct from an offence against the king's person, which is not the case. Perhaps, however, by the latter words Shakspeare meant, *against your life*. MALONE.

Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd ; whose counsel
I will implore : if not ; i'the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd !

Wol. You have here, lady,
(And of your choice,) these reverend fathers ; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause : It shall be therefore bootless,
That longer you desire the court ; ⁵ as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well, and justly : Therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed ;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord cardinal,—
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam ?

Q. Kath. Sir,
I am about to weep ; but, thinking that
We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so,) certain,
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble ; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy ; and make my challenge,
You shall not be my judge : ⁶ for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—
Which God's dew quench !—Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul

Refuse

⁵ That you desire to *protract* the business of the court ; that you solicit a more distant session and trial. To pray for a *longer* day, i. e. a more distant one, when the trial or execution of criminals is agitated, is yet the language of the bar.—In the fourth folio, and all the modern editions, *defer* is substituted for *desire*. MALONE.

⁶ *Challenge* is here a *verbum juris*, a law term. The criminal, when he refuses a juryman, says—I challenge *him*. JOHNSON.

Refuse you for my judge ; ⁷ whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess,
You speak not like yourself : who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong :
I have no spleen against you : nor injustice
For you, or any : how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal : I do deny it :
The king is present : If it be known to him,
That I gainsay ⁸ my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily my falsehood ? yea, as much
As you have done my truth. But if he know
That I am free of your report, he knows,
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies, to cure me : and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you : The which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

2. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and humble-
mouth'd ;
You sign your place and calling, ⁹ in full seeming,

With

⁷ These are not mere words of passion, but technical terms in the canon law.

Detestor and Recusor. The former in the language of canonists, signifies no more, than I *protest* against. BLACKSTONE.

The words are Holinshed's : " — and therefore openly protested that she did utterly *abhor, refuse, and forsake* such a judge." MALONE.

⁸ — gainsay —] i. e. deny. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Sign*, for answer. WARBURTON.

I think, to *sign*, must here be to *show*, to *denote*. By your outward meekness and humility, you *show* that you are of an holy order, but, &c. JOHNSON.

With meekness and humility : but your heart
 Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
 You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,
 Gone slightly o'er low steps ; and now are mounted,
 Where powers are your retainers : and your words,
 Domesticks to you, serve your will,² as't please
 Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
 You tender more your person's honour, than
 Your high profession spiritual : That again
 I do refuse you for my judge ; and here,
 Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
 To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
 And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curt'sies to the King, and offers to depart.*

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
 Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
 Disdainful to be try'd by it ; 'tis not well.
 She's going away.

K. Hen. Call her again.

Crier.

² You have now got *power* at your beck, following in your retinue ;
 and *words* therefore are degraded to the servile state of performing any
 office which you shall give them. In humbler and more common terms ;
Having now got power, you do not regard your word. JOHNSON.

The word *power*, when used in the plural and applied to one person
 only, will not bear the meaning that Dr. Johnson wishes to give it.

By *powers* are meant the Emperor and the King of France, in the pay
 of one or the other of whom Wolsey was constantly retained ; and it is
 well known that Wolsey entertained some of the nobility of England
 among his domesticks, and had an absolute power over the rest.

M. MASON.

Whoever were pointed at by the word *powers*, Shakspeare, surely, does
 not mean to say that Wolsey was retained by them, but that they were
 retainers, or subservient, to Wolsey. MALONE.

I believe that—*powers*, in the present instance, are used merely to ex-
 press *persons in whom power is lodged*. The queen would insinuate that
 Wolsey had rendered the highest officers of state subservient to his will.

STEEVENS.

I believe we should read :

*Where powers are your retainers, and your wards,
 Domesticks to you, &c.*

The queen rises naturally in her description. She paints the powers of
 government depending upon Wolsey under three images ; as his retainers,
 his *wards*, his domestick servants. TYRWHITT.

Crier. Katharine queen of England, come into the court.

Grif. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:

When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience!—pray you, pass on:
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more,
Upon this business, my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt Queen, GRIFFITH, and her other Attendants.*]

K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate:

That man i'the world, who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: Thou art, alone,
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
'Thy meekness faint-like, wife-like government,—
Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,³
The queen of earthly queens:—She is noble born;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself toward me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,

In humblest manner I require your highness
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears, (for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd; although not there
At once and fully satisfied,⁴) whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness; or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't? or ever
Have to you,—but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady,—spake one the least word, might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

K. Hen.

³ If thy several qualities had tongues to speak thy praise. JOHNSON.

Rather—had tongues capable of speaking *out* thy merits; i. e. of doing them extensive justice. STEEVENS.

⁴ The sense, which is encumbered with words, is no more than this—I must be *loosed*, though when so *loosed*, I shall not be *satisfied* fully and *at once*; that is, I shall not be *immediately* satisfied. JOHNSON.

K. Hen. My lord cardinal,
 I do excuse you ; yea, upon mine honour,
 I free you from't. You are not to be taught
 That you have many enemies, that know not
 Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
 Bark when their fellows do : by some of these
 The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd :
 But will you be more justify'd ? you ever
 Have wish'd the sleeping of this business ; never
 Desir'd it to be stirr'd ; but oft have hinder'd ; oft
 The passages made toward it : ⁵—on my honour,
 I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,⁶
 And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,—
 I will be bold with time, and your attention :—
 Then mark the inducement. Thus it came ;—give heed
 to't :—

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
 Scruple, and prick,⁷ on certain speeches utter'd
 By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador ;
 Who had been hither sent on the debating
 A marriage, 'twixt the duke of Orleans and
 Our daughter Mary : I the progress of this business,
 Ere a determinate resolution, he
 (I mean, the bishop) did require a respite ;
 Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
 Whether our daughter were legitimate,
 Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
 Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
 The bosom of my conscience,⁸ enter'd me,

Yea,

⁵ i. e. *closed*, or *fastened*. STEEVENS.

⁶ The *King*, having first addressed to Wolsey, breaks off ; and declares upon his honour to the whole court, that he speaks the *Cardinal's* sentiments upon the point in question ; and clears him from any attempt, or wish, to stir that business. THEOBALD.

⁷ Prick of conscience was the term in confession. JOHNSON.

⁸ Though this reading be sense, yet, I verily believe, the poet wrote :

The bottom of my conscience, ——— .

Shakspeare, in all his historical plays, was a most diligent observer of Holinshed's *Chronicle*. Now Holinshed, in the speech which he has given to King Henry upon this subject, makes him deliver himself thus :
 “ Which

Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
 The region of my breast ; which forc'd such way,
 That many maz'd considerings did throng,
 And press'd in with this caution. First, methought,
 I stood not in the smile of heaven ; who had
 Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
 If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
 Do no more offices of life to't, than
 The grave does to the dead : for her male issue
 Or died where they were made, or shortly after
 This world had air'd them ? Hence I took a thought,
 This was a judgement on me ; that my kingdom,
 Well worthy the best heir o'the world, should not
 Be gladdened in't by me : Then follows, that
 I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
 By this my issue's fail ; and that gave to me
 Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
 The wild sea⁹ of my conscience, I did steer
 Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
 Now present here together ; that's to say,
 I meant to rectify my conscience,—which
 I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—
 By all the reverend fathers of the land,
 And doctors learn'd.—First, I began in private
 With you, my lord of Lincoln ; you remember
 How under my oppression I did reek,
 When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

K. Hen. I have spoke long ; be pleas'd yourself to say
 How far you satisfy'd me.

Lin. So please your highness,
 The question did at first so stagger me,—
 Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,

And

“ Which words, once conceived within the secret *bottom* of my conscience,
 ingendred such a scrupulous doubt, that my conscience was incontinently
 accombred, vexed, and disquieted.” THEOBALD.

⁹ That is, floating without guidance ; toss'd here and there.

JOHNSON.

The phrase belongs to navigation. A ship is said to *hull*, when she is
 dismasted, and only her *hull*, or *bulk*, is left at the direction and mercy of
 the waves. STEEVENS.

And consequence of dread,—that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt;
And did entreat your highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

K. Hen. I then mov'd you,²
My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons:—Unsolicted
I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded,
Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on;
For no dislike i'the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alledged reasons, drive this forward:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
Katharine our queen, before the prime creature
That's paragon'd o'the world.³

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day:
Mean while must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness. [*They rise to depart.*⁴
K. Hen.

² “I moved it in confession to you, my lord of Lincoln, then my ghostly father. And forasmuch as then you yourself were in some doubt, you moved me to ask the council of these my lords. Whereupon I moved you, my lord of Canterbury, first to have your *licence*, in as much as you were metropolitan, to put this matter in question; and so I did of all of you, my lords.” Holinshed. THEOBALD.

³ Sir T. Hanmer reads, I think, better:

——the prime creature

That's paragon o'the world. JOHNSON.

⁴ Here the modern editors add: [*The king speaks to Cranmer.*] This marginal direction is not found in the old folio, and was wrongly introduced by some subsequent editor. Cranmer was now absent from court on an embassy, as appears from the last scene of this act, where Cromwell informs Wolsey that he is returned and install'd archbishop of Canterbury:

“My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,

“Pr'ythee, return! —

is no more than an apostrophe to the absent bishop of that name.

RIDLEY.

K. Hen. I may perceive, [*Aside.*
 These cardinals trifle with me : I abhor
 This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
 My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
 Pr'ythee return ! with thy approach, I know,
 My comfort comes along. Break up the court :
 I say, set on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Palace at Bridewell.

A Room in the Queen's Apartment.

The Queen, and some of her Women, at Work.⁵

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench : my soul grows sad with
 troubles ;
 Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst : leave working.

SONG.

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,
 And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
 Bow themselves, when he did sing :
 To his musick, plants, and flowers,
 Ever sprung ; as sun, and showers,
 There had made a lasting spring.*

*Every thing that heard him play,
 Even the billows of the sea,
 Hung their heads, and then lay by.
 In sweet musick is such art ;
 Killing care, and grief of heart,
 Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.*

Enter

⁵ Her majesty (says Cavendish,) on being informed that the cardinals were coming to visit her, “rose up, having a skein of red silke about her neck, being at work with her maidens.” Cavendish attended Wolsey in this visit; and the queen’s answer in p. 70, is exactly conformable to that which he has recorded, and which he appears to have heard her pronounce.

MALONE.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now?

Gent. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence.⁶

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.
They should be good men; their affairs as righteous:⁷
But all hoods make not monks.⁸

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife;
I would be all, against the worst may happen.

What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here;
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: 'Would, all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy
Above a number,) if my actions

Were

⁶ i. e. in the presence-chamber. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Affairs* for *professions*; and then the sense is clear and pertinent. The proposition is they are priests. The illation, they are good men; for being understood: but if *affairs* be interpreted in its common signification, the sentence is absurd. WARBURTON.

The sentence has no great difficulty: *Affairs* means not their present errand, but the business of their calling. JOHNSON.

Being churchmen they should be virtuous, and every business they undertake as righteous as their sacred office: but all hoods, &c.—The ignorant editor of the second folio, not understanding the line, substituted *are for as*; and this capricious alteration (with many others introduced by the same hand,) has been adopted by all the modern editors. MALONE.

⁸ "Cucullus non facit monachum." STEEVENS.

Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,
 Envy and base opinion set against them,⁹
 I know my life so even: If your business
 Seek me out,² and that way I am wife in,³
 Out with it boldly; Truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est ergà te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,—*

Q. Kath. O, my good lord, no Latin;
 I am not such a truant since my coming,
 As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
 A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious;
 Pray, speak in English: here are some will thank you,
 If you speak truth, for their poor mistrefs' sake;
 Believe me, she has had much wrong: Lord cardinal,
 The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
 May be absolv'd in English.

Wol. Noble lady,
 I am sorry, my integrity should breed,

And

⁹ I would be glad that my conduct were in some publick trial confronted with mine enemies, that envy and corrupt judgement might try their utmost power against me. JOHNSON.

Envy, in Shakspeare's age, often signified, *malice*. MALONE.

² I believe that a word has dropt out here, and that we should read,

—If your business

Seek me, speak out, and that way I am wife in;

i. e. in the way that I can understand it. TYRWHITT.

The metre shows here is a syllable dropt. I would read:

I know my life so even. If 'tis your business

To seek me out, &c. BLACKSTONE.

The alteration proposed by Sir W. Blackstone injures one line as much as it improves the other. We might read:

Doth seek me out,——. RITSON.

³ That is, if you come to examine *the title* by which I am the king's wife; or, if you come to know how I have behaved as a wife. The meaning, whatever it be, is so coarsely and unskilfully expressed, that the latter editors have liked nonsense better, and contrarily to the ancient and only copy, have published:

And that way I am wife in. JOHNSON.

This passage is unskilfully expressed indeed: so much so, that I don't see how it can import either of the meanings that Johnson contends for, or indeed any other. I therefore think that the modern editors have acted rightly in reading *wife* instead of *wife*, for which that word might easily have been mistaken; nor can I think the passage, so amended, nonsense, the meaning of it being this:—"If your business relates to me, or to any thing of which I have any knowledge." M. MASON.

(And service to his majesty and you,)
 So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
 We come not by the way of accusation,
 To taint that honour every good tongue blesses;
 Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
 You have too much, good lady: but to know
 How you stand minded in the weighty difference
 Between the king and you; and to deliver,
 Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
 And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam,
 My lord of York,—out of his noble nature,
 Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace;
 Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
 Both of his truth and him, (which was too far,)—
 Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
 His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. To betray me. [*Aside.*]
 My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
 Ye speak like honest men, (pray God, ye prove so!)
 But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
 In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
 (More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,
 And to such men of gravity and learning,
 In truth, I know not. I was set at work
 Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
 Either for such men, or such business.
 For her sake that I have been,⁴ (for I feel
 The last fit of my greatness,) good your graces,
 Let me have time, and counsel, for my cause;
 Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these
 fears;
 Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England,
 But little for my profit: Can you think, lords,
 That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
 Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,
 (Though

⁴ For the sake of that royalty which I have heretofore possessed.

(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,)⁵
 And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
 They that must weigh out my afflictions,⁶
 They that my trust must grow to, live not here;
 They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
 In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would, your grace
 Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;
 He's loving, and most gracious: 'twill be much
 Both for your honour better, and your cause;
 For, if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
 You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:
 Is this your christian counsel? out upon ye!
 Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge,
 That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye;⁷ holy men I thought ye,
 Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
 But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:
 Mend them for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
 The cordial that you bring a wretched lady?
 A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
 I will not wish ye half my miseries,
 I have more charity: But say, I warn'd ye;
 Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
 The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol.

⁵ Do you think that any Englishman dare advise me; or, if any man should venture to advise with honesty, that he could live? JOHNSON.

⁶ This phrase is obscure. To *weigh out*, is, in modern language, to deliver by weight; but this sense cannot be here admitted. To *weigh* is likewise to deliberate upon, to consider with due attention. This may, perhaps, be meant. Or the phrase, to *weigh out*, may signify to counterbalance, to counteract with equal force. JOHNSON.

To *weigh out* is the same as to *outweigh*. In *Macbeth*, Shakspeare has overcome for come over. STEEVENS.

⁷ If I mistake you, it is by your fault, not mine; for I thought you good. The distress of Katharine might have kept her from the quibble to which she is irresistibly tempted by the word *cardinal*. JOHNSON.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing: Woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would ye have me
(If you have any justice, any pity;
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits,)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already;
His love, too long ago: I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I liv'd thus long—(let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends,)—a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory,)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. 'Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. 'Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces,⁸ but heaven knows your hearts.

What

⁷ That is, served him with superstitious attention; done more than was required. JOHNSON.

⁸ She may perhaps allude to the old jingle of *Angli* and *Angeli*.

What will become of me now, wretched lady?
 I am the most unhappy woman living.—
 Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?

[To her women.

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
 No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me,
 Almost, no grave allow'd me:—Like the lily,
 That once was mistress of the field,⁹ and flourish'd,
 I'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol. If your grace
 Could but be brought to know, our ends are honest,
 You'd feel more comfort: why should we, good lady,
 Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places,
 The way of our profession is against it;
 We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.
 For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
 How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
 Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
 The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
 So much they love it; but, to stubborn spirits,
 They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.²
 I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,
 A soul as even as a calm; Pray, think us
 Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues

With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,
 As yours was put into you, ever casts
 Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;
 Beware, you lose it not: For us, if you please
 To trust us in your business, we are ready

To

⁹ So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, Book II. c. vi. st. 16:

“The lily, lady of the flow'ring field.” HOLT WHITE.

² It was one of the charges brought against Lord Essex in the year before this play was probably written, by his ungrateful kinsman, Sir Francis Bacon, when that nobleman to the disgrace of humanity was obliged by a junto of his enemies to kneel at the end of the council-table for several hours, that in a letter written during his retirement in 1598, to the Lord Keeper, he had said, “*There is no tempest to the passionate indignation of a prince.*” MALONE.

To use our utmost studies in your service.

2. *Kath.* Do what you will, my lords : And, pray, forgive me,

If I have us'd myself unmannerly ;³

You know, I am a woman, lacking wit

To make a seemly answer to such persons.

Pray, do my service to his majesty :

He has my heart yet ; and shall have my prayers,

While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,

Bestow your counsels on me : she now begs,

That little thought, when she set footing here,

She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Antechamber in the King's Apartment.

Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, the duke of SUFFOLK, the earl of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them ⁴ with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them : If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion, that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected ?⁵ when did he regard
The stamp and nobleness in any person,

Out

³ That is, if I have behaved myself unmannerly. M. MASON.

⁴ Force is enforce, urge. JOHNSON.

⁵ Which of the peers has not gone by him contemned or neglected ?

JOHNSON.

Our author extends to the words, *strangely neglected*, the negative comprehended in the word *uncontemn'd*. M. MASON.

Uncontemn'd, must be understood, as if the author had written *not contemn'd*. MALONE.

Out of himself?⁶

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me, I know;
What we can do to him, (though now the time
Gives way to us,) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings⁷
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I could wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sar. O, how, how?

Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o'the king: wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgement o' the divorce; For if
It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive*,
My king is tangled in affection to

A cren-

⁶ The expression is bad, and the thought false. For it supposes Wolsey to be *noble*, which was not so: we should read and point;

~~—when did he regard~~

The stamp of nobleness in any person;

Out of't himself?

i. e. When did he regard nobleness of blood in another, having none of his own to value himself upon? *WARBURTON.*

I do not think this correction proper. The meaning of the present reading is easy. *When did he*, however careful to carry his own dignity to the utmost height, *regard any dignity of another?* *JOHNSON.*

⁷ Private practices opposite to his publick procedure. *JOHNSON.*

A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.

Sur. Has the king this?

Suf.

Believe it.

Sur.

Will this work?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts,
And hedges, his own way.⁸ But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physick
After his patient's death; the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur.

'Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord;
For, I profess, you have it.

Sur.

Now all my joy

Trace the conjunction!⁹

Suf.

My amen to't!

Nor.

All men's.

Suf. There's order given for her coronation;
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.²

Sur.

But, will the king

Digest this letter of the cardinal's?

The lord forbid!

Nor.

Marry, amen!

Suf.

No, no;

There be more wasps that buz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stolen away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you

The

⁸ To *bedge*, is to creep along by the hedge: not to take the direct and open path, but to steal covertly through circumvolutions.

JOHNSON.

Hedging is by land, what *coasting* is by sea. M. MASON.

⁹ To *trace*, is to follow. JOHNSON.

² To *memorize* is to make memorable. STEEVENS.

The king cry'd, ha! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry ha, louder!

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions; which
Have satisfy'd the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom: ³ shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd, queen; but princess dowager,
And widow to prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.

Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it, an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.
The cardinal—

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell, gave it you the king?

Crom. To his own hand, in his bedchamber.

Wol. Look'd he o'the inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently

He did unseal them: and the first he view'd,

He did it with a serious mind; a heed

Was in his countenance: You, he bade

Attend him here this morning.

Wol.

³ *Cranmer*, says *Suffolk*, is returned in his opinions, i. e. with the same sentiments, which he entertained before he went abroad, which (sentiments) have satisfied the king, together with all the famous colleges referred to on the occasion.—Or, perhaps the passage (as *Mr. Tyrwhitt* observes) may mean—He is return'd in effect, having sent his opinions, i. e. the opinions of divines, &c. collected by him. STEEVENS.

Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me a while.— [Exit CROMWELL.]

It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister: he shall marry her.—
Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There is more in it than fair visage.—Bullen!
No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pembroke!

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!

Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!—
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;
Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous,
And well-deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i'the bosom of
Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretick, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Sur. I would, 'twere something that would fret the
string,
The master-cord of his heart!

Enter the King, reading a schedule; 4 and Lovell.

Suf. The king, the king.

K. Hen.

4 That the Cardinal gave the King an inventory of his own private wealth, by mistake, and thereby ruined himself, is a known variation from the truth of history. Shakspeare, however, has not injudiciously represented the fall of that great man, as owing to an incident which he had once improved to the destruction of another.

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expence by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i'the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together!—Now, my lords;
Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: Some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then, lays his finger on his temple; straight,
Springs out into fast gait; then, stops again,⁵
Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

K. Hen.

It may well be;

There

“ Thomas Ruthall, bishop of Durham, was, after the death of king Henry VII. one of the privy council to Henry VIII. to whom the king gave in charge to write a book of the whole estate of the kingdom, &c. Afterwards, the king commanded cardinal Wolsey to go to this bishop, and to bring the book away with him.—This bishop having written two books (the one to answer the king's command, and the other intreating of his own private affairs) did bind them both after one sort in vellum, &c. Now, when the cardinal came to demand the book due to the king, the bishop unadvisedly commanded his servant to bring him the book bound in white vellum, lying in his study, in such a place. The servant accordingly brought forth one of the books so bound, being the book intreating of the state of the bishop, &c. The cardinal having the book, went from the bishop, and after, (in his study by himself) understanding the contents thereof, he greatly rejoiced, having now occasion (which he long sought for) offered unto him, to bring the bishop into the king's disgrace. “ Wherefore he went forthwith to the king, delivered the book into his hands, and briefly informed him of the contents thereof; putting further into the king's head, that if at any time he were destitute of a mass of money, he should not need to seek further therefore than to the coffers of the bishop. Of all which when the bishop had intelligence, &c. he was stricken with such grief of the same, that he shortly, through extreme sorrow, ended his life at London, in the year of Christ 1523. After which, the cardinal, who had long before gaped after his bishoprick, in singular hope to attain thereunto, had now his wish in effect,” &c. See Holinshed. STEEVENS.

⁵ Sallust describing the disturbed state of Catiline's mind, takes notice of the same circumstance:

“ — citus modo, modo tardus incessus.” STEEVENS.

There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning
 Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
 As I requir'd ; And, wot you, what I found
 There ; on my conscience, put unwittingly ?
 Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,—
 The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
 Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household ; which
 I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
 Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's heaven's will ;
 Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
 To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen. If we did think
 His contemplation were above the earth,
 And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
 Dwell in his musings ; but, I am afraid,
 His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
 His serious considering.

[*He takes his seat ; and whispers* LOVELL, *who goes*
to WOLSEY.

Wol. Heaven forgive me !—
 Ever God bless your highness !

K. Hen. Good my lord,
 You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
 Of your best graces in your mind ; the which
 You were now running o'er : you have scarce time
 To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
 To keep your earthly audit : Sure, in that
 I deem you an ill husband ; and am glad
 To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
 For holy offices I have a time ; a time
 To think upon the part of business, which
 I bear i'the state ; and nature does require
 Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
 I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
 Must give my tendance to.

K. Hen. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,

As

As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!

K. Hen. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you:
He said, he did; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean?

Sur. The Lord increase this business! [*Aside.*]

K. Hen. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more, than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours: ⁶—my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet, fill'd with my abilities: ⁷ Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;
My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. Hen. Fairly answer'd;
A loyal and obedient subject is

Therein

⁶ The sense is, my *purposes* went beyond all human *endeavour*. I purposed for your honour more than it falls within the compass of man's nature to attempt. JOHNSON.

I am rather inclined to think, that *which* refers to "royal graces;" which, says Wolfey, no human endeavour could requite. MALONE.

⁷ My endeavours, though less than my desires, have *fill'd*, that is, have gone an equal pace with my abilities. JOHNSON.

Therein illustrated : The honour of it
 Does pay the act of it ; as, i'the contrary
 The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
 That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
 My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more
 On you, than any ; so your hand, and heart,
 Your brain, and every function of your power,
 Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,⁸
 As 'twere in love's particular, be more
 To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess,
 That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
 More than mine own ; that am, have, and will be.⁹
 Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
 And throw it from their soul ; though perils did
 Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and
 Appear in forms more horrid ; yet my duty,
 As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
 Should the approach of this wild river break,
 And stand unshaken yours.

K. Hen. 'Tis nobly spoken :
 Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
 For you have seen him open't.—Read o'er this ;

[*Giving him papers.*]

And, after, this : and then to breakfast, with
 What appetite you have.

[*Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey : the Nobles throng after him, smiling, and whispering.*]

Wol. What should this mean ?
 What sudden anger's this ? how have I reap'd it ?

He

⁸ Besides the general bond of duty, by which you are obliged to be a loyal and obedient subject, you owe a particular devotion of yourself to me, as your particular benefactor. JOHNSON.

⁹ I can find no meaning in these words, or see how they are connected with the rest of the sentence ; and should therefore strike them out.

M. MASON.

I suppose, the meaning is, *that, or such a man*, I am, have been, and will ever be. Our author has many hard and forced expressions in his plays ; but many of the hardiesses in the piece before us appear to me of a different colour from those of Shakspeare. MALONE.

He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
 Leap'd from his eyes: So looks the chafed lion
 Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
 Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
 I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so;
 This paper has undone me:—'Tis the account
 Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
 For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
 And see my friends in Rome. O negligence,
 Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil
 Made me put this main secret in the packet
 I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
 No new device to beat this from his brains?
 I know, 'twill stir him strongly; Yet I know
 A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
 Will bring me off again. What's this—*To the Pope?*
 The letter, as I live, with all the business
 I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell!
 I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
 And, from that full meridian of my glory,
 I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
 And no man see me more.

*Re-enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the Earl of
 SURREY,² and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who commands
 you

To

² It may not be improper here to repeat that the time of this play is from 1521, just before the Duke of Buckingham's commitment, to the year 1533, when Queen Elizabeth was born and christened. The Duke of Norfolk, therefore, who is introduced in the first scene of the first act, or in 1522, is not the same person who here, or in 1529, demands the great seal from Wolsey; for Thomas Howard, who was created Duke of Norfolk, 1514, died we are informed by Holinshed, p. 891, at Whitsuntide, 1525. As our author has here made two persons into one, so on the contrary, he has made one person into two. The Earl of Surrey here is the same with him who married the Duke of Buckingham's daughter, as appears from his own mouth:

“ I am

To render up the great seal presently
 Into our hands ; and to confine yourself
 To Aſher-house,³ my lord of Wincheſter's,⁴
 Till you hear further from his highneſs.

Wol. Stay,
 Where's your commiſſion, lords ? words cannot carry
 Authority ſo weighty.

Suf. Who dare croſs them ?
 Bearing the king's will from his mouth expreſſly ?

Wol. Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,
 (I mean, your malice,) know, officious lords,
 I dare, and muſt deny it.⁵ Now I feel
 Of what coarſe metal ye are moulded,—envy.

How

“ I am joyful

“ To meet the leaſt occaſion that may give me

“ Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke.”

But Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, who married the Duke of Buckingham's daughter, was at this time the individual above mentioned Duke of Norfolk. The reaſon for adding the third or fourth perſon as interlocutors in this ſcene is not very apparent, for Holinſhed, p. 909, mentions only the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk being ſent to demand the great ſeal, and all that is ſpoken would proceed with ſufficient propriety out of their mouths. The cauſe of the Duke of Norfolk's animosity to Wolſey is obvious, and Cavendiſh mentions that an open quarrel at this time ſubſiſted between the Cardinal and Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk.

REED.

³ Thus the old copy. *Aſher* was the ancient name of *Eſher*; as appears from Holinſhed: “ ——— and everie man took their horſes and rode ſtrait to *Aſher*.” WARNER.

⁴ Shakspeare forgot that Wolſey was himſelf biſhop of Wincheſter, unleſs he meant to ſay, you muſt confine yourſelf to that houſe which you poſſeſs as biſhop of Wincheſter. *Aſher*, near Hampton-Court, was one of the houſes belonging to that biſhoprick. MALONE.

Fox, biſhop of Wincheſter, died Sept. 14, 1528, and Wolſey held this ſee in commendam. *Eſher* therefore was his own houſe. REED.

⁵ Wolſey had ſaid :

“ ——— words cannot carry

“ Authority ſo weighty.”

To which they reply :

“ Who dare croſs them ?” &c.

Wolſey, anſwering them, continues his own ſpeech, *Till I find more than will or words (I mean more than your malicious will and words) to do it*; that is, *to carry authority ſo mighty*; I will deny to return what the king has given me. JOHNSON.

How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
 As if it fed ye? and how sleek and wanton
 Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
 Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
 You have christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
 In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
 You ask with such a violence, the king,
 (Mine, and your master,) with his own hand gave me:
 Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
 During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
 Ty'd it by letters patents: Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The king, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest;

Within these forty hours⁶ Surrey durst better
 Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,

Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
 Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
 The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
 (With thee, and all thy best parts bound together,)
 Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
 You sent me deputy for Ireland;
 Far from his succour, from the king, from all
 That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;
 Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
 Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol.

⁶ Why *forty* hours? But a few minutes have passed since Wolsey's disgrace.—I suspect that Shakspeare wrote—*within these four hours*,—and that the person who revised and tampered with this play, not knowing that hours was used by our poet as a dissyllable, made this injudicious alteration. MALONE.

I adhere to the old reading. *Forty* (I know not why) seems anciently to have been the familiar number on many occasions, where no very exact reckoning was necessary. In a former scene, the Old Lady offers to lay Anne Bullen a wager of "*forty* pence;" Slender, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, says—"I had rather than *forty* shillings—;" and in *The Taming of the Shrew*, "the humour of *forty* fancies" is the ornament of Grumio's hat: Thus also, in *Coriolanus*:

"—— on fair ground

"I could beat *forty* of them." STEEVENS.

Wol.

This, and all else

This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
 I answer, is most false. The duke by law
 Found his deserts: how innocent I was
 From any private malice in his end,
 His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
 If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
 You have as little honesty as honour;
 That I, in the way of loyalty and truth
 Toward the king, my ever royal master,
 Dare mate a founder man than Surrey can be,
 And all that love his follies.

Sur.

By my soul,

Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou should'st feel
 My sword i'the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,
 Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
 And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
 To be thus jaded⁷ by a piece of scarlet,
 Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
 And dare us with his cap, like larks.⁸

Wol.

All goodness

Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur.

Yes, that goodness

Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
 Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
 The goodness of your intercepted packets,
 You writ to the pope, against the king: your goodness,
 Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
 My lord of Norfolk,—as you are truly noble,
 As you respect the common good, the state
 Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
 Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,—
 Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
 Collected from his life:—I'll startle you

Worfe

⁷ To be abused and ill-treated, like a worthless horse: or perhaps to be ridden by a priest; to have him mounted above us. MALONE.

⁸ It is well known that the hat of a cardinal is scarlet; and the method of *daring* larks was by small mirrors fastened on scarlet cloth, which engaged the attention of these birds while the fowler drew his net over them. STEEVENS.

Worse than the sacring bell,⁹ when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer,
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is, to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want those, than my head. Have at you.
First, that, without the king's assent, or knowledge,
You wrote to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.²

Sur.

⁹ The little bell, which is rung to give notice of the *Host* approaching when it is carried in procession, as also in other offices of the Romish church, is called the *sacring*, or *consecration* bell; from the French word, *sacrer*. THEOBALD.

² In the long string of articles exhibited by the Privy Council against
Wolsey,

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance,
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience,)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing²
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,—
Because all those things, you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*,³—
That therefore such a writ be su'd against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattles, and whatsoever,⁴ and to be

Out

Wolsey, which Sir Edward Coke transcribed from the original, this offence composed one of the charges: "40. Also the said Lord Cardinal of his further pompous and presumptuous minde, hath enterprised to joyn and imprint the Cardinal's hat under your armes in your coyn of groats made at your city of York, which like deed hath not been seen to be done by any subject in your realm before this time." 4 *Inst.* 94.

HOLT WHITE.

This was certainly one of the articles exhibited against Wolsey, but rather with a view to swell the catalogue, than from any serious cause of accusation; inasmuch as the Archbishops Cranmer, Bainbrigge, and Warham were indulged with the same privilege. See Snelling's *View of the Silver Coin and Coinage of England*. DOUCE.

² *Mere* is absolute. STEEVENS.

³ It is almost unnecessary to observe that *præmunire* is a barbarous word used instead of *præmonere*. STEEVENS.

⁴ The old copy—*castles*. I have ventured to substitute *chattels* here, as the author's genuine word, because the judgement in a writ of *Præmunire* is, that the defendant shall *be out of the king's protection*; and his *lands* and *tenements*, *goods* and *chattels* forfeited to the king; and that his body should remain in prison at the king's pleasure. THEOBALD.

The emendation made by Mr. Theobald, is, I think, fully justified by the passage in Holinshed's *Chronicle* on which this is founded; in which it is observable that the word *chattels* is spelt *cattels*, which might have been easily confounded with *castles*. MALONE.

Out of the king's protection :—This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but WOLSEY.*

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him :
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost ;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,⁵
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory ;
But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye ;
I feel my heart new open'd : O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours !
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,⁶
More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again. —

Enter

⁵ “ As spring-frosts are not injurious to the *roots* of fruit-trees,” Dr. Warburton reads—*shoot*. Such capricious alterations I am sometimes obliged to mention, merely to introduce the notes of those, who, while they have shewn them to be unnecessary, have illustrated our author. MALONE.

Vernal frosts indeed do not kill the *root*, but then to *nip* the *shoots* does not kill the tree or make it fall. The metaphor will not in either reading correspond exactly with nature. JOHNSON.

I adhere to the old reading, which is countenanced by a passage in *Galcoigne's Works*, 1587. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Their ruin*, is, their displeasure, producing the downfall and ruin him on whom it lights. MALONE.

Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour:
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad, your grace has made that right use
of it.

Wol. I hope, I have: I am able now, methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
~~Is your displeasure with the king.~~

Wol. God blefs him!

Crom. The next is, that sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden:
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!⁷

What

⁷ The chancellor is the general guardian of orphans. A tomb of tears
is very harsh. JOHNSON.

This

What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long marry'd,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O
Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me, all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles.⁸ Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;

I am

This idea will not appear altogether indefensible to those who recollect the following epigram of Martial:

“*Flentibus Heliadum ramis dum vipera serpit,
Fluxit in obstantem succina gemma feram:
Quæ dum miratur pingui se rore teneri,
Concreto riguit vineta repente gelu,
Ne tibi regali placeas Cleopatra sepulchro,
Vipera si tumulo nobiliore jacet.*”

The Heliades certainly *wept a tomb of tears* over the viper.

STEEVENS.

⁸ The number of persons who composed cardinal Wolsey's household, according to the *printed* account, was eight hundred. “When (says Cavendish, in his *Life of Wolsey*,) shall we see any more such subjects, that shall keepe such a noble house?—Here is an end of his household. The number of persons in the cheyne-roll [check-roll] were *eight hundred* persons.”

But Cavendish's work, though written in the time of Queen Mary, was not published till 1641; and it was then printed most unfaithfully, some passages being interpolated, near half of the MS. being omitted, and the phraseology being modernised throughout, to make it more readable at that time; the covert object of the publication probably having been, to render Laud odious, by shewing how far church-power had been extended by Wolsey, and how dangerous that prelate was, who, in the opinion of many, followed his example. The persons who procured this publication, seem to have been little solicitous about the means they employed, if they could but obtain their end; and therefore among other unwarrantable sophistications, they took care that the number “of troops who waited on Wolsey's smiles,” should be sufficiently magnified; and instead of *one*
hundred

I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
 To be thy lord and master: Seek the king;
 That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
 What, and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
 Some little memory of me will stir him,
 (I know his noble nature,) not to let
 Thy hopeful service perish too: Good Cromwell,
 Neglect him not; make use now,⁹ and provide
 For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
 Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
 So good, so noble, and so true a master?
 Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
 With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
 The king shall have my service; but my prayers
 For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me
 Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
 Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
 And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be;
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee,
 Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
 And founded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;²
 By that sin fell the angels, how can man then,

The

hundred and eighty, which was the real number of his household, they printed *eight hundred*. This appears from two MSS. of this work in the Museum; *MSS. Harl.* No. 428, and *MSS. Birch*, 4233.

In another manuscript copy of Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, in the Publick Library at Cambridge, the number of the Cardinal's household by the addition of a cypher is made 1800. MALONE.

⁹ i. e. make interest. STEEVENS.

² Wolsey does not mean to condemn every kind of ambition; for in a preceding line he says he will instruct Cromwell how to *rise*, and in the subsequent lines he evidently considers him as a man in office: “—then if thou *fall'st*,” &c. *Ambition* here means a criminal and inordinate ambition, that endeavours to obtain honours by dishonest means. MALONE.

The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
 Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;³
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not;
 Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
 And,—Pr'ythee, lead me in:
 There take an inventory of all I have⁴
 To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
 And my integrity to heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,

Had

³ Though this be good divinity, and an admirable precept for our conduct in private life; it was never calculated or designed for the magistrate or publick minister. Nor could this be the direction of a man experienced in affairs, to his pupil. It would make a good christian, but a very ill and very unjust statesman. And we have nothing so infamous in tradition, as the supposed advice given to one of our kings, *to cherish his enemies, and be in no pain for his friends*. I am of opinion the poet wrote:

—cherish those hearts that wait thee;

i. e. thy dependants. For the contrary practice had contributed to Wolsey's ruin. He was not careful enough in making dependants by his bounty, while intent in amassing wealth to himself. The following line seems to confirm this correction:

Corruption wins not more than honesty.

i. e. You will never find men won over to your temporary occasions by bribery, so useful to you as friends made by a just and generous munificence. WARBURTON.

I am unwilling wantonly to contradict so ingenious a remark, but that the reader may not be misled, and believe the emendation proposed to be necessary, he should remember that this is not a time for Wolsey to speak only as a *statesman*, but as a *christian*. Shakspeare would have debased the character, just when he was employing his strongest efforts to raise it, had he drawn it otherwise. Nothing makes the hour of disgrace more irksome, than the reflection, that we have been deaf to offers of reconciliation, and perpetuated that enmity which we might have converted into friendship. STEEVENS.

⁴ This inventory Wolsey actually caused to be taken upon his disgrace, and the particulars may be seen at large in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 546, edit. 1631.

Among the *Harl. MSS.* there is one intitled, "An Inventorie of Cardinal Wolsey's rich houtholde stuffe. Temp. Hen. VIII. The original book, as it seems, kept by his own officers." See *Harl. Catal.* No. 599. DOUCE.

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal⁵
 I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
 The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1. *Gent.* You are well met once again.⁶

2. *Gent.* And so are you.

1. *Gent.* You come to take your stand here, and behold
 The lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2. *Gent.* 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
 The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1. *Gent.* 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd sorrow;
 This, general joy.

2. *Gent.*

⁵ This sentence was really uttered by Wolsey. JOHNSON.

When Samrah, the deputy governor of Basorah, was deposed by Moa-wiyah the sixth Caliph, he is reported to have expressed himself in the same manner: "If I had served my God so well as I have served him, he would never have condemned me to all eternity." STEEVENS.

Antonio Perez, the favourite of Philip the Second of Spain, made the same pathetick complaint: "Mon zele etoit si grand vers ces benignes puissances [la cour de Turin,] que si j'en eusse eu autant pour Dieu, je ne doute point qu'il ne m'eut deja recompensé de son paradis."

MALONE.

This was a strange sentence for Wolsey to utter, who was disgraced for the basest treachery to his king in the affair of the divorce: but it shows how naturally men endeavour to palliate their crimes even to themselves.

M. MASON.

There is a remarkable affinity between these words and part of the speech of Sir James Hamilton, who was supposed by King James V. thus to address him in a dream: "Though I was a sinner against God, I failed not to thee. Had I been as good a servant to my Lord my God, as I was to thee, I had not died that death." Pinfscottie's *History of Scotland*, p. 261, edit. 1788, 12mo. DOUCE.

⁶ Alluding to their former meeting in the second act. JOHNSON.

2. *Gent.* 'Tis well : the citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds ;⁷
As, let them have their rights, they are ever forward
In celebration of this day⁸ with shows,
Pageants, and fights of honour.

1. *Gent.* Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

2. *Gent.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand ?

1. *Gent.* Yes ; 'tis the list
Of those, that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.
The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high steward ; next, the duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal ; you may read the rest.

2. *Gent.* I thank you, sir ; had I not known those cus-
toms,
I should have been beholden to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager ? how goes her business ?

1. *Gent.* That I can tell you too. The archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Amphthill, where the princess lay ; to which
She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not :
And, to be short, for not appearance, and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage⁹ made of none effect :

Since

⁷ i. e. their minds well affected to their king. Mr. Pope unnecessarily changed this word to *loyal*. MALONE.

Royal, I believe, in the present instance, only signifies—*noble*. So, Macbeth, speaking of Banquo, mentions his "*royalty* of nature."

STEEVENS.

⁸ Sir Thomas Hanmer reads :

—these days—

but Shakspeare meant *such a day as this*, a coronation day. And such is the English idiom, which our author commonly prefers to grammatical nicety. JOHNSON.

⁹ i. e. the marriage *lately* considered as a valid one. STEEVENS.

Since which, she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now, sick.

2. *Gent.*

Alas, good lady!—

[*Trumpets.*

The trumpets found : stand close, the queen is coming.

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

A lively flourish of trumpets ; then, enter

1. *Two judges.*

2. *Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.*

3. *Choristers singing.*

[*Musick.*

4. *Mayor of London bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms.² and on his head, a gilt copper crown.*

5. *Marquis Dorset, bearing a scepter of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crown'd with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*

6. *Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of Marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*

7. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports ; under it, the Queen in her robe ; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*

8. *The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*

9. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets³ of gold without flowers.*

2. *Gent.* A royal train, believe me.—These I know ;—
Who's that, that bears the scepter ?

1. *Gent.*

Marquis Dorset :

And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2. *Gent.*

² i. e. in his coat of office, emblazoned with the royal arms.

STEEVENS.

³ I do not recollect that these two words occur in any other of our author's works ; a circumstance that may serve to strengthen Dr. Farmer's opinion—that the directions for the court pageantry throughout the present drama, were drawn up by another hand. STEEVENS.

2. *Gent.* A bold brave gentleman : And that should be
The duke of Suffolk.

1. *Gent.* 'Tis the same ; high-steward.

2. *Gent.* And that my lord of Norfolk ?

1. *Gent.*

Yes.

2. *Gent.*

Heaven blefs thee !

[*Looking on the Queen.*

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel ;

Our king has all the Indies in his arms,

And more, and richer, when he strains that lady :

I cannot blame his conscience.

1. *Gent.* They, that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.

2. *Gent.* Those men are happy ; and so are all, are near
her.

I take it, she that carries up the train,

Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.

1. *Gent.* It is ; and all the rest are countesses.

2. *Gent.* Their coronets say so. These are stars, indeed ;
And, sometimes, falling ones.

1. *Gent.*

No more of that.

[*Exit Procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.*

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir ! Where have you been broiling ?

3. *Gent.* Among the croud i' the abbey ; where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more ; and I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.

2. *Gent.*

You saw.

The ceremony ?

3. *Gent.* That I did.

1. *Gent.*

How was it ?

3. *Gent.* Well worth the seeing.

2. *Gent.*

Good sir, speak it to us.

3. *Gent.* As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off

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F

A dif-

A distance from her; while her grace sat down
 To rest awhile, some half an hour, or so,
 In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
 The beauty of her person to the people.
 Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
 That ever lay by man: which when the people
 Had the full view of, such a noise arose
 As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest
 As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,
 (Doublets, I think,) flew up; and had their faces
 Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
 I never saw before. Great-belly'd women,
 That had not half a week to go,⁴ like rams⁵
 In the old time of war, would shake the press,
 And make them reel before them. No man living
 Could say, *This is my wife*, there; all were woven
 So strangely in one piece.

2. *Gent.*

But, 'pray, what follow'd?

3. *Gent.* At length her grace rose, and with modest paces
 Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and, faint-like,
 Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
 Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
 When by the archbishop of Canterbury
 She had all the royal makings of a queen;
 As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
 The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
 Lay'd nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
 With all the choicest musick of the kingdom,
 Together sung *Te deum*. So she parted,
 And with the same full state pac'd back again
 To York-place, where the feast is held.

1. *Gent.*

Sir, you

Must no more call it York-place, that is past:
 For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost;
 'Tis now the king's, and call'd—Whitehall.

3. *Gent.*

I know it;

But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
 Is fresh about me.

2. *Gent.*

⁴ i. e. to continue in their pregnancy. STERVENs.

⁵ That is, like battering rams. JOHNSON.

1. *Gent.* What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen?

3. *Gent.* Stokesly and Gardiner; the one, of Winchester,
(Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary,)
The other, London.

2. *Gent.* He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

3. *Gent.* All the land knows that:
However, yet there's no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2. *Gent.* Who may that be, I pray you?

3. *Gent.* Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend.—The king
Has made him master o'the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.

2. *Gent.* He will deserve more.

3. *Gent.* Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests;
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.²

Kimbolton.

*Enter KATHARINE, Dowager, sick; led between GRIFFITH
and PATIENCE.*

Grif. How does your grace?

Kath.

² This scene is above any other part of Shakspeare's tragedies, and perhaps above any scene of any other poet, tender and pathetick, without gods, or furies, or poisons, or precipices, without the help of romantick circumstances, without improbable fallies of poetical lamentation, and without any throes of tumultuous misery. JOHNSON.

Kath. O, Griffith, sick to death :
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden : Reach a chair ;—
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead ?

Grif. Yes, madam ; but, I think, your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died :
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.³

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam :
For after the stout earl of Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man forely tainted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.⁴

Kath. Alas, poor man !

Grif. At last, with easy roads,⁵ he came to Leicester,
Lodg'd in the abbey ; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him ;
To whom he gave these words,—O father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,

³ *Happily* seems to mean on this occasion—*peradventure, haply*. I have been more than once of this opinion, when I have met with the same word thus spelt in other passages. STEEVENS.

Mr. M. Mason is of opinion that *bappily* here means *fortunately*. - Mr. Steevens's interpretation is, I think, right. MALONE.

⁴ In Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, 1641, it is said that Wolsey *poisoned* himself ; but the words—"at which time it was apparent that he had poisoned himself," which appear in p. 108 of that work, were an interpolation, inserted by the publisher for some sinister purpose ; not being found in the two manuscripts now preserved in the Museum. MALONE.

Cardinals generally rode on mules. "He rode like a cardinal, sumptuously upon his mule." Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*. REED.

In the representation of the *Champ de Drap d'Or*, published by the Society of Antiquaries, the Cardinal appears mounted on one of these animals very richly caparisoned. STEEVENS.

⁵ i. e. by short stages. STEEVENS.

*Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
Give him a little earth for charity !*

So went to bed : where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still ; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold, should be his last,) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest ; his faults lie gently on him !
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity,—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach,⁶ ever ranking
Himself with princes ; one, that by suggestion
Ty'd all the kingdom : ⁷ simony was fair play ;

His

⁶ i.e. of unbounded *pride*, or *haughtiness*. STEEVENS.

⁷ The word *suggestion*, says the critick, [Dr. Warburton] is here used with great propriety and *seeming* knowledge of the Latin tongue : and he proceeds to settle the sense of it from *the late Roman writers and their glosses*. But Shakspeare's knowledge was from Holinshed, whom he follows *verbatim* :

“ This cardinal was of a great stomach, for he compted himself equal with princes, and by craftie *suggestion* got into his hands innumerable treasure : he forced little on simonie, and was not pitifull, and stood affectionate in his own opinion : in open presence he would lie and seie untruth, and was double both in speech and meaning ; he would promise much and perform little : he was vicious of his bodie, and gave the clergie evil example.” Edit. 1587, p. 922.

Perhaps after this quotation, you may not think, that Sir Thomas Hanmer, who reads *tytb'd*—instead of *ty'd all the kingdom*, deserves quite so much of Dr. Warburton's severity.—Indisputably the passage, like every other in the speech, is intended to express the meaning of the parallel one in the chronicle ; it cannot therefore be credited, that any man, when the *original* was produced, should still choose to defend a *cant* acceptation, and inform us, perhaps, *seriously*, that in *gaming* language, from I know not what practice, to *tye* is to *equal* ! A sense of the word, as I have yet found, *unknown* to our old writers ; and, if *known*, would not surely have been used in *this* place by our author.

But let us turn from conjecture to Shakspeare's authorities. Hall, from whom the above description is copied by Holinshed, is very explicit in the demands of the *cardinal* : who having insolently told the *lord mayor* and *aldermen*, “ For sothe I thinke, that *halfe* your substance were too little,”

His own opinion was his law : I'the presence
 He would say untruths ; and be ever double,
 Both in his words and meaning : He was never,
 But where he meant to ruin, pitiful :
 His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;
 But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
 Of his own body he was ill,⁸ and gave

The

little," assures them by way of comfort at the end of his harangue, that *upon an average* the *tythe* should be sufficient ; "Sirs, speake not to breake that thyng that is concluded, for *some* shall not paie the *tenth* parte, and *some* more."—And again ; "Thei saied, the cardinall by visitacions, makying of abbottes, probates of testaments, graunting of faculties, licences, and other pollyngs in his courtes legantines, had made his *treasure egall with the kynges*." Edit. 1548, p. 138, and 143.

FARMER.

Ty'd all the kingdom.] i. e. he was a man of an unbounded stomach, or pride, ranking himself with princes, and by suggestion to the king and the pope, he *ty'd*, i. e. limited, circumscribed, and set bounds to the liberties and properties of all persons in the kingdom. That he did so, appears from various passages in the play.

Dr. Farmer has displayed such eminent knowledge of Shakspeare, that it is with the utmost diffidence I dissent from the alteration which he would establish here. He would read *tyth'd*, and refers to the authorities of Hall and Holinshed about a tax of the *tenth*, or *tythe* of each man's substance, which is not taken notice of in the play. Let it be remarked that it is Queen Katharine speaks here, who, in Act I. sc. ii. told the king it was a demand of the *sixth* part of each subject's substance, that caused the rebellion. Would she afterwards say that he, i. e. Wolsey, had *tythed* all the kingdom, when she knew he had almost *double-tythed* it? Still Dr. Farmer insists that "the passage, like every other in the speech, is intended to express the meaning of the parallel one in the *Chronicle*:" i. e. The cardinal "by craftie suggestion got into his hands innumerable treasure." This passage does not relate to a publick tax of the *tenths*, but to the cardinal's own private acquisitions. If in this sense I admitted the alteration, *tyth'd*, I would suppose that, as the queen is descanting on the cardinal's own acquirements, she borrows her term from the principal emolument or payment due to priests ; and means to intimate that the cardinal was not content with the *tythes* legally accruing to him from his own various pluralities, but that he extorted something equivalent to them throughout all the kingdom. This extortion is so frequently spoken of, that perhaps our author purposely avoided a repetition of it in the passage under consideration, and therefore gave a different sentiment declarative of the consequence of his unbounded pride, that must humble all others.

TOLLET.

⁸ A criminal connection with women was anciently called *the vice of the body*. STEEVENS.

The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water.⁹ May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour.² From his cradle,
He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading;³
Lofty, and four, to them that lov'd him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfy'd in getting,
(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: Ever witness for him.
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;⁴
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.

His

⁹ This reflection bears a great resemblance to a passage in sir Tho. More's *History of Richard III.* whence Shakspeare undoubtedly formed his play on that subject. Speaking of the ungrateful turns which Jane Shore experienced from those whom she had served in her prosperity; More adds, "Men use, if they have an evil turne, to write it in marble, and who so doth us a good turne, we write it in duste." *More's Works*, bl. 1. 1557, p. 59. PERCY.

² Perhaps our author borrowed this expression from *Saint Paul's Epistle to the Romans*, ix. 21: "Hath not the potter power over the clay of the same lump, to make one vessel unto honour," &c. STEEVENS.

³ Eloquence constituted a part of the Cardinal's real character. In the charges exhibited against him, it was alledged that at the Privy Council "he would have all the words to himself, and consumed much time with a fair tale." See 4 *Inst.* 91. HOLT WHITE.

⁴ Unwilling to survive that virtue which was the cause of its foundation; or perhaps "the good" is licentiously used for the good man; "the virtuous prelate who founded it." MALONE.

Good, I believe, is put for *goodness*. STEEVENS.

His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
 For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
 And found the blessedness of being little:
 And, to add greater honours to his age
 Than man could give him, he died, fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
 No other speaker of my living actions,
 To keep mine honour from corruption,
 But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
 Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
 With thy religious truth, and modesty,
 Now in his ashes honour: Peace be with him!—
 Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
 I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
 Cause the musicians play me that sad note
 I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
 On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn musick.

Grif. She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down quiet,
 For fear we wake her;—Softly, gentle Patience.

The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards⁵ on their faces; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which, the other four make reverend court'sies; then the two, that held the garland, deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, (as it were by inspiration,) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing they vanish,

⁵ These tawdry disguises are also mentioned in Hall's account of a maske devised by King Henry VIII: "Thei were appareled &c. with visers and cappes of golde." STEEVENS.

vanish, carrying the garland with them. The musick continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for :
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet ; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness ;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear : I shall,
Assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the musick leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. *[Musick ceases.]*

Pat. Do you note,
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold? Mark you her eyes?

Grif. She is going, wench? pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace,—

Kath. You are a faucy fellow :
Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing, she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour : go to, kneel.⁶

Mess.

⁶ Queen Katharine's servants after the divorce at Dunstable, and the Pope's curse stuck up at Dunkirk, were directed to be sworn to serve her not as a *Queen*, but as *Princess Dowager*. Some refused to take the oath, and so were forced to leave her service; and as for those who took it and stayed, she would not be served by them, by which means she was almost destitute of attendants. See *Hall*, fol. 219. Bishop Burnet says all the women about her still called her *Queen*. *Burnet*, p. 162. *REED.*

Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon ;
My haile made me unmannerly : There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith : But this fellow
Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exeunt GRIFFITH and Messenger.*]

Re-enter GRIFFITH with CAPUCIUS.

If my fight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Kath. O my lord,
The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me ?

Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace ? the next,
The king's request that I would visit you ;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late ;
'Tis like a pardon after execution :
That gentle physick, given in time, had cur'd me ;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness ?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do ! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom !—Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away ?

Pat.

No, madam.

[*Giving it to KATHARINE.*]

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.⁷

Cap.

⁷ So, *Holinshead*, p. 939 : “ ——— perceiving hir selfe to waxe verie weak and feeble, and to feele death approaching at hand, caused one of hir gentlewomen to write a letter to the king, commending to him hir daughter

Cap.

Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
 The model of our chaste loves,⁸ his young daughter :—
 The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her !—
 Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding ;
 (She is young and of a noble modest nature ;
 I hope, she will deserve well ;) and a little
 To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
 Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
 Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
 Upon my wretched women, that so long,
 Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully :
 Of which there is not one, I dare avow
 (And now I should not lie,) but will deserve,
 For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,
 For honesty, and decent carriage,
 A right good husband, let him be a noble ;⁹
 And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them.
 The last is, for my men ;—they are the poorest,
 But poverty could never draw them from me ;—

That

daughter and his, beseeching him to stand good father unto hir ; and further desired him to have some consideration of hir gentlewomen that had served hir, and to see them bestowed in marriage. Further that it would please him to appoint that hir servants might have their due wages, and a yeares wages beside." STEEVENS.

This letter probably fell into the hands of Polydore Vergil, who was then in England, and has preserved it in the twenty-seventh book of his history. MALONE.

⁸ *Model is image or representative.* MALONE.

⁹ I would read this line (not with a semicolon, as hitherto printed,) but with only a comma :

A right good husband, let him be a noble ;

i. e. though he were even of noble extraction. WHALLEY.

Let him be, I suppose, signifies, *even though he should be* ; or—*admit that he be*. She means to observe, that nobility superadded to virtue, is not more than each of her women deserves to meet with in a husband. STEEVENS.

This is, I think, the true interpretation of the line ; but I do not see why the words *let him be a noble*, may not, consistently with this meaning, be understood in their obvious and ordinary sense. We are not to consider Katharine's women like the attendants on other ladies. One of them had already been married to more than a noble husband ; having unfortunately captivated a worthless king. MALONE.

That they may have their wages duly paid them,
 And something over to remember me by ;
 If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,
 And able means, we had not parted thus.
 These are the whole contents :—And, good my lord,
 By that you love the dearest in this world,
 As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
 Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
 To do me this last right.

Cap. By heaven, I will ;
 Or let me lose the fashion of a man !

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
 In all humility unto his highness ;
 Say, his long trouble now is passing
 Out of this world : tell him, in death I bless'd him,
 For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,
 My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,
 You must not leave me yet. I must to bed ;
 Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,
 Let me be us'd with honour ; strew me over
 With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
 I was a chaste wife to my grave : embalm me,
 Then lay me forth : although unqueen'd, yet like
 A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
 I can no more.— [Exeunt, leading KATHARINE.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Gallery in the Palace.

*Enter GARDINER Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch
 before him, met by Sir THOMAS LOVELL.*

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy, s't not

Boy.

It hath struck.

Gar. These should be hours for necessities,

Not for delights;⁴ times to repair our nature
 With comforting repose, and not for us
 To waste these times.—Good hour of night, fir Thomas!
 Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?

Gar. I did, fir Thomas; and left him at primero⁵
 With the duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,
 Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gar. Not yet, fir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter?
 It seems, you are in haste: an if there be
 No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
 Some touch of your late business:⁶ Affairs, that walk
 (As, they say, spirits do,) at midnight, have
 In them a wilder nature, than the business
 That seeks despatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you;
 And durst commend a secret to your ear
 Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour,
 They say, in great extremity; and fear'd,
 She'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit, she goes with,
 I pray for heartily; that it may find
 Good time, and live: but for the stock, fir Thomas,
 I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks, I could
 Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
 She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
 Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, fir, fir,—
 Hear me, fir Thomas: You are a gentleman

Of

⁴ Gardiner himself is not much delighted. The delight at which he hints, seems to be the king's diversion, which keeps him in attendance.

JOHNSON.

⁵ *Primero* and *Primavista*, two games at cards, H. I. *Primera*, *Primavista*. *La Primicre*, G. Prime, f. *Prime veue*. *Primum*, et *primum visum*, that is, first, and first seen: because he that can show such an order of cards first, wins the game. *Minsheu's Guide into Tongues*, col. 575.

GREY.

⁶ Some hint of the business that keeps you awake so late. JOHNSON.

Of mine own way;⁷ I know you wise, religious;
 And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—
 'Twill not, fir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,
 Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
 Sleep in their graves.

Low. Now, fir, you speak of two
 The most remark'd i'the kingdom. As for Cromwell,—
 Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master
 O'the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, fir,
 Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,⁸
 With which the time will load him: The archbishop
 Is the king's hand, and tongue; And who dare speak
 One syllable against him?

Gar. Yes, yes, fir Thomas,
 There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd
 To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,
 Sir, (I may tell it you,) I think, I have
 Incens'd the lord's o'the council, that he is
 (For so I know he is, they know he is,)
 A most arch heretick,⁹ a pestilence
 That does infect the land: with which they moved,
 Have broken with the king;² who hath so far
 Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace
 And princely care; foreseeing those fell mischiefs
 Our reasons laid before him,) he hath commanded,
 To-morrow morning to the council-board
 He be convented.³ He's a rank weed, fir Thomas,
 And we must root him out. From your affairs
 I hinder you too long: good night, fir Thomas.

Low.

⁷ Mine own opinion in religion. JOHNSON.

⁸ Trade is the *practiced method*, the *general course*. JOHNSON.

⁹ This passage according to the old elliptical mode of writing, may mean—I have incens'd the lords of the council, *for* that he is, i. e. because. STEEVENS.

I have roused the lords of the council by suggesting to them that he is a most arch heretick:—I have thus *incited* them against him. MALONE.

Incensed, I believe, in this instance, and some others, only means *prompted*, *set on*. STEEVENS.

² They have broken silence; told their minds to the king. JOHNSON.

³ *Convented* is *summoned*, *convened*. STEEVENS.

KING HENRY VIII.

III

Lov. Many good nights, my lord ; I rest your servant.

[*Exeunt* GARDINER and Page.]

As LOVELL *is going out, enter the King, and the duke of*
SUFFOLK.

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

K. Hen. But little, Charles;
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.—
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.

K. Hen. What say'st thou? ha!
To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman; and that her sufferings made
Almost each pang a death.

K. Hen. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!

K. Hen. 'Tis midnight, Charles,
Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that, which company
Will not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

K. Hen. Charles, good night.—

[*Exit* SUFFOLK.]

Enter Sir ANTHONY DENNY.⁴

Well, sir, what follows?

Den.

⁴ The substance of this and the two following scenes is taken from
Fox's *Acts and Monuments of the Christian Martyrs*, &c. 1563.

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.

K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury?

Den. Ay, my good lord.

K. Hen. 'Tis true: Where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Bring him to us.

[*Exit DENNY.*]

Low. This is about that which the bishop spake;
I am happily⁵ come hither. [*Aside.*]

Re-enter DENNY with CRANMER.

K. Hen. Avoid the gallery.

[*LOVELL seems to stay.*]

Ha!—I have said.—Be gone.

What!—

[*Exeunt LOVELL and DENNY.*]

Cran. I am fearful:—Wherefore frowns he thus?

'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

K. Hen. How now, my lord? You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty,
To attend your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. 'Pray you, arise,

My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.

Come, you and I must walk a turn together;

I have news to tell you: Come, come, give me your hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,

And am right sorry to repeat what follows:

I have, and most unwillingly, of late

Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,

Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,

Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall

This morning come before us; where, I know,

You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,

But that, till further trial, in those charges

Which will require your answer, you must take

Your patience to you, and be well contented

To

⁵ The present instance, and another in p. 116, seem to militate against my former explanation of—*happily*, and to countenance that of Mr. M. Mason. See p. 100, n. 3. STEEVENS.

To make your house our Tower: You a brother of us,⁶
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly afunder: for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,
Than I myself, poor man.⁷

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury;
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend: Give me thy hand, stand up;
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy-dame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you
Without indurance,⁸ further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on⁹ is my truth, and honesty;
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,²
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,³
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

K. Hen. Know you not how
Your state stands i'the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies
Are many, and not small; their practices

Must

⁶ You being one of the council, it is necessary to imprison you, that the witnesses against you may not be deterred. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Poor man* probably belongs to the king's reply. GREY.

⁸ i. e. confinement: Dr. Johnson, however, in his Dictionary says that this word (which Shakspeare borrowed from Fox's narrative already quoted) means—*delay, procrastination*. STEEVENS.

⁹ Though *good* may be taken for *advantage* or *superiority*, or any thing which may help or support, yet it would, I think, be more natural to say:

The ground I stand on——. JOHNSON.

² Cranmer, I suppose, means, that whenever his honesty fails, he shall rejoice as heartily as his enemies at his destruction. MALONE.

³ i. e. have no value for. STEEVENS.

Must bear the same proportion : and not ever ⁴
 The justice and the truth o'the question carries
 The due o'the verdict with it : At what ease
 Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
 To swear against you ? such things have been done.
 You are potently oppos'd ; and with a malice
 Of as great size. Ween you of better luck, ⁵
 I mean, in perjur'd witnesses, than your master,
 Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
 Upon this naughty earth ? Go to, go to ;
 You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
 And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your majesty,
 Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
 The trap is laid for me!

K. Hen. Be of good cheer ;
 They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.
 Keep comfort to you ; and this morning see
 You do appear before them : if they should chance,
 In charging you with matters, to commit you,
 The best persuasions to the contrary
 Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
 The occasion shall instruct you : if entreaties
 Will render you no remedy, this ring
 Deliver them, and your appeal to us
 There make before them.—Look, the good man weeps !
 He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother !
 I swear, he is true-hearted ; and a soul
 None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
 And do as I have bid you.—[*Exit CRANMER.*] He has
 strangled
 His language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady. ⁶

Gent. [*Within.*] Come back ; what mean you ?

Lady.

⁴ *Not ever* is an uncommon expression, and does not mean *never*, but *not always*. M. MASON.

⁵ To *ween* is to *think*, to *imagine*. Though now obsolete, the word was common to all our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

⁶ This, I suppose is the same old cat that appears with Anne Bullen, p. 50. STEEVENS.

Lady. I'll not come back ; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings.

K. Hen. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd ?
Say, ay ; and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my liege ;
And of a lovely boy : 'The God of heaven
Both now and ever blefs her !⁷—'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger ; 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.

K. Hen. Lovell,⁸—

Enter LOVELL.

Low. Sir.

K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen.
[Exit King.]

Lady. An hundred marks ! By this light I'll have more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl is like to him ?
I will have more, or else unsay't ; and now
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

Lobby before the Council-Chamber.

Enter CRANMER ; Servants, Door-Keeper, &c. attending.

Cran. I hope, I am not too late ; and yet the gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me

To

⁷ It is doubtful whether *her* is referred to the queen or the girl.

JOHNSON.
As I believe this play was calculated for the ear of Elizabeth, I imagine,
her relates to the girl. MALONE.

⁸ Lovell has been just sent out of the presence, and no notice is given
of his return : I have placed it here at the instant when the king calls for
him. STEEVENS.

To make great haste. All fast? what means this?—Ho! Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?

D. Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

D. Keep. Your grace must wait, till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

Cran.

So.

Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad,
I came this way so happily: The king
Shall understand it presently.

[Exit BUTTS.]

Cran. [Aside.] 'Tis Butts,
The king's physician; As he past along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven, he found not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose lay'd, by some that hate me,
(God turn their heart! I never sought their malice,)
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door; a fellow counsellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter, at a window above,⁹ the King and BUTTS.

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight,—

K. Hen. What's that, Butts?

Butts. I think, your highness saw this many a day.

K. Hen. Body o'me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord:
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys.

K. Hen.

⁹ The suspicious vigilance of our ancestors contrived windows which overlooked the insides of chapels, halls, kitchens, passages, &c. Some of these convenient peep-holes may still be found in colleges, and such ancient houses as have not suffered from the reformations of modern architecture. Among Andrew Boorde's instructions for building a house (See his *Dietarie of Health*) is the following: "Many of the chambers to have a view into the chapel." Without a previous knowledge of this custom, Shakspeare's scenery, in the present instance, would be obscure.

K. Hen. Ha! 'Tis he, indeed :
 Is this the honour they do one another?
 'Tis well, there's one above them yet. I had thought,
 They had parted so much honesty among them,²
 (At least, good manners,) as not thus to suffer
 A man of his place, and so near our favour,
 To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
 And at the door too, like a post with packets.
 By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery;
 Let them alone, and draw the curtain close;³
 We shall hear more anon.—

Enter the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of SUFFOLK, Earl of SURREY, Lord Chamberlain, GARDINER, and CROMWELL. The Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of Canterbury. The rest seat themselves in order on each side. CROMWELL at the lower end, as secretary.

Chan. Speak to the business,⁴ master Secretary :
 Why are we met in council?

Crom.

² We should now say—*They had shared, &c.* i. e. had so much honesty among them. STEEVENS.

³ i. e. the curtain of the balcony or upper-stage, where the king now is. MALONE,

⁴ This lord chancellor, though a character, has hitherto had no place in the *Dramatis Personæ*. In the last scene of the fourth act, we heard that sir Thomas More was appointed lord chancellor: but it is not he, whom the poet here introduces. Wolsey, by command, delivered up the seals on the 18th of November, 1529; on the 25th of the same month, they were delivered to sir Thomas More, who surrendered them on the 16th of May, 1532. Now the conclusion of this scene taking notice of Queen Elizabeth's birth, (which brings it down to the year 1534,) sir Thomas Audley must necessarily be our poet's chancellor; who succeeded sir Thomas More, and held the seals many years. THEOBALD.

In the preceding scene we have heard of the birth of Elizabeth, and from the conclusion of the present it appears that she is not yet christened. She was born September 7, 1533, and baptized on the 11th of the same month. Cardinal Wolsey was chancellor of England from September 7, 1516, to the 25th of October, 1530, on which day the seals were given to sir Thomas More. He held them till the 20th of May, 1533, when sir Thomas Audley was appointed *Lord Keeper*. He therefore is the person
 here

Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gar. Yes.

D. Keep. My lord archbishop;

And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.⁵

[CRANMER approaches the council-table.]

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty: But we all are men,
In our own natures frail; and capable
Of our flesh, few are angels:⁶ out of which frailty,

And

here introduced; but Shakspeare has made a mistake in calling him Lord *Chancellor*, for he did not obtain that title till the January after the birth of Elizabeth. MALONE.

⁵ It is not easy to ascertain the mode of exhibition here. The inside and the outside of the council-chamber seem to be exhibited at once. Norfolk *within* calls to the keeper *without*, who yet is *on the stage*, and supposed to be with Cranmer, &c. at the outside of the door of the chamber.—The Chancellor and counsellors probably were placed behind a curtain at the back part of the stage, and spoke, but were not seen, till Cranmer was called in. The stage-direction in the old copy, which is, “Cranmer approaches the council-table,” not, “Cranmer enters the council-chamber,” seems to countenance such an idea.

With all the “appliances and aids” that modern *scenery* furnishes, it is impossible to produce any exhibition that shall precisely correspond with what our author has here written. Our less scrupulous ancestors were contented to be *told*, that the same spot, without any change of its appearance, (except perhaps the drawing back of a curtain,) was at once the outside and the inside of the council-chamber. MALONE.

How the outside and inside of a room can be exhibited on the stage at the same instant, may be known from many ancient prints in which the act of listening or peeping is represented. See, a famous plate illustrating the Tale of *Giocondo*, and intitled *Vero essemplio d' Impudicitia, cavato da M. L. Ariosto*. STEEVENS.

⁶ If this passage means any thing, it may mean, *few are perfect, while they remain in their mortal capacity*. STEEVENS.

And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
 Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
 Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
 The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chaplains,
 (For so we are inform'd,) with new opinions,
 Divers, and dangerous; which are heresies,
 And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
 My noble lords: for those, that tame wild horses,
 Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle;
 But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them,
 Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
 (Out of our easiness, and childish pity
 To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
 Farewell, all physick: And what follows then?
 Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
 Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours,

The

The word *capable* almost every where in Shakspeare means *intelligent*, of *capacity* to understand, or quick of apprehension.

The transcriber's ear, I suppose, deceived him, in the passage before us, as in many others; and the chancellor, I conceive, means to say, the condition of humanity is such, that we are all born frail in disposition, and *weak in our understandings*. The subsequent words appear to me to add such support to this emendation, that I have ventured, contrary to my general rule, to give it a place in my text; which, however, I should not have done, had the original reading afforded a glimmering of sense:

———— *we are all men,*
In our own natures frail, incapable;
Of our flesh, few are angels; out of which frailty,
And want of wisdom, you, &c.

Mr. Pope in his licentious method printed the passage thus, and the three subsequent editors adopted his supposed reformation:

———— *we are all men,*
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of frailty, few are angels; from which frailty, &c.

MALONE.

I cannot extort any kind of sense from the passage as it stands. Perhaps it should be read thus:

———— *we are all men,*
In our own natures frail and culpable;
Of our flesh, few are angels.

That is, few are perfect. M. MASON.

The upper Germany,⁷ can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever, to do well: nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart,⁸ my lords,)
A man, that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience, and his place,
Defacers of a publick peace,⁹ than I do.

'Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men, that make
Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be; you are a counsellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My lord, because we have business of more moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank you,
You are always my good friend; if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful: I see your end,
'Tis my undoing: Love, and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition;

Win

⁷ Alluding to the heresy of Thomas Muntzer, which sprung up in Saxony in the years 1521 and 1522. GREY.

⁸ A heart void of duplicity or guile. MALONE.

It is a scriptural expression. See *Acts*, ii. 46. REED.

⁹ Read,—the publick peace. M. MASON.

Win straying souls with modesty again,
 Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
 Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
 I make as little doubt, as you do conscience
 In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
 But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
 That's the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers,²
 To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
 By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
 However faulty, yet should find respect
 For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty,
 To load a falling man.

Gar. Good master Secretary,
 I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
 Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
 Of this new sect? ye are not found.

Crom. Not found?

Gar. Not found, I say.

Crom. 'Would you were half so honest!
 Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gar. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.

Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much
 Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gar. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you,³ my lord,—It stands agreed,
 I take

² Those that understand you, under this *painted gloss*, this fair outside, discover your empty talk and your false reasoning. JOHNSON.

³ This and the little speech above—"This is too much," &c. are in the old copy given to the Lord Chamberlain. The difference between *Cham.* and *Chan.* is so slight, that I have not hesitated to give them both to the Chancellor, who on Cranmer's entrance first arraigns him, and therefore,

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
 You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;
 There to remain, till the king's further pleasure
 Be known unto us: Are you all agreed, lords?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
 But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gar. What other
 Would you expect? you are strangely troublesome.
 Let some o'the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
 Must I go like a traitor thither?

Gar. Receive him,
 And see him safe i'the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords,
 I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;
 By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
 Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
 To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Cham. This is the king's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,
 When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
 'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords
 The king will suffer but the little finger
 Of this man to be vex'd?

Cham. 'Tis now too certain:
 How much more is his life in value with him?
 'Would I were fairly out on't.

Crom. My mind gave me,
 In seeking tales, and informations,
 Against this man, (whose honesty the devil

And

therefore, (without any consideration of his high station in the council,) is the person to whom Shakspeare would naturally assign the order for his being committed to the Tower. The Chancellor's apologizing to the king for the committal in a subsequent passage, likewise supports the emendation now made, which was suggested by Mr. Capell. MALONE.

And his disciples only envy at,)
Ye blew the fire that burns ye : Now have at ye.

Enter King, frowning on them ; takes his seat.

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to
heaven

In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious :
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour ; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgement comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence ;
They are too thin ⁴ and base to hide offences.⁵
To me you cannot reach, you play the spaniel,

And

⁴ i. e. the commendations above-mentioned. Mr. Pope in the former line changed *flattery* to *flatteries*, and this unnecessary emendation has been adopted by all the subsequent editors. I believe our authour wrote—
They are too thin and *bare* ; and that the editor of the first folio, not understanding the word, changed it to *base*, as he did in *King Henry IV.* Part I. MALONE.

⁵ I think the pointing of these lines preferable to that in the former edition, in which they stand thus :

——— I come not
To hear such flatteries now : and in my presence
They are too thin, &c.

It then follows :

To me you cannot reach : you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me.

But the former of these lines should evidently be thus written :

To one you cannot reach you play the spaniel,
the relative *whom* being understood. WHALLEY.

I think the old copy is right. MALONE.

Surely, the first of these lines should be pointed thus :

To me you cannot reach, you play the spaniel,—

That is, you fawn upon me, who am above your malice. M. MASON.

In the punctuation of this passage I have followed the concurring advice of Mr. Whalley and Mr. M. Mason. STEEVENS.

And think with wagging of your tongue to win me ;
 But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I am sure,
 Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—
 Good man, [*To CRANMER.*] sit down. Now let me see the
 proudest

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee :
 By all that's holy, he had better starve,
 Than but once think his place becomes thee not.⁶

Sur. May it please your grace,—

K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me.
 I had thought, I had had men of some understanding
 And wisdom, of my council ; but I find none.
 Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
 This good man, (few of you deserve that title,)
 This honest man, wait like a lowly footboy
 At chamber door ? and one as great as you are ?
 Why, what a shame was this ? Did my commission
 Bid ye so far forget yourselves ? I gave ye
 Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
 Not as a groom ; There's some of ye, I see,
 More out of malice than integrity,
 Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean ;
 Which ye shall never have, while I live.

Chan. Thus far,
 My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
 To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd,
 Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
 (If there be faith in men,) meant for his trial,
 And fair purgation to the world, than malice ;
 I am sure, in me.

K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him ;
 Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.
 I will say thus much for him, If a prince
 May be beholden to a subject, I
 Am, for his love and service, so to him.

Make

⁶ Who dares to suppose that the place or situation in which he is, is not suitable to thee also ? who supposes that thou art not as fit for the office of a privy counsellor as he is.

Mr. Rowe and all the subsequent editors read—*this* place. MALONE.

Make me no more ado, but all embrace him ;
 Be friends, for shame, my lords.—My lord of Canterbury,
 I have a suit which you must not deny me ;
 That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,⁷
 You must be godfather,⁸ and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
 In such an honour ; How may I deserve it,
 That am a poor and humble subject to you ?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons ;⁹
 you shall have
 Two noble partners with you ; the old duchess of Norfolk,
 And lady marquiss Dorset ; Will these please you ?

Once

⁷ My suit is, that you would be a godfather to a fair young maid, who is not yet christened. Mr. Rowe reads—*There is, &c.* and all the subsequent editors have adopted this unnecessary alteration. The final word *her*, we should now consider as superfluous ; but we have many instances of a similar phraseology in these plays :—or, the construction may be—*A fair young maid, &c. you must be godfather [to], and answer for her.*

MALONE.

⁸ Our prelates formerly were often employed on the like occasions. Cranmer was godfather to Edward VI. See Hall, fo. 232. Archbishop Warham to Henry's eldest son by Queen Katharine ; and the Bishop of Winchester to Henry himself. See Sandford, 479, 495. REED.

⁹ It was the custom, long before the time of Shakspeare, for the sponsors at christenings, to offer gilt spoons as a present to the child. These spoons were called *apostle spoons*, because the figures of the apostles were carved on the tops of the handles. Such as were at once opulent and generous, gave the whole twelve ; those who were either more moderately rich or liberal, escaped at the expence of the four evangelists ; or even sometimes contented themselves with presenting one spoon only, which exhibited the figure of any saint, in honour of whom the child received its name.

In the year 1560, we find entered on the books of the Stationers' company, " a spoyn, of the gyfte of master Reginold Wolfe, all gylte with the pycture of *St. John*."

Ben Jonson also, in his *Bartholomew Fair*, mentions spoons of this kind :
 " — and all this for the hope of a couple of *apostle spoons*, and a cup to eat caudle in."

The late Dr. Pegge, in his preface to *A Forme of Cury, a Roll of ancient English Cookery, compiled about A. D. 1390, &c.* observes, that " the general mode of eating must either have been with the *spoon* or the fingers ; and this perhaps, may have been the reason, that *spoons* became the usual present from gossips to their god-children, at christenings." STEEVENS.

Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace, and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart,
And brother-love, I do it.

Cran. And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. Hen. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true
heart.

The common voice, I see, is verify'd
Of thee, which says thus, *Do my lord of Canterbury*
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.—

Come lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Palace Yard.

Noise and tumult within: Enter Porter, and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: Do you
take the court for Paris-garden? ² ye rude slaves, leave your
gaping. ³

[*Within.*] Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

Port.

² The bear-garden of that time. JOHNSON.

This celebrated bear-garden on the Bankside was so called from *Robert de Paris*, who had a house and garden there in the time of King Richard II. *Rot. claus.* 16 R. II. *dors.* ii. Blount's GLOSSOGRAPH.

MALONE.

The *Globe* theatre, in which Shakspeare was a performer, stood on the southern side of the river Thames, and was contiguous to this noted place of tumult and disorder. St. Mary Overy's church is not far from London Bridge, and almost opposite to Fishmongers' Hall. Winchester House was over against Cole Harbour. *Paris-garden* was in a line with Bridewell, and the *Globe* playhouse faced Blackfriars, Fleetditch, or St. Paul's. It was an hexagonal building of stone or brick. Its roof was of rushes, with a flag on the top. See a south view of London, (as it appeared in 1599,) published by T. Wood, in Bishop's Court, in Chancery Lane, in 1771.

STEEVENS.

³ i. e. *shouting or roaring*; a sense which this word has now almost lost. Littleton in his Dictionary has however given it in its present signification as follows: "To gape or bawl, vociferor." REED.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hang'd, you rogue : Is this a place to roar in ?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones ; these are but switches to them.—I'll scratch your heads : You must be seeing christenings ? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals ?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient : 'tis as much impossible (Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons,) To scatter them, as 'tis to make them sleep On May-day morning ; ⁴ which will never be : We may as well push against Paul's, as stir them.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd ?

Man. Alas, I know not ; How gets the tide in ? As much as one sound cudgel of four foot (You see the poor remainder) could distribute, I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Sampson, nor sir Guy, nor Colbrand,⁵ to mow them down before me : but, if I spar'd any, that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see a chine again ; and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

[*Within.*] Do you hear, master Porter ?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.—Keep the door close, firrah.

Man. What would you have me do ?

Port. What should you do, but knock them down by the dozens ? Is this Moorfields to muster in ? ⁶ or have we some

⁴ It was anciently the custom for all ranks of people to go out a *maying* on the first of May. It is on record that King Henry VIII. and Queen Katharine partook of this diversion. STEEVENS.

Stowe says, that, "in the month of May, namely, on May-day in the morning, every man, except impediment, would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods ; there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and favour of sweet flowers, and with the noise [i. e. concert] of birds, praising God in their kind." See also Brand's *Observations on popular Antiquities*, 8vo. 1777, p. 255. REED.

⁵ Of *Guy of Warwick* every one has heard. *Colbrand* was the Danish giant, whom Guy subdued at Winchester. Their combat is very elaborately described by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*. JOHNSON.

⁶ The train-bands of the city were exercised in Moorfields.

some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, fir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face,⁷ for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: That fire-drake⁸ did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharg'd against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us.⁹ There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit² near him, that rail'd upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off her head,³ for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor⁴ once, and hit that woman, who cry'd out, *clubs!*⁵ when

⁷ A *brazier* signifies a man that manufactures brass, and a reservoir for charcoal occasionally heated to convey warmth. Both these senses are understood. JOHNSON.

⁸ A *fire-drake* is both a serpent, anciently called a *brenning-drake*, or *dipsas*, and a name formerly given to a *Will o' the Wisp*, or *ignis fatuus*.

STEEVENS.

A *fire-drake* is thus described by Bullokar in his *Expositor*, 8vo. 1616: "*Firedrake.* A *fire* sometimes seen flying in the night, like a *dragon*. Common people think it a spirit that keepeth some treasure hid; but philosophers affirme it to be a great unequal *exhalation*, inflamed betweene two clouds, the one hot, the other cold, which is the reason that it also smoketh; the middle part whereof, according to the proportion of the hot cloud, being greater than the rest, maketh it seeme like a bellie, and both ends like unto a head and taile." MALONE.

⁹ Read—to blow us *up*. M. MASON.

I believe the old reading is the true one. STEEVENS.

² Ben Jonson, whose hand Dr. Farmer thinks may be traced in different parts of this play, uses this expression in his induction to *The Magnetick Lady*: "And all *haberdashers of small wit*, I presume." MALONE.

³ Her *pink'd porringer* is her pink'd cap, which looked as if it had been moulded on a porringer. MALONE.

⁴ The fire-drake, the brazier. JOHNSON.

⁵ *Clubs!* was the outcry for assistance, upon any quarrel or tumult in the streets. WHALLEY.

Nor did this practice obtain merely amongst the lower class of people:—for in the First Part of *Henry VI.* when the mayor of London endeavours to interpose between the factions of the duke of Gloucester, and the Cardinal of Winchester, he says:

"I'll call for *clubs*, if you will not away." M. MASON.

when I might see from far some forty truncheoneers draw to her succour, which were the hope of the Strand, where she was quarter'd. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broomstaff with me, I defy'd them still; when suddenly a file of boys behind them, loose shot,² deliver'd such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let them win the work: ³ The devil was amongst them, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples; ⁴ that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse,⁵ their dear

² Loose or random *shooters*. MALONE.

³ A term of fortification. STEEVENS.

⁴ The prices of seats for the vulgar in our ancient theatres were so very low, that we cannot wonder if they were filled with the tumultuous company described by Shakspeare in this scene.

So, in *The Gul's Hornbook*, by Decker, 1609: "Your groundling and gallery commoner buys his sport by the penny."

Again, in the Prologue to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Mad Lover*:

"How many *twopences* you've stow'd to day!

The prices of the boxes indeed were greater.

So, in *The Gul's Hornbook*, by Decker, 1609: "At a new playe you take up the *twelwepenny room* next the stage, because the lords and you may seeme to be haile fellow well met," &c.

Again, in *Wit without Money*:

"And who extoll'd you in the *half-crown* boxes,

"Where you might sit and muster all the beauties."

And lastly, it appears from the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, by Ben Jonson, that *tobacco* was smoked in the same place: "He looks like a fellow that I have seen accommodate gentlemen with *tobacco* at our theatres." And from Beaumont and Fletcher's *Woman Hater*, 1607, it should seem that *beer* was sold there: "There is no poet acquainted with more shakings and quakings towards the latter end of his new play, when he's in that case that he stands peeping between the curtains so fearfully, that a *bottle of ale cannot be opened*, but he thinks somebody hisses."

STEEVENS.

⁵ I suspect the *Tribulation* to have been a puritanical meeting-house. *The limbs of Limehouse*, I do not understand. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's conjecture may be countenanced by the following passage in, "*Magnificence*, a goodly interlude and a mery, devised and made by mayster Skelton, poete laureate, lately deceasyd." Printed by John Rastell, fol. no date:

"Some

dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of them in
Limbo

“Some fall to foly them felfe for to fpyll,

“And some fall prechyng on *ture byll*.” STEEVENS.

Alliteration has given rise to many cant expressions, consisting of words paired together. Here we have cant names for the inhabitants of those places who were notorious puritans, coined for the humour of the alliteration. In the mean time it must not be forgotten, that “precious *limbs*” was a common phrase of contempt for the Puritans. T. WARTON.

Limehouse was before the time of Shakspeare, and has continued to be ever since, the residence of those who furnish stores, sails, &c. for shipping. A great number of foreigners having been constantly employed in these manufactures (many of which were introduced from other countries) they assembled themselves under their several pastors, and a number of places of different worship were built in consequence of their respective associations. As they clashed in principles, they had frequent quarrels, and the place has ever since been famous for the variety of its sects, and the turbulence of its inhabitants. It is not improbable that Shakspeare wrote—the *limbs* of *Limehouse*. A *limb* of the devil, is, however, a common vulgarism.

STEEVENS.

The word *limb*, in the sense of an impudently vicious person, is not uncommon in London at this day. In the north it is pronounced *limp*, and means a mischievous boy. The alteration suggested by Mr. Steevens is, however, sufficiently countenanced by the word *tribulation*, if in fact the allusion be to the puritans. RITSON.

It appears from Stowe's *Survey* that the inhabitants of Tower-hill were remarkably turbulent.

It may however be doubted, whether this passage was levelled at the spectators assembled in any of the theatres in our author's time. It may have been pointed at some apprentices and inferior citizens, who used occasionally to appear on the stage, in his time, for their amusement.

The limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, were, perhaps, young citizens, who went to see their friends.—School-boys, apprentices, the students in the inns of court, and the members of the universities, all, at this time, wore occasionally the sock or the buskin.—However, I am by no means confident that this is the true interpretation of the passage before us. MALONE.

It is evident that *The Tribulation*, from its situation, must have been a place of entertainment for the rabble of its precincts, and the *limbs of Limehouse* such performers as furnished out the show. HENLEY.

The *Tribulation* does not sound in my ears like the name of any place of entertainment, unless it were particularly designed for the use of Religion's prudes, the Puritans. *Mercutio* or *Truewit* would not have been attracted by such an appellation, though it might operate forcibly on the faint-like organs of *Ebenezer* or *Ananias*.

Shakspeare, I believe, meant to describe an audience familiarized to excess of noise; and why should we suppose the *Tribulation* was not a puritanical

Limbo Patrum,⁶ and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles,⁷ that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o'me, what a multitude are here!
They grow still too, from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand, fellows.
There's a trim rabble let in: Are all these
Your faithful friends o'the suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An't please your honour
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule them.

Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines, for neglect: You are lazy knaves;

And

puritanical meeting-house because it was *noisy*? I can easily conceive that the turbulence of the most clamorous theatre, has been exceeded by the bellowings of puritanism against surplices and farthingales; and that our upper-gallery, during Christmas week, is a sober consistory compared with the vehemence of fanatick harangues against Bel and the Dragon, that idol Starch, the antichristian Hierarchy, and the Whore of Babylon.

Neither do I see with what propriety the *limbs of Limehouse* could be called “young *citizens*,” according to Mr. Malone's supposition. Were the inhabitants of this place (almost two miles distant from the capital) ever collectively entitled *citizens*?—The phrase, *dear brothers*, is very plainly used to point out some fraternity of canters allied to the *Tribulation* both in pursuits and manners, by tempestuous zeal and consummate ignorance. STEEVENS.

⁶ He means, in confinement. In *limbo* continues to be a cant phrase in the same sense, at this day. MALONE.

The *Limbus Patrum* is properly the place where the old Fathers and Patriarchs are supposed to be waiting for the resurrection. REED.

⁷ A publick whipping. JOHNSON.

A *banquet* in ancient language did not signify either dinner or supper, but the desert after each of them. To the confinement therefore of these rioters, a whipping was to be the *desert*. STEEVENS.

And here ye lie baiting of bumbards,⁸ when
 Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets found ;
 They are come already from the christening :
 Go, break among the press, and find a way out
 To let the troop pass fairly ; or I'll find
 A Marshallea, shall hold you play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make your
 head ake.

Port. You i'the camlet, get up o'the rail ;⁹ I'll pick you
 o'er the pales else.² [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

*The Palace.*³

*Enter Trumpets, sounding ; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor,
 Garter, CRANMER, Duke of NORFOLK, with his Marshal's
 staff, Duke of SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing great stand-
 ing-bowls⁴ for the christening gifts ; then four Noblemen
 bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of NORFOLK,
 godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c.
 Train borne by a Lady : then follows the Marchioness of
 DORSET, the other godmother, and ladies. The troop pass
 once about the stage, and Garter speaks.*

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness,⁵ send prosperous
 life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of
 England, Elizabeth !

Flourish.

⁸ A bumbard is an ale-barrel ; to bait bumbards is to tipple, to lie at the
 spigot. JOHNSON.

⁹ We must rather read—get up off the rail,—or,—get off the rail.
 M. MASON.

² To pick is to pitch. “To pick a dart,” Cole renders, *jaculor*. DICT.
 1679. MALONE.

To pick and to pitch were anciently synonymous. STEEVENS.

³ At Greenwich, where, as we learn from Hall, fo. 217, this procession
 was made from the church of the Friars. REED.

⁴ i. e. bowls elevated on feet or pedestals. STEEVENS.

⁵ These words are not the invention of the poet, having been
 pronounced at the christening of Elizabeth. MALONE.

KING HENRY VIII.

Flourish. Enter King, and Train.

Cran. [*Kneeling.*] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,

My noble partners, and myself, thus pray ;—
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye !

K. Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop :⁶
What is her name ?

Cran. Elizabeth.

K. Hen.

Stand up, lord.—

[*The King kisses the child.*]

With this kiss take my blessing : God protect thee!
Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran.

Amen.

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal :
I thank ye heartily ; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran.

Let me speak, sir,

For Heaven now bids me ; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.

This royal infant, (heaven still move about her !)

Though in her cradle, yet now promises

Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,

Which time shall bring to ripeness : She shall be

(But few now living can behold that goodness,)

A pattern to all princes living with her,

And all that shall succeed : Sheba was never

More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,

Than this pure soul shall be : all princely graces,

That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,

With all the virtues that attend the good,

Shall still be doubled on her : truth shall nurse her,

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her :

She shall be lov'd, and fear'd : Her own shall bless her ;

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,

And hang their heads with sorrow : Good grows with her :

In

⁶ I suppose the word *archbishop* should be omitted, as it only serves to spoil the measure. Be it remembered also that *archbishop*, throughout this play, is accented on the first syllable. STEEVENS.

In her days, every man shall eat in safety
 Under his own vine,⁷ what he plants; and sing
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
 God shall be truly known; and those about her
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
 And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
 [Nor shall this peace sleep with her:⁸ But as when

The

⁷ The original thought, is borrowed from the 4th chapter of the first book of *Kings*: "Every man dwelt safely under his vine." STEEVENS.

A similar expression is in *Micah*, iv. 4: "But they shall sit every man under his vine, and under his fig tree, and none shall make them afraid."

REED.

⁸ These lines, to the interruption by the king, seem to have been inserted at some revival of the play, after the accession of King James. If the passage, included in crotchets, be left out, the speech of Cranmer proceeds in a regular tenour of prediction, and continuity of sentiments; but, by the interposition of the new lines, he first celebrates Elizabeth's successor, and then wishes he did not know that she was to die; first rejoices at the consequence, and then laments the cause. Our author was at once politick and idle; he resolved to flatter James, but neglected to reduce the whole speech to propriety; or perhaps intended that the lines inserted should be spoken in the action, and omitted in the publication, if any publication was ever in his thoughts. Mr. Theobald has made the same observation. JOHNSON.

I agree entirely with Dr. Johnson with respect to the time when these additional lines were inserted, and suspect they were added in 1613, after Shakspeare had quitted the stage, by that hand which tampered with the other parts of the play so much, as to have rendered the versification of it of a different colour from all the other plays of Shakspeare. MALONE.

Such indeed were the sentiments of Mr. Roderick, though the examples adduced by him in support of them are, in my judgement, undecisive. See *Canons of Criticism*, edit. 1763, p. 263. But, were the fact as he has stated it, we know not how far our poet might have intentionally deviated from his usual practice of versification.

If the reviver of this play (or tamperer with it, as he is styled by Mr. Malone,) had so much influence over its numbers as to have entirely changed their texture, he must be supposed to have new woven the substance of the whole piece; a fact almost incredible.

The lines under immediate consideration were very probably furnished by Ben Jonson; for

"When heaven shall call her from *this cloud of darkness*,"

(meaning the "dim spot" we live in,) is a seeming imitation of the following passage in the 9th book of Lucan (a poet from whose stores old Ben has often enriched himself):

— *quanta sub nocte jaceret*

Nostra dies. — STEEVENS.

The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
 Her ashes new create another heir,
 As great in admiration as herself;
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
 (When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,) ¹
 Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
 Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
 And so stand fix'd: Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
 That were the servants to this chosen infant,
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
 Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
 His honour and the greatness of his name
 Shall be, and make new nations: ² He shall flourish,
 And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
 To all the plains about him:—Our children's children
 Shall see this, and bless heaven.

K. Hen.

Thou speakest wonders.]

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
 An aged princess; ² many days shall see her,
 And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
 'Would I had known no more! but she must die,

She

¹ On a picture of this contemptible king, which formerly belonged to the great Bacon, and is now in the possession of Lord Grimston, he is styled *imperii Atlantici conditor*. The year before the revival of this play (1612) there was a lottery for the plantation of Virginia. These lines probably allude to the settlement of that colony. MALONE.

² The transition here from the complimentary address to King James the first is so abrupt, that it seems obvious to me, that compliment was inserted after the accession of that prince. If this play was wrote, as in my opinion it was, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, we may easily determine where Cranmer's eulogium of that princess concluded. I make no question but the poet rested here:

And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.

All that the bishop says after this, was an occasional homage paid to her successor, and evidently inserted after her demise. How naturally, without this insertion, does the king's joy and satisfactory reflection upon the bishop's prophecy, come in!

*King. Thou speakest wonders. O lord archbishop,
 Thou'st made me now a man. Never, before
 This happy child, did I get any thing: &c.*

Whether the king would so properly have made this inference, upon hearing that a child of so great hopes should die without issue, is submitted to judgement. THEOBALD.

She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
 A most unspotted lily shall she pass
 To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

K. Hen. O lord archbishop,
 Thou hast made me now a man; never, before
 This happy child, did I get any thing:
 This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
 That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
 To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—
 I thank ye all,—To you, my good lord mayor,
 And your good brethren,³ I am much beholden;
 I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
 And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords;—
 Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,
 She will be sick else. This day, no man think
 He has business at his house; for all shall stay,
 This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*⁴

³ Old copy—*you*. But the *aldermen* were never called brethren to the king. The top of the nobility are but cousins and counsellors. Dr. Thirlby, therefore, rightly advised:

And your good brethren,——

i. e. the lord mayor's brethren, which is properly their style.

THEOBALD.

⁴ The play of *Henry the Eighth* is one of those, which still keeps possession of the stage, by the splendour of its pageantry. The coronation, about forty years ago, drew the people together in multitudes for a great part of the winter. Yet pomp is not the only merit of this play. The meek sorrows and virtuous distress of Katharine have furnished some scenes, which may be justly numbered among the greatest efforts of tragedy. But the genius of Shakspeare comes in and goes out with Katharine. Every other part may be easily conceived and easily written.

JOHNSON.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one, this play can never please
All that are here : Some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two ; but those, we fear,
We have frighted with our trumpets ; so, 'tis clear,
They'll say, 'tis naught : others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry,—*that's witty !*
Which we have not done neither : that, I fear,
All the expected good we are like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women ;
For such a one we show'd them ;⁵ If they smile,⁶
And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while

ALL

⁵ In the character of Katharine. JOHNSON.

⁶ This thought is too much hackney'd. It had been used already in the Epilogues to *As you like it*, and the second part of *King Henry IV*.

STEEVENS.

Though it is very difficult to decide whether short pieces be genuine or spurious, yet I cannot restrain myself from expressing my suspicion that neither the Prologue nor Epilogue to this play is the work of Shakspeare ; *non vultus, non color*. It appears to me very likely that they were supplied by the friendship or officiousness of Jonson, whose manner they will be perhaps found exactly to resemble. There is yet another supposition possible : the Prologue and Epilogue may have been written after Shakspeare's departure from the stage, upon some accidental revival of the play, and there will then be reason for imagining that the writer, whoever he was, intended no great kindness to him, this play being recommended by a subtle and covert censure of his other works. There is in Shakspeare so much of *fool and fight* ;

“ ———the fellow,

“ In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,”

appears so often in his drama, that I think it not very likely that he would have animadverted so severely on himself. All this, however, must be received as very dubious, since we know not the exact date of this or the other plays, and cannot tell how our author might have changed his practice or opinions. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's conjecture, thus cautiously stated, has been since strongly confirmed by Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, p. 4, by which it appears that this play was revived in 1613, at which time without doubt the Prologue and Epilogue were added by Ben Jonson, or some other person. On the subject of every one of our author's historical pieces, except this, I believe a play had been written, before he commenced a dramatick poet. MALONE.

I entirely

All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid them clap.

I entirely agree in opinion with Dr. Johnson, that Ben Jonson wrote the *Prologue and Epilogue* to this play. Shakspeare had a little before assisted him in his *Sejanus*; and Ben was too proud to receive assistance without returning it. It is probable, that he drew up the directions for the parade at the *christening*, &c. which his employment at court would teach him, and Shakspeare must be ignorant of. I think, I now and then perceive his hand in the dialogue.

It appears from Stowe, that Robert Green wrote somewhat on this subject. FARMER.

In support of Dr. Johnson's opinion, it may not be amiss to quote the following lines from old Ben's prologue to his *Every Man in his Humour*:

“ To make a child new swaddled, to proceed
“ Man, and then shoot up, in one beard and weed,
“ Past threescore years: or with three rusty swords,
“ And help of some few foot-and-half-foot words,
“ Fight over York and Lancaster's long wars,
“ And in the tyring-house,” &c. STEEVENS.

The historical dramas are now concluded, of which the two parts of *Henry the Fourth*, and *Henry the Fifth*, are among the happiest of our author's compositions; and *King John*, *Richard the Third*, and *Henry the Eighth*, deservedly stand in the second class. Those whose curiosity would refer the historical scenes to their original, may consult Holinshed, and sometimes Hall: from Holinshed, Shakspeare has often inserted whole speeches, with no more alteration than was necessary to the numbers of his verse. To transcribe them into the margin was unnecessary, because the original is easily examined, and they are seldom less perspicuous in the poet than in the historian.

To play histories, or to exhibit a succession of events by action and dialogue, was a common entertainment among our rude ancestors upon great festivities. The parish clerks once performed at Clerkenwell a play which lasted three days, containing *The History of the World*. JOHNSON.

It appears from more than one MS. in the British Museum, that the tradesmen of Chester were *three days* employed in the representation of their twenty-four Whitsun plays or mysteries. The like performances at Coventry must have taken up a longer time, as they are no less than forty in number. The exhibition of them began on *Corpus Christi* day, which was (according to Dugdale) one of their ancient fairs. See *Harl. MSS.* 2013, 2124, 2125, and *MS. Cott. Vesp. D. VIII.* and Dugdale's *Warwickshire*, p. 116. STEEVENS.

TROILUS

TROILUS
AND
CRESSIDA.

* * * The story was originally written by Lollius, an old Lombard author, and since by Chaucer. POPE.

Mr. Pope (after Dryden) informs us, that the story of *Troilus and Cressida* was originally the work of one Lollius, a Lombard; (of whom Gascoigne speaks in *Dan Bartbolme we his first Triumpb*: "Since Lollius and Chaucer both, make doubt upon that glose,") but Dryden goes yet further. He declares it to have been written in Latin verse, and that Chaucer translated it. Lollius was a historiographer of Urbino in Italy. Shakspeare received the greatest part of his materials for the structure of this play from the *Troye Boke* of Lydgate. Lydgate was not much more than a translator of Guido of Columpna, who was of Messina in Sicily, and wrote his *History of Troy* in Latin, after Dictys Cretensis, and Dares Phrygius, in 1287. On these, as Mr. Warton observes, he engrafted many new romantic inventions, which the taste of his age dictated, and which the connection between Grecian and Gothic fiction easily admitted; at the same time comprehending in his plan the Theban and Argonautic stories from Ovid, Statius, and Valerius Flaccus. Guido's work was published at Cologne in 1477, again 1480: at Strasburgh, 1486, and *ibidem*, 1489. It appears to have been translated by Raoul le Feure, at Cologne, into French, from whom Caxton rendered it into English in 1471, under the title of his *Recuyel*, &c. so that there must have been yet some earlier edition of Guido's performance than I have hitherto seen or heard of, unless his first translator had recourse to a manuscript.

Guido of Columpna is referred to as an authority by our own chronicler Grafton. Chaucer had made the loves of Troilus and Cressida famous, which very probably might have been Shakspeare's inducement to try their fortune on the stage.—Lydgate's *Troye Boke* was printed by Pynson, 1513. In the books of the Stationers' company, anno 1581, is entered "A proper ballad, dialogue-wise, between *Troilus* and *Cressida*." Again, Feb. 7, 1602: "The booke of *Troilus* and *Cressida*, as it is acted by my Lo. Chamberlain's men." The first of these entries is in the name of Edward White, the second in that of M. Roberts. Again, Jan. 28, 1608, entered by Rich. Bonian and Hen. Whalley, "A booke called the history of *Troilus* and *Cressida*." STEEVENS.

The entry in 1608-9 was made by the booksellers for whom this play was published in 1609. It was written, I conceive, in 1602. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays*. MALONE.

Before this play of *Troilus and Cressida*, printed in 1609, is a bookseller's preface, showing that first impression to have been before the play had been acted, and that it was published without Shakspeare's knowledge, from a copy that had fallen into the bookseller's hands. Mr. Dryden thinks this one of the first of our author's plays: but, on the contrary, it may be judged, from the fore-mentioned preface, that it was one of his last; and the great number of observations, both moral and politick, with which this piece is crowded more than any other of his, seems to confirm my opinion. POPE.

We may learn from this preface, that the original proprietors of Shakspeare's plays thought it their interest to keep them unprinted. The
author

author of it adds, at the conclusion, these words: "Thank fortune for the 'scape it hath made among you, since, by the grand possessors wills, I believe you should rather have prayed for them, than have been prayed," &c. By the *grand possessors*, I suppose, were meant *Heming* and *Condell*. It appears that the rival playhouses at that time made frequent depredations on one another's copies. In the Induction to *The Malcontent*, written by Webster, and augmented by Marston, 1606, is the following passage:

"I wonder you would play it, another company having interest in it."

"Why not *Malevole* in folio with us, as *Jeronimo* in decimo sexto with them? They taught us a name for our play; we call it *One for another*."

Again, T. Heywood, in his preface to *The English Traveller*, 1633: "Others of them are still retained in the hands of some actors, who think it against their peculiar profit to have them come in print."

STEEVENS.

It appears, however, that frauds were practised by writers as well as actors. It stands on record against *Robert Greene*, the author of *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, and *Orlando Furioso*, 1594 and 1599, that he sold the last of these pieces to two different theatres: "Master R. G. would it not make you blush, &c. if you sold not *Orlando Furioso* to the Queen's players for twenty nobles, and when they were in the country, sold the same play to the Lord Admiral's men for as much more? Was not this plain Coneycatching, M. G.?" *Defence of Coneycatching*, 1592.

This note was not merely inserted to expose the *craft of authorship*, but to show the *price* which was anciently paid for the copy of a play, and to ascertain the *name* of the writer of *Orlando Furioso*, which was not hitherto known. *Greene* appears to have been the first poet in England who sold the same piece to different people. *Voltaire* is much belied, if he has not followed his example. COLLINS.

Notwithstanding what has been said by a *late editor*, [Mr. Capell,] I have a copy of the *first folio*, including *Troilus and Cressida*. Indeed, as I have just now observed, it was at first either *unknown* or *forgotten*. It does not however appear in the *list* of the plays, and is thrust in between the *histories* and the *tragedies* without any enumeration of the pages; except, I think, on one leaf only. It differs entirely from the copy in the *second folio*. FARMER.

I have consulted at least *twenty copies* of the *first folio*, and *Troilus and Cressida* is not wanting in any of them. STEEVENS.

PREFACE

PREFACE to the quarto edition of this play, 1609.

A never writer, to an ever reader. Newes.

Eternall reader, you have heere a new play, never stal'd with the stage, never clapper-claw'd with the palmes of the vulger, and yet passing full of the palme comicall; for it is a birth of your [*r. that*] braine, that never under-tooke any thing commicall, vainely: and were but the vaine names of commedies changde for the titles of commodities, or of playes for pleas; you should see all those grand censors, that now stile them such vanities, flock to them for the maine grace of their gravities: especially this authors commedies, that are so fram'd to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, shewing such a dexteritie and power of witte, that the most displeased with playes, are pleas'd with his commedies. And all such dull and heavy-witted worldlings, as were never capable of the witte of a commedie, comming by report of them to his representations, have found that witte there, that they never found in them-selves, and have parted better-wittied then they came: feeling an edge of witte set upon them, more then ever they dreamd they had braine to grind it on. So much and such favored salt of witte is in his commedies, that they seeme (for their height of pleasure) to be borne in that sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty than this: and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not, (for so much as will make you thinke your testerne well bestowed) but for so much worth, as even poore I know to be stufte in it. It deserves such a labour, as well as the best commedy in Terence or Plautus. And beleeeve this, that when hee is gone, and his commedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the perill of your pleasures losse, and judgements, refuse not, nor like this the lesse, for not being sullied with the smoaky breath of the multitude; but thanke fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you: since by the grand possessors wills I believe you should have prayd for them [*r. it*] rather then beene prayd. And so I leave all such to bee prayd for (for the states of their wits healths) that will not praise it. *Vale.*

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE.

In Troy there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous,³ their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships
Fraught with the ministers and instruments,
Of cruel war : Sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia : and their vow is made,
To ranfack Troy ; within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps ; And that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come ;
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage : Now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions : Priam's fix-gated city,⁴
Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,
And Antenorides, with massy staples,
And corresponfive and fulfilling bolts,⁵

Sperr

² I cannot regard this Prologue (which indeed is wanting in the quarto editions) as the work of Shakspeare ; and perhaps the drama before us was not entirely of his construction. It appears to have been unknown to his associates, Hemings and Condell, till after the first folio was almost printed off. STEEVENS.

I conceive this prologue to have been written, and the dialogue, in more than one place, interpolated by some *Kyd* or *Marlowe* of the time ; who may have been paid for *altering* and *amending* one of Shakspeare's plays : very extraordinary instance of our author's negligence, and the managers' taste ! RITSON.

³ *Orgulous*, i. e. proud, disdainful. *Orgueilleux*, Fr. STEEVENS.

⁴ The names of the gates are here exhibited as in the old copy, for the reason assigned by Dr. Farmer ; except in the instance of *Antenorides*, instead of which the old copy has *Antenonydus*. The quotation from Lydgate shews that was an error of the printer. MALONE.

⁵ To *fulfill* in this place means to fill till there be no room for more. In this sense it is now obsolete. STEEVENS.

To be "*fulfilled* with grace and benediction" is still the language of our liturgy. BLACKSTONE.

Sperr up the sons of Troy.⁶
 Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
 On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
 Sets all on hazard :—And hither am I come
 A prologue arm'd,⁷—but not in confidence

Of

⁶ Mr. Theobald informs us that the very names of the gates of Troy have been barbarously demolished by the editors ; and a deal of learned dust he makes in setting them right again ; much however to Mr. Heath's satisfaction. Indeed the learning is modestly withdrawn from the later editions, and we are quietly instructed to read—

“ Dardan, and Thymbria, *Ilia*, *Scæa*, Trojan,
 “ And Antenorides.”

But had he looked into the *Troy boke* of *Lydgate*, instead of puzzling himself with *Dares Phrygius*, he would have found the horrid demolition to have been neither the work of Shakspeare, nor his editors :

“ Therto his cyte | compassed enuyrowne
 “ Had gates VI to entre into the towne :
 “ The firste of all | and strengest eke with all,
 “ Largest also | and moſte princypall,
 “ Of myghty byldyng | alone pereleſs,
 “ Was by the kinge called | *Dardanydes* ;
 “ And in ſtorye | lyke as it is founde,
 “ *Tymbria* | was named the ſeconde ;
 “ And the thyrde | called *Helyas*,
 “ The fourthe gate | hyghte also *Cetbeas* ;
 “ The fyfthe *Trojana*, | the ſyxth *Anthonydes*,
 “ Stronge and mighty | both in werre and pes.”

Lond. empr. by R. Pynſon, 1513, fol. b. ii. ch. 11.

The *Troye Boke* was ſomewhat modernized, and reduced into regular ſtanzas, about the beginning of the laſt century, under the name of, *The Life and Death of Hector—who fought a Hundred mayne Battailles in open Field againſt the Grecians ; wherein there were ſlaine on both Sides Fourteene Hundred and Sixe Thouſand, Fourſcore and Sixe Men.*—Fol. no date. This work Dr. Fuller, and ſeveral other criticks, have erroneouſly quoted as the *original* ; and obſerve in conſequence, that “ if Chaucer's coin were of greater weight for deeper learning, Lydgate's were of a more refined ſtandard for purer language : ſo that one might miſtake him for a modern writer.” FARMER.

On other occasions, in the courſe of this play, I ſhall inſert quotations from the *Troye Booke modernized*, as being the moſt intelligible of the two.

STEEVENS.

⁷ I come here to ſpeak the prologue, and come in armour ; not deſying the audience, in confidence of either the author's or actor's abilities, but merely in a character ſuited to the ſubject, in a dreſs of war, before a warlike play. JOHNSON.

Of author's pen, or actor's voice ; but suited
In like conditions as our argument,—
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt ⁸ and firstlings ⁹ of those broils,
'Ginning in the middle ; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play
Like, or find fault ; do as your pleasures are ;
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

⁸ i. e. the *avant*, what went before. STEEVENS.

The *vaunt* is the *vanguard*, called in our author's time the *vaunt-guard*.

PERCY.

⁹ A scriptural phrase, signifying the first produce or offspring.

STEEVENS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Priam, *king of Troy :*

Hector,

Troilus,

Paris,

Deiphobus,

Helenus,

Æneas,

Antenor,

} *his Sons.*

} *Trojan Commanders.*

Calchas, *a Trojan priest, taking part with the Greeks.*

Pandarus, *Uncle to Cressida.*

Margarelon, *a bastard son of Priam.*

Agamemnon, *the Grecian General :*

Menelaus, *his brother.*

Achilles,

Ajax,

Ulysses,

Nestor,

Diomedes,

Patroclus,

} *Grecian Commanders.*

Thersites, *a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.*

Alexander, *servant to Cressida.*

Servant to Troilus ; Servant to Paris ; Servant to Diomedes.

Helen, *wife to Menelaus.*

Andromache, *wife to Hector.*

Cassandra, *daughter to Priam ; a Prophetess.*

Cressida, *daughter to Calchas.*

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE, *Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it.*

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Troy. *Before Priam's Palace.*

Enter TROILUS arm'd, and PANDARUS.

Tro. Call here my varlet,² I'll unarm again :
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within ?
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
Let him to field ; Troilus, alas ! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended ?³

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,⁴
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant ;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder⁵ than ignorance ;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less⁶ as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this : for my part,
I'll not meddle nor make no further. He, that will have a
cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarry'd ?

Pan. Ay, the grinding ; but you must tarry the bolting.

Tro.

² This word anciently signified a servant or footman to a knight or warrior. STEEVENS.

Concerning the word *varlet*, see *Recherches historiques sur les cartes à jouer*. Lyon, 1757. p. 61. M. C. TUTET.

³ There is somewhat proverbial in this question, which I likewise meet with in the Interlude of *King Darius*, 1565 :

“ Wyll not yet *this geere be amended,*

“ Nor your sinful acts corrected ?” STEEVENS.

⁴ i. e. in addition to their strength. STEEVENS.

⁵ i. e. more weak, or foolish. MALONE.

⁶ Mr. Dryden, in his alteration of this play, has taken this speech as it stands, except that he has changed *skill-less* to *artless*, not for the better, because *skill-less* refers to *skill* and *skilful*. JOHNSON.

Tro. Have I not tarry'd?

Pan. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarry'd.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet in the word—
hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating
of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling
too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddesses e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench⁷ at sufferance than I do.

At Priam's royal table do I sit;

And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—

So, traitor!—when she comes!—When is she thence?

Pan. Well, she look'd yesternight fairer than ever I saw
her look; or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee,—When my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain;

Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,

I have (as when the sun doth light a storm,)

Bury'd this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:⁸

But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,

Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's,
(well, go to,) there were no more comparison between the
women,—But, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would
not, as they term it, praise her,—But I would somebody had
heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your
sister Cassandra's wit: but—

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—

When I do tell thee, There my hopes lie drown'd,

Reply not in how many fathoms deep

They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad

In Cressid's love: Thou answer'st, She is fair;

Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart

Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;

Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,⁹

In

⁷ To *blench* is to shrink, start, or fly off. STEEVENS.

⁸ So, in *Twelfth Night*: "He doth *smile* his face into more *lines* than
the new map with the augmentation of the Indies. MALONE.

⁹ *Handlest* is here used metaphorically, with an allusion at the same
time

In whose comparifon all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; To whose foft feizure
The cygnet's down is harfh, and fpirit of fenfe
Hard as the palm of ploughman! ² 'This thou tell'ft me,
As true thou tell'ft me, when I fay—I love her;
But, faying, thus, inftead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'ft in every gafh that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I fpeak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou doft not fpeak fo much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as ſhe is:
if ſhe be fair, 'tis the better for her; an ſhe be not, ſhe has
the mends in her own hands.³

Tro. Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel; ill-thought on
of

time to its literal meaning; and the jingle between *band* and *handleft* is
perfectly in our author's manner. MALONE.

Though our author has many and very confiderable obligations to Mr.
Malone, I cannot regard the foregoing fuppoſition as one of them; for in
what does it confift? In making Shakſpeare answerable for two of the
worſt lines in a degraded play, merely becauſe they exhibit a jingle ſimilar
to that in the ſpeech before us. STEEVENS.

² In comparifon with Crefſida's *band*, ſays he, *the ſpirit of ſenſe*, the
utmoſt degree, the moſt exquisite power of ſenſibility, which implies a
foft hand, ſince the ſenſe of touching, as Scaliger ſays in his *Exercitationes*,
reſides chiefly in the fingers, is hard as the callous and infenſible palm of
the ploughman. Warburton reads:

— ſpite of *ſenſe*:

Hanmer,

— to th' *ſpirit of ſenſe*.

It is not proper to make a lover profeſs to praiſe his miſtreſs in *ſpite of ſenſe*; for though he often does it in *ſpite of the ſenſe* of others, his own
ſenſes are ſubdued to his deſires. JOHNSON.

Spirit of ſenſe is a phraſe that occurs again in the third act of this
play:

“ — nor doth the eye itſelf,

“ That moſt pure *ſpirit of ſenſe*, behold itſelf.”

Mr. M. Maſon (from whom I have borrowed this parallel) recommends
Hanmer's emendation as a neceſſary one. STEEVENS.

³ She may mend her complexion by the aſſiſtance of coſmeticks.

JOHNSON.

I believe it rather means—*She may make the beſt of a bad bargain*. This
is a proverbial ſaying. STEEVENS.

of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on friday, as Helen is on sunday. But what care I? I care not, an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Tro. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father; ⁴ let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her, the next time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

[Exit PANDARUS. *An Alarm.*

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds! Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair, When with your blood you daily paint her thus. I cannot fight upon this argument; It is too stary'd a subject for my sword. But Pandarus,—O gods, how do you plague me! I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar; And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo, As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit. Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love, What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we? Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:

Between

⁴ Calchas, according to Shakspeare's authority, *The Destruction of Troy*, was "a great learned bishop of Troy," who was sent by Priam to consult the oracle of Delphi concerning the event of the war which was threatened by Agamemnon. As soon as he had made "his oblations and demaunds for them of Troy, Apollo (says the book) answered unto him, saying; Calchas, Calchas, beware that thou returne not back again to Troy; but goe thou with Achylles, unto the Greekes, and depart never from them, for the Greekes shall have victorie of the Troyans by the agreement of the Gods." *Hist. of the Destruction of Troy*, translated by Caxton, 5th edit. 4to. 1617. This prudent *bishop* followed the advice of the Oracle, and immediately joined the Greeks. MALONE.

Between our Ilium,⁵ and where she resides,
 Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
 Ourself, the merchant; and this failing Pandar,
 Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, prince Troilus? wherefore not afield?

Tro. Because not there; 'This woman's answer sorts,⁶
 For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, Æneas?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;

Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*

Æne. Hark! what good sport is out of town to-day!

Tro. Better at home, if *would I might, were may.*—
 But, to the sport abroad;—Are you bound thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we then together.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Street.

Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.

Cres. Who were those went by?

Alex. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

Cres. And whither go they?

Alex. Up to the eastern tower,

Whose height commands as subject all the vale,

To see the battle. Hector, whose patience

Is, as a virtue, fix'd,⁷ to-day was mov'd:

He

⁵ Was the palace of Troy. JOHNSON.

Ilium, properly speaking, is the name of the city; Troy, that of the country. STEEVENS.

⁶ i. e. fits, suits, is congruous. STEEVENS.

⁷ Patience sure was a virtue, and therefore cannot, in propriety of expression, be said to be *like* one. We should read:

He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer :
 And, like as there were husbandry in war,⁷
 Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,⁸

And

Is as the virtue fix'd, —

i. e. his patience is as fixed as the goddess Patience itself. So we find Troilus a little before saying :

“ *Patience herself, what goddess ere she be,
 Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.* ”

It is remarkable that Dryden, when he altered this play, and found this false reading, altered it with judgement to :

— whose patience

Is fix'd like that of heaven.

Which he would not have done had he seen the right reading here given, where his thought is so much better and nobler expressed.

WARBURTON.

I think the present text may stand. Hector's patience was as a virtue, not variable and accidental, but fixed and constant. If I would alter it, it should be thus :

— Hector, whose patience

Is all a virtue fix'd —

All, in old English, is the *intensive* or enforcing particle. JOHNSON.

Husbandry means economical prudence. Troilus alludes to Hector's early rising. MALONE.

⁸ Does the poet mean (says Mr. Theobald) that Hector had put on light armour ? mean ! what else could he mean ? He goes to fight on foot ; and was not that the armour for his purpose ? Yet, as if this had been the highest absurdity, he goes on, *Or does he mean that Hector was sprightly in his arms even before sun-rise ? or is a conundrum aimed at, in sun rose and harness'd light ?* Was any thing like it ? But to get out of this perplexity, he tells us, that a very slight alteration makes all these constructions unnecessary, and so changes it to *harness-dight*. Yet indeed the very slightest alteration will at any time let the poet's sense through the critick's fingers : and the Oxford editor very contentedly takes up what is left behind, and reads *harness-dight* too, in order, as Mr. Theobald well expresses it, *to make all construction unnecessary*. WARBURTON.

How does it appear that Hector was to fight on foot rather to day, than on any other day ? It is to be remembered, that the ancient heroes never fought on horseback ; nor does their manner of fighting in chariots seem to require less activity than on foot. JOHNSON.

It is true that the heroes of Homer never fought on horseback ; yet such of them as make a second appearance in the *Æneid*, like their antagonists the Rutulians, had cavalry among their troops. Little can be inferred from the manner in which Ascanius and the young nobility of Troy are introduced at the conclusion of the funeral games ; as Virgil very probably, at the expence of an anachronism, meant to pay a compliment to the military exercises instituted by Julius Cæsar, and improved by Augustus.

And to the field goes he ; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger ?

Alex. The noise goes, this : There is among the Greeks
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector ;
They call him, Ajax.

Cres. Good ; And what of him ?

Alex. They say he is a very man *per se*,
And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men ; unless they are drunk, sick, or have
no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robb'd many beasts of their
particular additions ;⁹ he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as
the bear, slow as the elephant ; a man into whom nature hath
so crouded humours, that his valour is crush'd into folly,² his
folly sauced with discretion : there is no man hath a virtue,
that he hath not a glimpse of ; nor any man an attaint, but he
carries some stain of it : he is melancholy without cause, and
merry against the hair :³ He hath the joints of every thing ;
but every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus,
many hands and no use ; or purblind Argus, all eyes and
no sight.

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make
Hector angry ?

Alex.

Augustus. It appears from different passages in this play, that Hector
fights on horseback ; and it should be remembered, that Shakspeare was
indebted for most of his materials to a book which enumerates Esdras and
Pythagoras among the bastard children of King Priamus. Our author,
however, might have been led into his mistake by the manner in which
Chapman has translated several parts of the Iliad, where the heroes mount
their chariots or descend from them. STEEVENS.

If Dr. Warburton had looked into *The Destruction of Troy* already quoted,
he would have found, in every page, that the leaders on each side were
alternately tumbled from their *horses* by the prowess of their adversaries.

MALONE.

⁹ Their peculiar and characteristick qualities or denominations. The
term in this sense is originally forensick. MALONE.

² To be *crushed into folly*, is to be *confused* and mingled with *folly*, so as
that they make one mass together. JOHNSON.

³ Is a phrase equivalent to another now in use—*against the grain*. The
French say—*à contrepoil*. STEEVENS.

Alex. They say, he yesterday coped Hector in the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: What do you talk of?—
Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin?⁴ When were you at Ilium?⁵

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? Was Hector arm'd, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so; Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan.

⁴ *Good morrow, Alexander*, is added in all the editions, (says Mr. Pope,) very absurdly, Paris not being on the stage.—Wonderful acuteness! But, with submission, this gentleman's note is much more absurd; for it falls out very unluckily for his remark, that though Paris is, for the generality, in Homer called Alexander; yet, in this play, by any one of the characters introduced, he is called nothing but Paris. The truth of the fact is this: Pandarus is of a busy, impertinent, insinuating character: and it is natural for him, so soon as he has given his cousin the good-morrow, to pay his civilities too to her attendant. This is purely *ἐν ᾗθελ*, as the grammarians call it; and gives us an admirable touch of Pandarus's character. And why might not *Alexander* be the name of Cressida's man? Paris had no patent, I suppose, for engrossing it to himself. But the late editor, perhaps, because we have had *Alexander* the Great, Pope *Alexander*, and *Alexander* Pope, would not have so eminent a name prostituted to a common varlet. THEOBALD.

This note is not preserved on account of any intelligence it brings, but as a curious specimen of Mr. Theobald's mode of animadversion on the remarks of Mr. Pope. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Ilium* or *Ilion* (for it is spelt both ways) was according to Lydgate and the author of *The Destruction of Troy*, the name of Priam's Palace, which is said by these writers to have been built upon a high rock. MALONE.

Pan. Was he angry

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too; he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: And there is Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres. O, Jupiter! there's no comparifon.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man, if you see him?

Cres. Ay; if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself! Alas, poor Troilus! I would he were,——

Cres. So he is.

Pan. ——'Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? no he's not himself.—'Would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above; Time must friend, or end: Well, Troilus, well,—I would, my heart were in her body! —No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale, when the other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities;——

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgement, niece: Helen herself swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour, (for so 'tis, I must confess,)—Not brown neither.

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then, Troilus should have too much: if she prais'd him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief, Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think, Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek,⁶ indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into the compass'd window,⁷—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetick may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lif. as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?⁸

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him;—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,——

Cres. Juno have mercy!—How came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think, his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres.

⁶ *Græcari* among the Romans signified to play the reveller.

STEEVENS.

The expression occurs in many old English books. MALONE.

⁷ The *compass'd window* is the same as the *bow-window*. JOHNSON.

A *compass'd window* is a *circular bow window*. STEEVENS.

A *coved cieling* is yet in some places called a *compass'd cieling*.

MALONE.

⁸ The word *lifter* is used for a *thief*, by Greene, in his *Art of Coney-catching*, 1591: on this the humour of the passage may be supposed to turn. We still call a person who plunders shops, a *shop-lifter*.

STEEVENS.

Hiftus, in the Gothick language, signifies a *thief*. See *Archæolog.* Vol. V. p. 311. BLACKSTONE.

Cres. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then:—But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i'the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin;—Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But, there was such laughing;—Queen Hecuba laugh'd, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laugh'd.

Cres. But there was a more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes;—Did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laugh'd.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An't it had been a green hair, I should have laugh'd too.

Pan. They laugh'd not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, *Here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.*

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that. *One and fifty hairs,* quoth he, *and one white: That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons. Jupiter!* quoth she, *which of these hairs is Paris, my husband? The forked one,* quoth

⁹ [Old copies—*Two* and fifty.] I have ventured to substitute—*One and fifty*, I think with some certainty. How else can the number make out Priam and his fifty sons? THEOBALD.

quoeth he; *pluck it out, and give it him.* But there was such laughing! and Helen so blush'd, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laugh'd, that it pass'd.²

Cres. So let it now: for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May. [*A Retreat sounded.*]

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field: Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

ÆNEAS passes over the stage.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's Æneas; Is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you; But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cres. Who's that?

ANTENOR passes over.

Pan. That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o'the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person:—When comes Troilus?—I'll show you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do the rich shall have more.³

HECTOR

² i. e. that it went beyond bounds. Cressida plays on the word, as used by Pandarus, by employing it herself in its common acceptation.

STEEVENS.

³ The allusion is to the word *noddy*, which, as now, did in our author's time,

HECTOR *passes over.*

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; There's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector;—There's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look, how he looks! there's a countenance: Is't not a brave man?

Cres. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good—Look you what hacks are on his helmet? look you yonder, do you see? look you there! There's no jesting: there's laying on; take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

PARIS *passes over.*

Pan. Swords? any thing, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it's all one: By god's lid, it does one's heart good:—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece; Is't not a gallant man too, is't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! 'would I could see Troilus now!—you shall see Troilus anon.

Cres. Who's that?

HELENUS *passes over.*

Pan. That's Helenus,—I marvel, where Troilus is:—That's Helenus;—I think he went not forth to-day:—That's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no:—yes, he'll fight indifferent well:—I marvel, where Troilus is!—Hark; do you not hear the people cry, Troilus?—Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

time, and long before, signify a *silly fellow*, and may, by its etymology, signify likewise *full of nods*. Cressid means, that a noddie shall have more *nods*. Of such remarks as these is a comment to consist? JOHNSON.

To give the *nod*, was, I believe, a term in the game at cards called *Noddy*. This game is perpetually alluded to in the old comedies. STEEVENS.

TROILUS

TROILUS passes over.

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus; 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus! The prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him;—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece; look you, how his sword is bloody'd, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's; And how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

Forces pass over the stage.

Cres. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i'the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pye,⁴—for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.⁵

Cres.

⁴ To account for the introduction of this quibble, it should be remembered that *dates* were an ingredient in ancient pastry of almost every kind. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“They call for *dates* and quinces in the pastry.” STEEVENS.

⁵ A metaphor from the art of defence. STEEVENS.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly ; upon my wit, to defend my wiles ; ⁶ upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty ; my mask, to defend my beauty ; and you, to defend all these : and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that ; and that's one of the chiefest of them too : if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow ; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Pan. You are such another !

Enter TROILUS' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where ?

Boy. At your own house ; there he unarms him.⁷

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come : *[Exit Boy.]*
I doubt, he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle,—

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token—you are a bawd.—

[Exit PANDARUS.]

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprize :
But more in Troilus thousand fold I see
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be ;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing :
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing : ⁸
That she ⁹ belov'd knows nought, that knows not this,—
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is :

That

⁶ So read both the copies : yet perhaps the author wrote :

Upon my wit to defend my will.

The terms *wit* and *will* were, in the language of that time, put often in opposition. JOHNSON.

⁷ These necessary words are added from the quarto edition. POPE.

The words added are only—*there he unarms him.* JOHNSON.

⁸ So read both the old editions, for which the later editions have poorly given :

—— the *soul's* joy lies in doing. JOHNSON.

It is the reading of the second folio. RITSON.

⁹ *That she* —] Means, that woman. JOHNSON.

That she was never yet, that ever knew
 Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue :
 Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—
 Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech : ²
 Then though ³ my heart's content ⁴ firm love doth bear,
 Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

The Grecian Camp. Before Agamemnon's Tent.

*Trumpets. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES,
 MENELAUS, and Others.*

Agam. Princes,
 What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks ?
 The ample proposition, that hope makes
 In all designs begun on earth below,
 Fails in the promis'd largeness : checks and disasters
 Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd ;
 As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
 Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
 Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
 Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
 'That we come short of our suppose so far,
 That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand ;
 Sith every action that hath gone before,
 Whereof we have record, trial did draw
 Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,

And

² The meaning of this obscure line seems to be—"Men, after possession, become our commanders ; before it, they are our suppliants."

STEEVENS.

³ The quarto reads—*Then* ; the folio and the modern editions read improperly, *that*. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Content*, for *capacity*. WARBURTON.

On considering the context, it appears to me that we ought to read, "my heart's *consent*," not *content*. M. MASON.

— *my heart's content*—] Perhaps means, my heart's satisfaction or joy : my well-pleased heart. MALONE.

My heart's content, I believe, signifies—the acquiescence of my heart.

STEEVENS.

And that unbodied figure of the thought
 That gav't furnished shape. Why then, you princes,
 Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;
 And think them flames, which are, indeed, nought else
 But the protractive trials of great Jove,
 To find persistive constancy in men?
 The fineness of which metal is not found
 In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,
 The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
 The hard and soft, seem all affin'd⁵ and kin:
 But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
 Distinction, with a broad⁶ and powerful fan,
 Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
 And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
 Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,⁷
 Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
 Thy latest words.⁸ In the reproof of chance
 Lies the true proof of men: The sea being smooth,
 How many shallow bauble boats dare fail
 Upon her patient breast,⁹ making their way
 With those of nobler bulk?

But

⁵ i. e. joined by affinity. STEEVENS.

⁶ So, the quarto; the folio reads—*loud*. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Goodly* [the reading of the folio] is an epithet that carries no very great compliment with it; and Nestor seems here to be paying deference to Agamemnon's state and pre-eminence. The old books [the quartos] have it,—*to thy godly seat: godlike*, as I have reformed the text, seems to me the epithet designed; and is very conformable to what Æneas afterwards says of Agamemnon:

“Which is that *god* in office, guiding men?”

So *godlike seat* is here, state supreme above all other commanders.

THEOBALD.

This emendation Theobald might have found in the quarto, which has—*the godlike seat*. JOHNSON.

—*thy godlike seat,*] The throne in which thou sittest, “like a descended god.” MALONE.

⁸ Nestor *applies* the words to another instance. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Nestor means, that he will *attend particularly to, and consider*, Agamemnon's latest words. MALONE.

⁹ The quarto not so well—*ancient breast*. JOHNSON.

But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
 The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
 The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
 Bounding between the two moist elements,
 Like Perseus' horse:² Where's then the saucy boat,
 Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
 Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
 Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
 Doth valour's show, and valour's worth, divide
 In storms of fortune: For, in her ray and brightness,
 'The herd hath more annoyance by the brize,³
 Than by the tiger: but when the splitting wind
 Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
 And flies fled under shade,⁴ Why, then, the thing of
 courage,⁵
 As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
 And with an accent tun'd in self-same key,

Returns

² Mercury, according to the fable, presented Perseus with *talaria*, but we no where hear of his horse. The only flying horse of antiquity was Pegasus; and he was the property, not of Perseus, but Bellerophon. But our poet followed a more modern fabulist, the author of *The Destruction of Troy*, a book which furnished him with some other circumstances of this play. Of the horse alluded to in the text he found in that book the following account:

“Of the blood that issued out [from Medusa's head] there engendered Pegasus, or the *flying horse*. By the flying horse that was engendered of the blood issued from her head, is understood, that of her riches issuing of that realme he [Perseus] founded and made a ship named Pegase, — and *this ship was likened unto an horse flying*,” &c. Again: “By this fashion Perseus conquered the head of Medusa, and did make Pegase, the most swift ship that was in all the world.” In another place the same writer assures us, that this ship, which he always calls Perseus' flying horse, “*flew on the sea like unto a bird*.” *Dest. of Troy*, 4to. 1617, p. 155—164. MALONE.

The foregoing note is a very curious one; and yet our author perhaps would not have contented himself with merely comparing one ship to another. Unallegorized Pegasus might be fairly styled Perseus' horse, because the heroism of Perseus had given him existence. STEEVENS.

³ The *brize* is the *gad* or *horse-fly*. STEEVENS.

⁴ i. e. And flies are fled under shade. MALONE.

⁵ It is said of the tiger, that in storms and high winds he rages and roars most furiously. HANMER.

Returns to chiding fortune,⁶

Ulyss.

Agamemnon,—

Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which,—most mighty for thy place and sway,—

[*To AGAMEMNON.*

And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life,—

[*To NESTOR.*

I give to both your speeches,—which were such,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air (strong as the axletree
On which heaven rides,) knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienc'd tongue,⁷—yet let it please both,—

Thou

⁶ For *returns*, Hanmer reads *replies*, unnecessarily, the sense being the same. The folio and quarto have *retires*, corruptly. JOHNSON.

The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. *Chiding* is noisy, clamorous. MALONE.

⁷ Ulysses begins his oration with praising those who had spoken before him, and marks the characteristick excellencies of their different eloquence,—strength, and sweetness, which he expresses by the different metals on which he recommends them to be engraven for the instruction of posterity. The speech of Agamemnon is such that it ought to be engraven in brass, and the tablet held up by him on the one side, and Greece on the other, to show the union of their opinion. And Nestor ought to be exhibited in silver, uniting all his audience in one mind by his soft and gentle elocution. Brass is the common emblem of strength, and silver of gentleness. We call a soft voice a *silver* voice, and a persuasive tongue a *silver* tongue. I once read for *band*, the *band* of Greece, but I think the text right. To *batch* is a term of art for a particular method of engraving. *Hacher*, to cut, Fr. JOHNSON.

In the description of Agamemnon's speech, there is a plain allusion to the old custom of engraving laws and publick records in *brass*, and hanging up the tables in temples, and other places of general resort. So far therefore is clear. Why Nestor is said to be *batch'd in silver*, is much more obscure. I once thought that we ought to read,—*thatch'd in silver*, alluding to his *silver hair*. But I know not whether the present reading may not be understood to convey the same allusion; as I find, that the species
of

Thou great,—and wise,⁸—to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam. Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be't of less expect⁹
That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
When rank Therfites opes his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear musick, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.

The specialty of rule² hath been neglected:
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.³

When

of engraving, called *batching*, was particularly used in the *bilts* of *swords*. See Cotgrave in v. *Haché*; hacked, &c. also, *Hatched*, as the *bilt* of a *sword*; and in v. *Hacher*; to hacke, &c. also to *batch* a *bilt*.

As to what follows, if the reader should have no more conception than I have, of

“ ——— a bond of *air*, strong as the axle-tree

“ On which heaven rides; ———.”

he will perhaps excuse me for hazarding a conjecture, that the true reading may possibly be:

———— a bond of awe, ———

After all, the construction of this passage is very harsh and irregular; but with that I meddle not, believing it was left so by the author.

TYRWHITT.

Perhaps no alteration is necessary; *batch'd in silver*, may mean, whose white hair and beard make him look like a figure engraved on silver.

The voice of Nestor, which on all occasions enforced attention, might be, I think, not unpoetically called, a *bond of air*, because its operations were visible, though his voice, like the wind, was unseen.

STEEVENS.

⁸ This passage is sense as it stands; yet I have little doubt that Shakspeare wrote—

Though great and wise, — —. M. MASON.

⁹ *Expect* for *expectation*. Thus in our author's works we have *suspect* for *suspicion*, &c. STEEVENS.

² The particular rights of supreme authority. JOHNSON.

³ The word *hollow*, at the beginning of the line, injures the metre, without improving the sense, and should probably be struck out.

M. MASON.

I would rather omit the word in the second instance. To *stand empty* (*hollow* as Shakspeare calls it) is a provincial phrase applied to houses which have no tenants. These *factions*, however, were *avowed*, not *hollow*,

When that the general is not like the hive,⁴
 To whom the foragers shall all repair,
 What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
 The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
 The heavens themselves,⁵ the planets, and this center,⁶
 Observe degree, priority, and place,
 Infisture, course, proportion, season, form,
 Office, and custom, in all line of order:
 And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
 In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
 Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye
 Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
 And posts, like the commandment of a king,
 Sans check, to good and bad: But, when the planets,
 In evil mixture, to disorder wander,⁷

What

hollow, or insidious. Remove the word *hollow*, at the beginning of the verse, and every tent in sight would become chargeable as the quondam residence of a factious chief; for the plain sense must then be—there are as many hollow factions as there are tents. STEEVENS.

4 The meaning is,—*When the general is not to the army like the hive to the bees, the repository of the stock of every individual, that to which each particular resorts with whatever he has collected for the good of the whole, what honey is expected?* what hope of advantage? The sense is clear, the expression is confused. JOHNSON.

5 This illustration was probably derived from a passage in Hooker: “If celestial spheres should forget their wonted motion; if the prince of the lights of heaven should begin to stand; if the moon should wander from her beaten way; and the seasons of the year blend themselves; what would become of man?” WARBURTON.

6 i. e. the center of the earth, which, according to the Ptolemaic system, then in vogue, is the center of the solar system.

WARBURTON.

By *this centre*, Ulysses means the earth itself, not the centre of the earth. According to the system of Ptolemy, the earth is the centre round which the planets move. M. MASON.

7 I believe the poet, according to astrological opinions, means, when the planets form malignant configurations, when their aspects are evil towards one another. This he terms *evil mixture*. JOHNSON.

The apparent irregular motions of the planets were supposed to portend some disasters to mankind; indeed the planets themselves were not thought formerly to be confined in any fixed orbits of their own, but to wander about *ad libitum*, as the etymology of their names demonstrates.

ANONYMOUS.

What plagues, and what portents? what mutiny?
 What raging of the sea? shaking of earth?
 Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
 Divert and crack, rend and deracinate⁸
 The unity and married calm of states
 Quite from their fixure? O, when degree is shak'd,⁹
 Which is the ladder of all high designs,
 The enterprize² is sick! How could communities,
 Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,³
 Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,⁴
 The primogenitive and due of birth,
 Prerogative of age, crowns, scepters, laurels,
 But by degree, stand in authentick place?
 Take but degree away, untune that string,
 And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
 In mere oppugnancy:⁵ The bounded waters
 Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
 And make a sop of all this solid globe:
 Strength should be lord of imbecility,
 And the rude son should strike his father dead:
 Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong,
 (Between whose endless jar justice resides,)
 Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
 Then every thing includes itself in power,
 Power into will, will into appetite;
 And appetite, an universal wolf,
 So doubly seconded with will and power,
 Must make-perforce an universal prey,
 And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
 This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
 Follows the choking.

And

⁸ i. e. force up by the roots. STEEVENS.

⁹ I would read:

—— So *when degree is shak'd*. JOHNSON.

² Perhaps we should read:

Then *enterprize is sick*!—— JOHNSON.

³ Corporations, companies, confraternities. JOHNSON.

⁴ i. e. divided. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* our author uses *corrigible* for corrected. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Mere* is absolute. STEEVENS.

And this neglect of degree it is,
 'That by a pace ⁶ goes backward, with a purpose
 It hath to climb.⁷ The general's disdain'd
 By him one step below; he, by the next;
 That next, by him beneath: so every step,
 Exemplified by the first pace that is sick
 Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
 Of pale and bloodless emulation:⁸

And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
 Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
 Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
 The fever whereof all our power ⁹ is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
 What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles,—whom opinion crowns
 The sinew and the forehead of our host,—
 Having his ear full of his airy fame,²
 Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
 Lies mocking our designs: With him, Patroclus,
 Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day
 Breaks scurril jests;
 And with ridiculous and aukward action
 (Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,)
 He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
 Thy toplefs deputation ³ he puts on;
 And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit
 Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
 To hear the wooden dialogue and found

'Twixt

⁶ That goes backward *step by step*. JOHNSON.

⁷ With a design in each man to aggrandize himself, by slighting his immediate superior. JOHNSON.

⁸ An emulation not vigorous and active, but malignant and sluggish.

JOHNSON.

⁹ i. e. our army. STEEVENS.

² Verbal eulogium; what our author in *Macbeth* has called *mouth honour*.

MALONE.

³ *Toplefs* is that which has nothing *topping* or *overtopping* it; supreme; sovereign. JOHNSON.

'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,⁵—
 Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming⁶
 He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
 'Tis like a chime a mending;⁷ with terms unsquar'd,⁸
 Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,
 Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
 The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
 From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
 Cries—*Excellent!*—'tis Agamemnon just.—
Now play me Nestor;—hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he, being 'drest to some oration.
 That's done;—as near as the extremest ends
 Of parallels;⁹ as like as Vulcan and his wife:
 Yet good Achilles still cries, *Excellent!*
 'Tis Nestor right! *Now play him me, Patroclus,*
Arming to answer in a night alarm.
 And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
 Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and spit,
 And with a palsy-fumblin² on his gorget,
 Shake in and out the rivet:—and at this sport,
 Sir Valour dies; cries, *O!—enough, Patroclus;—*
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen. And in this fashion
 All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,

Several

⁵ The galleries of the theatre, in the time of our author, were sometimes termed *the scaffolds*. MALONE.

⁶ i. e. wrested beyond the truth; overcharged. Both the old copies, as well as all the modern editions, have—*o'er-rested*, which affords no meaning. MALONE.

Over-wrested is—wound up too high. A *wrest* was an instrument for tuning a harp, by *drawing up* the strings. STEEVENS.

⁷ To this comparison the praise of originality must be allowed. He who, like himself, has been in the tower of a church while the chimes were repairing, will never wish a second time to be present at so dissonantly noisy an operation. STEEVENS.

⁸ i. e. unadapted to their subject, as stones are unfitted to the purposes of architecture, while they are yet *unsquared*. STEEVENS.

⁹ The *parallels* to which the allusion seems to be made, are the parallels on a map. As like as east to west. JOHNSON.

² Old copies give this as two distinct words. But it should be written—*palsy-fumblin*, i. e. paralytick fumblin. TYRWHITT.

Fumblin is often applied by our old English writers to the speech.

MALONE.

Severals and generals of grace exact,³
 Atchievements, plots, orders, preventions,
 Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
 Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
 As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.⁴

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain
 (Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
 With an imperial voice,) many are infect.
 Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head
 In such a rein,⁵ in full as proud a place
 As broad Achilles: keeps his tent like him;
 Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
 Bold as an oracle: and sets Therfites
 (A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a mint,)⁶
 To match us in comparisons with dirt;
 To weaken and discredit our exposure,
 How rank soever rounded in with danger.⁷

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;
 Count wisdom as no member of the war;
 Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
 But that of hand: the still and mental parts,—
 'That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
 When fitness calls them on; and know, by measure⁸
 Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,⁹—
 Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:
 They call this—bed-work, mappery, closet war:
 So that the ram, that batters down the wall,

For

³ All our good *grace exact*, means our *excellence irreprehensible*.

JOHNSON.

⁴ *Paradoxes* may have a meaning, but it is not clear and distinct. I with the copies had given:

—to make parodies. JOHNSON.

⁵ That is, holds up his head as haughtily. We still say of a girl, *she bristles*. JOHNSON.

⁶ i. e. as fast as a mint coins *money*. MALONE.

⁷ A *rank weed* is a *high weed*. The modern editions silently read:

How hard soever——. JOHNSON.

⁸ I think it were better to read:

——and know the measure,

By their observant toil, of the enemies' weight. JOHNSON.

⁹ That is, by means of their observant toil.. M. MASON.

For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine;
Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons. [Trumpet sounds.]

Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.²

Enter ÆNEAS.

Men. From Troy.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this

Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray?

Agam. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a herald, and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks³
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam. How?

Æne.

² Surely, the name of *Menelaus* only serves to destroy the metre, and should therefore be omitted. STEEVENS.

³ And yet this was the seventh year of the war. Shakspeare, who so wonderfully preserves character, usually confounds the customs of all nations, and probably supposed that the ancients (like the heroes of chivalry) fought with beavers to their helmets. So, in the fourth act of this play, Nestor says to Hector:

“ But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
“ I never saw till now.”

Shakspeare might have adopted this error from the wooden cuts to ancient books, or from the illuminators of manuscripts, who never seem to have entertained the least idea of habits, manners, or customs more ancient than their own. There are books in the British Museum of the age of King Henry VI; and in these the heroes of ancient Greece are represented in the very dresses worn at the time when the books received their decorations.

STEEVENS.

In *The Destruction of Troy*, Shakspeare found all the chieftains of each army termed knights, mounted on stately horses, defended with modern helmets, &c. &c. MALONE.

Æne. Ay;
 I ask, that I might waken reverence,
 And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
 Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
 The youthful Phœbus:
 Which is that god in office, guiding men?
 Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Agam. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy
 Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
 As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
 But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
 Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's accord,
 Nothing so full of heart. But peace, *Æneas*,
 Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
 The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
 If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth:
 But what the repining enemy commends,
 That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure, transcends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself *Æneas*?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Agam. He hears nought privately, that comes from Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:
 I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
 To set his sense on the attentive bent,
 And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind;
 It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
 That thou shalt know. Trojan, he is awake,
 He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
 Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;—
 And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
 What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

[Trumpet sounds.]

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
 A prince call'd Hector, (Priam is his father,)

Who in this dull and long-continued truce⁴
 Is rusty grown; he bade me take a trumpet,
 And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!
 If there be one, among the fair'st of Greece,
 That holds his honour higher than his ease;
 That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;
 That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;
 That loves his mistress more than his confession,⁵
 (With truant vows to her own lips he loves,⁶)
 And dare avow her beauty and her worth,
 In other arms than hers,⁷—to him this challenge.
 Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
 Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
 He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
 Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
 And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
 Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
 To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
 If any come, Hector shall honour him;
 If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
 The Grecian dames are fun-burn'd, and not worth
 The splinter of a lance.⁸ Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, lord Æneas;
 If none of them have soul in such a kind,
 We left them all at home: But we are soldiers;

And

⁴ Of this long *truce* there has been no notice taken; in this very act it is said, that *Ajax coped Hector yesterday in the battle.* JOHNSON.

Here we have another proof of Shakspeare's falling into inconsistencies by sometimes adhering to, and sometimes deserting, his original.

Of this dull and long continued truce (which was agreed upon at the desire of the Trojans, for six months) Shakspeare found an account in the seventh chapter of the third book of *The Destruction of Troy*. In the fifteenth chapter of the same book the beautiful daughter of Calchas is first introduced. MALONE.

⁵ *Confession for profession.* WARBURTON.

⁶ That is, *confession made with idle vows to the lips of her whom he loves.*

JOHNSON.

⁷ *Arms* is here used equivocally for the arms of the body, and the armour of a soldier. MALONE.

⁸ This is the language of romance. Such a challenge would better have suited Palmerin or Amadis, than Hector or Æneas. STEEVENS.

And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandfire suck'd: he is old now;
But, if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man, that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his love, Tell him from me,—
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace⁹ put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him, That my lady
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
As may be in the world: His youth in flood,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but ULYSSES and NESTOR.*]

Ulyss. Nestor,—

Nest. What says Ulysses?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.²

Nest. What is't?

Ulyss. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges rive hard knots: The feeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,

To

⁹ An armour for the arm, *avantbras*. POPE.

² i. e. be you to my present purpose what time is in respect of all other schemes, viz. a ripener and bringer of them to maturity. STEEVENS.

I believe Shakspeare was here thinking of the period of gestation, which is sometimes denominated a female's *time*, or reckoning. T. C.

To overbulk us all.

Nest.

Well, and how?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up :³
And, in the publication, make no strain,⁴
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough,—will with great speed of judgement,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest.

Yes,

It is most meet; Whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring those honours off,
If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate: And trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action: for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling⁵
Of good or bad unto the general;

And

³ That is, the purpose is as plain as *body* or substance; and though I have collected this purpose from many minute particulars, as a gross body is made up of small insensible parts, yet the result is as clear and certain as a body thus made up is palpable and visible. This is the thought, though a little obscured in the conciseness of the expression. **WARBURTON.**

Substance is estate, the value of which is ascertained by the use of small characters, i. e. numerals.

The *gross sum* is a term used in *The Merchant of Venice*. *Grossness* has the same meaning in this instance. **STEEVENS.**

⁴ Nestor goes on to say, make no difficulty, no doubt, when this duel comes to be proclaim'd, but that Achilles, dull as he is, will discover the drift of it. This is the meaning of the line. So afterwards, in this play, Ulysses says:

“ I do not *strain* at the position.”

i. e. I do not hesitate at, I make no difficulty of it. **THEOBALD.**

⁵ That is, a *measure, proportion*. The carpenter cuts his wood to a certain *scantling*. **JOHNSON.**

And in such indexes, although small pricks⁶
 To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
 The baby figure of the giant mass
 Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
 He, that meets Hector, issues from our choice :
 And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
 Makes merit her election ; and doth boil,
 As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
 Out of our virtues ; Who miscarrying,
 What heart receives from hence a conquering part,
 To steel a strong opinion to themselves ?
 Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
 In no less working, than are fwords and bows
 Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech ;—
 Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
 Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
 And think, perchance, they'll sell ; if not,
 The lustre of the better shall exceed,
 By showing the worse first. Do not consent,
 That ever Hector and Achilles meet ;
 For both our honour and our shame, in this,
 Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes ; what are they ?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
 Were he not proud, we all should share with him :
 But he already is too insolent ;
 And we were better parch in Africk sun,
 Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
 Should he 'scape Hector fair : If he were foil'd,
 Why, then we did our main opinion⁷ crush
 In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery ;
 And, by device, let blockish Ajax⁸ draw

The

⁶ Small points compared with the volumes. JOHNSON.

Indexes were in Shakspeare's time often prefixed to books. MALONE.

⁷ Our general estimation or character. *Opinion* has already been used in this scene in the same sense. MALONE.

⁸ Our author appears to have drawn his portrait of the Grecian chief from the invectives thrown out against him by Ulysses in the thirteenth book

The sort⁹ to fight with Hector: Among ourselves,
 Give him allowance for the better man,
 For that will physick the great Myrmidon,
 Who broils in loud applause; and make him fall
 His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
 If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
 We'll dress him up in voices: If he fail,
 Yet go we under our opinion² still,
 That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
 Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,
 Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.
Nest. Ulysses,
 Now I begin to relish thy advice;
 And I will give a taste of it forthwith
 To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
 Two curs shall tame each other; Pride alone
 Must tarre the mastiff on,³ as 'twere their bone. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.⁴ SCENE I.

Another Part of the Grecian Camp.

Enter AJAX and THERSITES.

Ajax. Therfites,——

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils? full, all over,
 generally?

Ajax.

book of *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, translated by Golding, 1587; or from the prologue to Harrington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596, in which he is represented as “strong, heady, boisterous, and a terrible fighting fellow, but neither wise, learned, staid, nor polliticke.” STEEVENS.

I suspect that Shakspeare confounded Ajax *Telamonius* with Ajax *Oileus*. The characters of each of them are given by Lydgate. Shakspeare knew that one of the *Ajax's* was Hector's nephew, the son of his sister; but perhaps did not know that he was Ajax *Telamonius*, and in consequence of not attending to this circumstance has attributed to the person whom he has introduced in this play part of the character which Lydgate had drawn for Ajax *Oileus*. MALONE.

⁹ *The sort*—] i. e. the lot. STEEVENS.

² Here again *opinion* means character. MALONE.

³ *Tarre*, an old English word signifying to provoke or urge on. POPE.

⁴ This play is not divided into acts in any of the original editions.

Ajax. Therfites,——

Ther. And those boils did run?—Say so,—did not the general run then? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog,——

Ther. Then would come some matter from him; I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel then. [Strikes him.

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee,³ thou mongrel beef-witted lord! ⁴

Ajax. Speak then thou unsalted leaven, speak: ⁵ I will beat thee into handfomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o'thy jade's tricks! ⁶

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think, I have no sense, thou strik'st me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation,——

Ther.

³ Alluding perhaps to the plague sent by Apollo on the Grecian army.

JOHNSON.

Our author may as well be supposed to have caught this circumstance relative to the *plague*, from the first book of Hall's or Chapman's version of the *Iliad*. STEEVENS.

⁴ So, in *Twelfth Night*: “—— I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.” STEEVENS.

He calls Ajax *mongrel* on account of his father's being a *Grecian* and his mother a *Trojan*. MALONE.

⁵ *Unsalted* leaven means *sour* without salt, malignity without wit. Shakspeare wrote first *unsalted*; but recollecting that want of salt was no fault in leaven, changed it to *vinew'd*. JOHNSON.

The want of salt is no fault in leaven; but leaven without the *addition* of salt will not make good bread: hence Shakspeare used it as a term of reproach. MALONE.

In the preface to James the First's Bible, the translators speak of *fenowed* (i. e. *vinewed* or mouldy) traditions. BLACKSTONE.

The folio has—thou *whinid'st* leaven; a corruption undoubtedly of *vinewed'st*, or *vinnied'st*: that is, thou most mouldy leaven. In Dorsetshire they at this day call cheese that is become mouldy, *vinny* cheese. MALONE.

⁶ A similar imprecation is found in *The Tempest*: “—— The red plague rid you!” STEEVENS.

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece.⁷ When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation,——

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou bark'st at him.⁸

Ajax. Mistress Therfites!——

Ther. Thou should'st strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!⁹

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers² with his fist, as a sailer breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whoreson cur!

[Beating him.]

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!³

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden witted lord! thou hast
no

⁷ (Thus far the folio.) The quarto adds—*when thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.* JOHNSON.

⁸ I read,—*O that thou bark'dst at him.* JOHNSON.

The old reading is *I*, which, if changed at all, should have been changed into *ay*. TYRWHITT.

⁹ A crusty, uneven, gibbous loaf, is in some counties called by this name. STEEVENS.

A *cob-loaf*, says Minshew in his Dictionary, 1617, is “a bunne. It is a little loaf made with a round head, such as cob-irons which support the fire. *G. Bignet*, a *bigne*, a knob or lump risen after a knock or blow.” The word *Bignets* Cotgrave in his Dict. 1611, renders thus: “Little round loaves or lumps, made of fine meale, oyle, or butter, and reasons: bunnies, lenten loaves.”

Cob-loaf ought perhaps to be rather written *cop-loaf*. MALONE.

² *Pun* is in the midland counties the vulgar and colloquial word for—pound. JOHNSON.

Cole in his Dictionary, renders it by the Latin words *contero*, *contundo*. Mr. Pope, who altered whatever he did not understand, reads—*pound*, and was followed by three subsequent editors. MALONE.

³ In one way of trying a *witch* they used to place her on a chair or stool, with her legs tied across, that all the weight of her body might rest upon her seat; and by that means, after some time, the circulation of the blood would be much stopped, and her sitting would be as painful as the wooden horse. GREY.

no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an *asinego* ⁴ may tutor thee: Thou scurvy valiant *afs*! thou art here put to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold ⁵ among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, ⁶ I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur!

[Beating him.]

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do camel; do, do.

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you thus? How now, Therfites? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do; What's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil.

⁴ I am not very certain what the idea conveyed by this word was meant to be. *Asinaio* is Italian, says Sir T. Hanmer, for an *afs-driver*: but in *Mirza*, a tragedy by Rob. Baron, Act III. the following passage occurs, with a note annexed to it:

“ ——— the stout trusty blade,

“ That at one blow has cut an *asinego*

“ *Afunder* like a thread. ———”

“ This (says the author) is the usual trial of the Persian shamshcers, or cemeters, which are crooked like a crescent, of so good metal, that they prefer them before any other, and so sharp as any razor.”

I hope, for the credit of the prince, that the experiment was rather made on an *afs*, than an *afs-driver*. From the following passage I should suppose *asinego* to be merely a cant term for a foolish fellow, an idiot: “ They apparell'd me as you see, made a fool, or an *asinego* of me.” See *The Antiquary*, a comedy, by S. Marmion, 1641. STEEVENS.

Asinego is Portuguese for a little *afs*. MUSGRAVE.

And Dr. Musgrave might have added, that, in his native county, it is the vulgar name for an *afs* at present. HENLEY.

The same term, as I am informed, is also current among the lower rank of people in Norfolk. STEEVENS.

An *asinego* is an *be afs*. RITSON.

⁵ This was a proverbial expression. MALONE.

⁶ i. e. if thou continue to beat me, or make a practice of beating me.

STEEVENS.

Achil. Well, why I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater*⁷ is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax——

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

[AJAX offers to strike him, ACHILLES interposes.

Ther. Has not so much wit——

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd cur! I shall——

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Therfites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary;

⁷ So, in *Twelfth Night*: “—— here comes one of thy kin has a most weak *pia mater*.” The *pia mater* is a membrane that protects the substance of the brain. STEVENS.

tary ; no man is beaten voluntary :⁸ Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Even so ?—a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains ; 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Therfites ?

Ther. There's Ulysses, and old Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandfires had nails⁹ on their toes,—yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

Achil. What, what ?

Ther. Yes, good footh ; To, Achilles ! to, Ajax ! to !

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter ; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Therfites ; peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me,² shall I ?

Achil.

⁸ i. e. voluntarily. Shakspeare often uses adjectives adverbially.

MALONE.

⁹ Old copies—*their* grandfires.] This is one of these editors' wife riddles. What ! was Nestor's wit mouldy before his grandfire's toes had any nails ? Preposterous nonsense ! and yet so easy a change, as one poor pronoun for another, sets all right and clear. THEOBALD.

² The folio and quarto read,—Achilles' *brooch*. *Brooch* is an appendant ornament. The meaning may be, equivalent to one of Achilles' *bangers-on*. JOHNSON.

Brach I believe to be the true reading. A *brooch* was a cluster of gems affixed to a pin, and anciently worn in the hats of people of distinction. See the portrait of Sir Christopher Hatton. STEEVENS.

I have little doubt of *broch* being the true reading as a term of contempt.

The meaning of *broche* is well ascertained—a spit—a *bodkin* ; which being formerly used in the ladies' dress, was adorned with jewels, and gold and silver ornaments. Hence in old lists of jewels are found *brochets*.

I have a very magnificent one, which is figured and described by Pennant, in the second volume of his *Tour to Scotland*, p. 14, in which the spit or bodkin forms but a very small part of the whole. LORT.

Broch was properly a trinket with a pin affixed to it, and is consequently used by Shakspeare for an ornament in general.

But Therfites could not mean to compliment Patroclus, and therefore this cannot, I think, be the true reading.—*Brach*, which was introduced by Mr. Rowe, might serve well enough, but that it certainly meant a *bitch*.

It

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hang'd, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*]

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, fir, is proclaim'd through all our host: That Hector, by the first hour of the sun, Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy, To-morrow morning call some knight to arms, That hath a stomach; and such a one, that dare Maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash: Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, it is put to lottery; otherwise, He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you:—I'll go learn more of it.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Troy. A Room in Priam's Palace.

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and HELENUS.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent, Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks;

Deliver Helen, and all damage else—

As honour, loss of time, travel, expence,

Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd

In hot digestion of this cormorant war,—

Shall be struck off:—Hector, what say you to't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,

As far as toucheth my particular, yet,

Dread Priam,

There is no lady of more softer bowels,

More spungy to suck in the sense of fear,

More

It is possible however that Shakspeare might have used the word as synonymous to *follower*, without any regard to sex.

I have sometimes thought that the word intended might have been Achilles's *brock*, i. e. that over-weening conceited coxcomb, who attends upon Achilles. MALONE.

A *brock*, literally, means—a *badger*. STEEVENS.

More ready to cry out—*Who knows what follows?*³

Than Hector is : The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure ; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go :
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,⁴
Hath been as dear as Helen ; I mean, of ours :
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours ; not worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten ;
What merit's in that reason, which denies
The yielding of her up ?

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother!

Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces ? will you with counters sum
The past-proportion of his infinite ?⁵
And buckle-in a waist most fathomless,
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons ? fie, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,⁶
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none, that tells him so ?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest,
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons :
You know, an enemy intends you harm ;
You know, a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm :

Who

³ Who knows what *ill* consequences *may* follow from pursuing this or that course? MALONE.

⁴ *Disme*, Fr. is the tithe, the tenth. STEEVENS.

⁵ Thus read both the copies. The meaning is, *that greatness to which no measure bears any proportion*. The modern editors silently give :

The vast proportion —. JOHNSON.

⁶ Here is a wretched quibble between *reasons* and *raisins*, which in Shakspeare's time were, I believe, pronounced alike. MALONE.

The present suspicion of a quibble on the word—*reason*, is not, in my opinion, sufficiently warranted by the context. STEEVENS.

Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
 A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
 The very wings of reason to his heels :
 And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
 Or like a star dis-orb'd ?—Nay, if we talk of reason,
 Let's shut our gates, and sleep : Manhood and honour
 Should have hare hearts, would they but sat their thoughts
 With this cramm'd reason : reason and respect⁷
 Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
 The holding.

Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis valued ?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will ;
 It holds his estimate and dignity
 As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
 As in the prizer : 'tis mad idolatry,
 To make the service greater than the god ;
 And the will dotes, that is attributive⁸
 To what infectionally itself affects,
 Without some image of the affected merit.⁹

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
 Is led on in the conduct of my will ;²
 My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
 Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
 Of will and judgement : How may I avoid,
 Although my will distaste what it elected,
 The wife I chose ? there can be no evasion

To

⁷ *Respect* is caution, a regard to consequences. MALONE.

⁸ So the quarto. The folio reads—inclinable, which Mr. Pope says
 "is better." MALONE.

I think the first reading better ; *the will dotes that attributes or gives the
 qualities which it affects* ; that first causes excellence, and then admires it.
 JOHNSON.

⁹ We should read :

——— *the affected's merit.*

i. e. without some mark of merit in the thing affected.

WARBURTON.

The present reading is right. The will *affects* an object for some sup-
 posed merit, which Hector says is censurable, unless the merit so affected be
 really there. JOHNSON.

² i. e. under the guidance of my will. MALONE.

To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour :
 We turn not back the filks upon the merchant,
 When we have foil'd them ; nor the remainder viands
 We do not throw in unrespective sieve,³
 Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
 Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks :
 Your breath with full consent & belly'd his sails ;
 'The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
 And did him service : he touch'd the ports desir'd ;
 And, for an old aunt,⁵ whom the Greeks held captive,
 He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
 Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning.
 Why keep we her ? the Grecians keep our aunt :
 Is she worth keeping ? why, she is a pearl,
 Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
 And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
 If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went,
 (As you must needs, for you all cry'd—*Go, go,*)
 If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
 (As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
 And cry'd—*Inestimable!*) why do you now
 The issue of your proper wisdoms rate ;
 And do a deed that fortune never did,⁶

Beggar

³ That is, unto a common voider. *Sieve* is in the quarto. The folio reads :

—— *unrespective* fame ;

for which the second folio and modern editions have silently printed :

—— *unrespective* place. JOHNSON.

I am yet to learn, that *sieve* was ever used as synonymous to *voider*. The correction in the second folio, may therefore be justifiable.

STEEVENS.

⁴ Your breaths all blowing together ; your unanimous approbation.

MALONE.

⁵ Priam's sister, Hesiene, whom Hercules, being enraged at Priam's breach of faith, gave to Telamon, who by her had Ajax. MALONE.

⁶ If I understand this passage, the meaning is : " Why do you, by censuring the determination of your own wisdoms, degrade Helen, whom fortune has not yet deprived of her value, or against whom, as the wife of Paris, fortune has not in this war so declared, as to make us value her less ? " This is very harsh, and much strained. JOHNSON.

The

Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
 Richer than sea and land? O theft most base;
 That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
 But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
 That in their country did them that disgrace,
 We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans!

Hec. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, raving.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
 And I will fill them with prophetick tears.

Hec. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled elders,⁷
 Soft infancy, that nothing can't but cry,
 Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
 A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
 Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
 Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
 Our fire-brand brother,⁸ Paris, burns us all.
 Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe:
 Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go.

[*Exit.*
Hec.

The meaning, I believe, is: "Act with more inconstancy and caprice than ever did fortune." HENLEY.

Fortune was never so unjust and mutable as to rate a thing on one day above all price, and on the next to set no estimation whatsoever upon it. You are now going to do what fortune never did. Such, I think, is the meaning. MALONE.

⁷ So the quarto. Folio—wrinkled old. MALONE.

Elders, the erroneous reading of the quarto, would seem to have been properly corrected in the copy whence the first folio was printed; but it is a rule with printers, whenever they meet with a strange word in a manuscript, to give the nearest word to it they are acquainted with; a liberty which has been not very sparingly exercised in all the old editions of our author's plays. There cannot be a question that he wrote:

— mid-age and wrinkled old. RITSON.

⁸ Hecuba, when pregnant with Paris, dreamed she should be delivered of a burning torch. STEEVENS.

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Because Cassandra's mad; her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste⁵ the goodness of a quarrel,
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious.⁶ For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:
And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince of levity⁷
As well my undertakings, as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent⁸
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas, can these my single arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par.

⁵ Corrupt; change to a worse state. JOHNSON.

⁶ i. e. to set it off; to show it to advantage. STERVENS.

⁷ This word, which our author frequently employs in the obsolete sense of—to overpower, subdue, seems in the present instance to signify—convict, or subject to the charge of levity. STEEVENS.

⁸ Your unanimous approbation. MALONE.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
 The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
 But I would have the foil of her fair rape⁹
 Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
 What treason were it to the ranfack'd queen,
 Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
 Now to deliver her possession up,
 On terms of base compulsion? Can it be,
 That so degenerate a strain as this,
 Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
 There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
 Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
 When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
 Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
 Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,
 Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
 The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well;
 And on the cause and question now in hand
 Have glaz'd,—but superficially; not much
 Unlike young men, whom Aristotle² thought
 Unfit to hear moral philosophy:

The

⁹ *Rape* in our author's time commonly signified *the carrying away* of a female. MALONE.

It has always borne that, as one of its significations; *raptus Helenæ* (without any idea of personal violence) being constantly rendered—the *rape* of Helen. STEEVENS.

² ——— *Aristotle*—] Let it be remembered as often as Shakspeare's anachronisms occur, that errors in computing time were very frequent in those ancient romances which seem to have formed the greater part of his library. I may add, that even classic authors are not exempt from such mistakes. In the fifth book of Statius's *Thebaid*, Amphiaraus talks of the fates of Nestor and Priam, neither of whom died till long after him. If on this occasion, somewhat should be attributed to this augural profession, yet if he could so freely mention, nay, even quote as examples to the whole army, things that would not happen till the next age, they must all have been prophets as well as himself, or they could not have understood him.

Hector's mention of *Aristotle*, however (during our ancient propensity to quote the authorities of the learned on every occasion) is not more absurd than the following circumstance in *The Dialogues of Creatures Morally-sed*, bl. l. no date, (a book which Shakspeare might have seen,) where we find God Almighty quoting *Cato*. See *Dial.* IV. STEEVENS.

The reasons, you alledge, do more conduce
 To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
 Than to make up a free determination
 'Twixt right and wrong; For pleasure, and revenge,
 Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
 Of any true decision. Nature craves,
 All dues be render'd to their owners; Now
 What nearer debt in all humanity,
 Than wife is to the husband? if this law
 Of nature be corrupted through affection;
 And that great minds, of partial indulgence³
 To their benumbed wills,⁴ resist the same;
 There is a law⁵ in each well-order'd nation,
 To curb those raging appetites that are
 Most disobedient and refractory,
 If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,—
 As it is known she is,—these moral laws
 Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
 To have her back return'd: Thus to persist
 In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
 But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
 Is this, in way of truth:⁶ yet, ne'ertheless,
 My spritely brethren, I propend to you
 In resolution to keep Helen still;
 For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
 Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:
 Were it not glory that we more affected
 Than the performance of our heaving spleens,⁷
 I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
 Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
 She is a theme of honour and renown;
 A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;

Whose

³ i. e. *through* partial indulgence. M. MASON.

⁴ That is, inflexible, immoveable, no longer obedient to superior direction. JOHNSON.

⁵ What the law does in every nation between individuals, justice ought to do between nations. JOHNSON.

⁶ Though considering *truth* and *justice* in this question, this is my opinion; yet as a question of honour, I think on it as you. JOHNSON.

⁷ The execution of spite and resentment. JOHNSON.

Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
 And fame, in time to come, canonize us :⁸
 For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
 So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
 As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
 For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
 You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—
 I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
 The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
 Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits ;
 I was advertis'd, their great general slept,
 Whilst emulation⁹ in the army crept ;
 This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. How now, Ther sites? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him; O worthy satisfaction! 'would it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he rail'd at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles,—a rare engineer.² If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of Gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*;³ if ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-arm'd ignorance

⁸ The hope of being *register'd as a saint*, is rather out of its place at so early a period, as this of the Trojan war. STEEVENS.

⁹ That is, envy, factious contention. JOHNSON.

Emulation is now never used in an ill sense; but Shakspeare meant to employ it so. He has used the same with more propriety in a former scene, by adding epithets that ascertain its meaning. MALONE.

² The old copies have—*engineer*, which was the old spelling of *engineer*. So *truncheon*, *pioneer*, *mutiner*, *sonnetter*, &c. MALONE.

³ The wand of Mercury is wreathed with *serpents*. STEEVENS.

ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons,⁴ and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache!⁵ for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil, envy, say Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Therfites? Good Therfites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remember'd a gilt counterfeit, thou would'st not have slipp'd out of my contemplation:⁶ but it is no matter; Thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven blest thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction⁷ till thy death! then if she, that lays thee out, says—thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay; The heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Therfites, my lord.

Achil.
⁴ That is, *without drawing their swords to cut the web*. They use no means but those of violence. JOHNSON.

Thus the quarto. The folio reads—*the* massy irons. In the late editions *iron* has been substituted for *irons*, the word found in the old copies, and certainly the true reading. So, in *King Richard III.*:

“Put in their hands thy bruising *irons* of wrath,

“That they may crush down with a heavy fall

“The usurping helmets of our adversaries.” MALONE.

Bruising irons in this quotation, as Mr. Henley has well observed in *loco*, signify—*maces*, weapons formerly used by our English cavalry. See *Große on Ancient Armour*, p. 53. STEEVENS.

⁵ In the quarto,—*the Neapolitan bone-ache*. JOHNSON.

⁶ Here is a plain allusion to the counterfeit piece of money called a *slip*, which occurs again in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. sc. iv. WHALLEY.

⁷ *Thy blood* means, thy passions; thy natural propensities. MALONE.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not serv'd thyself in to my table so many meals? Come; what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles;—Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Therfites; Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus; Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou may'st tell, that know'st.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question.⁸ Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.⁹

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileg'd man.—Proceed, Therfites,

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Therfites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Therfites is a fool, to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.²

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover.³—It suffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES,
and AJAX.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody:—Come in with me, Therfites. [Exit.

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is, a cuckold, and a whore; A good

⁸ Deduce the question from the first case to the last. JOHNSON.

⁹ The four next speeches are not in the quarto. JOHNSON.

² The poet is still thinking of his grammar; the first degree of comparison being here in his thoughts. MALONE.

³ There seems to be a profane allusion in the last speech but one spoken by Therfites. MALONE.

good quarrel, to draw emulous factions,⁴ and bleed to death upon. Now the dry *serpigo* on the subject!⁵ and war, and lechery, confound all!

[Exit.

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him, that we are here. He shent our messengers;⁶ and we lay by Our appertainments, visiting of him: Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think We dare not move the question of our place, Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall say so to him. [Exit.

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent: He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: But why, why? let him shew us a cause.—A word, my lord. [Takes AGAMEMNON aside.

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who? Therfites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No; you see, he is his argument, that has his argument; Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish, than their faction: But it was a strong composure,⁷ a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

⁴ i. e. envious, contending factions. MALONE.

Why not *rival* factions, factions jealous of each other? STEEVENS.

⁵ The *serpigo* is a kind of tetter. STEEVENS.

⁶ i. e. rebuked, rated. WARBURTON.

This word is used in common by all our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

⁷ So reads the quarto very properly; but the folio, which the moderns have followed, has, *it was a strong counsel*. JOHNSON.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy : his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say—he is much sorry, If any thing more than your sport and pleasure Did move your greatness, and this noble state,⁹ To call upon him; he hopes, it is no other, But, for your health and your digestion sake, An after-dinner's breath.²

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus;—
We are too well acquainted with these answers :
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath ; and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him : yet all his virtues,—
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,—
Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss ;
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speak with him : And you shall not sin,
If you do say—we think him over-proud,
And under-honest ; in self-assumption greater,
'Than in the note of judgement ; and worthier than himself
Here tend the savage strangeness³ he puts on ;
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And underwrite⁴ in an observing kind⁵
His humorous predominance ; yea, watch
His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if

The

⁹ Person of high dignity ; spoken of Agamemnon. JOHNSON.

Noble state rather means *the stately train of attending nobles whom you bring with you*. Patroclus had already addressed Agamemnon by the title of “your greatness.” STEEVENS.

State was formerly applied to a single person. Yet Mr. Steevens's interpretation appears to me to agree better with the context here.

MALONE.

² *Breatb*, in the present instance, stands for—*breathing*, i. e. exercise.

STEEVENS.

³ i. e. shyness, distant behaviour. To *tend* is to *attend upon*. MALONE.

⁴ To *subscribe*, in Shakspeare, is to *obey*. JOHNSON.

⁵ i. e. in a mode religiously attentive. STEEVENS.

The passage and whole carriage of this action
 Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add,
 That, if he overhold his price so much,
 We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
 Not portable, lie under this report—
 Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:
 A stirring dwarf we do allowance give⁶
 Before a sleeping giant:—Tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently. [Exit.

Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied,
 We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter.
 [Exit ULYSSES.

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think, he thinks him-
 self a better man than I am?

Agam. No question.

Agam. Will you subscribe his thought, and say—he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as
 wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more
 tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow?
 I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the
 fairer. He that is proud, eats up himself: pride is his own
 glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever
 praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of
 toads.⁷

Nest. And yet he loves himself: Is it not strange? [Aside.

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none;
 But

⁶ Allowance is approbation. STEEVENS.

⁷ Whoever wishes to comprehend the whole force of this allusion, may
 consult the late Dr. Goldsmith's *History of the World, and animated Nature*,
 Vol. VII. p. 92. STEEVENS.

But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important: Possess'd he is with greatness;
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself: What should I say?
He is so plaguy proud,⁸ that the death tokens of it⁹
Cry—*No recovery.*

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.—
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'Tis said, he holds you well; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles: Shall the proud lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam;²
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself,—shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;

Nor,

⁸ I cannot help regarding the vulgar epithet—*plaguy*, which extends the verse beyond its proper length, as the wretched interpolation of some foolish player. STEEVENS.

⁹ Alluding to the decisive spots appearing on those infected by the plague. STEEVENS.

Dr. Hodges, in his *Treatise on the Plague*, says: "Spots of a dark complexion, usually called *tokens*, and looked on as the pledges or forewarnings of death, are minute and distinct blasts, which have their original from within, and rise up with a little pyramidal protuberance, the pestilential poison chiefly collected at their bases, tainting the neighbouring parts, and reaching to the surface." REED.

² *Swine-seam*, in the North, is *bog's-lard*. RITSON.

Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles :

That were to enlard his fat-already pride ;²
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.³

This lord go to him ! Jupiter forbid ;
And say in thunder—*Achilles, go to him.*

Nest. O, this is well ; he rubs the vein of him. [*Aside.*

Dio. And how his silence drinks up his applause ! [*Aside.*

Ajax. If I go to him, with my arm'd fist I'll pash him
Over the face.⁴

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride :⁵
Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth⁶ that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow,—

Nest. How he describes
Himself ! [*Aside.*

Ajax. Can he not be sociable ?

Ulyss. The raven
Chides blackness. [*Aside.*
Ajax.

² This is only the well-known proverb—*Grease a fat sow, &c.* in a more stately dress. STEEVENS.

³ *Cancer* is the *Crab*, a sign in the zodiac. STEEVENS.

⁴ i. e. strike him with violence. REED.

⁵ To *pheeze* is to *comb* or *curry*. JOHNSON.

Mr. Steevens has explained the word *Feaze*, as Dr. Johnson does, to mean the untwisting or unravelling a knotted skain of silk or thread. I recollect no authority for this use of it. To *feize* is to drive away ; and the expression—I'll *feize* his pride, may signify, I'll humble or lower his pride. WHALLEY.

To *comb* or *curry*, undoubtedly is the meaning of the word here. Kersey in his Dictionary, 1708, says that it is a sea-term, and that it signifies, to separate a cable by untwisting the ends ; and Dr. Johnson gives a similar account of its original meaning. But whatever may have been the origin of the expression, it undoubtedly signified in our author's time to beat, knock, strike, or whip. Cole in his Latin Dict. 1679, renders it *flagellare*, *virgis cedere*, as he does to *feage*, of which the modern school-boy term, to *fag*, is a corruption. MALONE.

⁶ Not for the value of all for which we are fighting. JOHNSON.

Ajax. I will let his humours blood.⁷

Agam. He'll be physician, that should be the patient.

[*Aside.*

Ajax. An all men
Were o' my mind,——

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion.

[*Aside.*

Ajax. He should not bear it so,
He should eat swords first : Shall pride carry it ?

Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half. [*Aside.*

Ulyss. He'd have ten shares.

[*Aside.*

Ajax. I'll knead him, I will make him supple :—

Nest. He's not yet thorough warm : force him with
praises :⁸

Pour in, pour in ; his ambition is dry. [*Aside.*

Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

[*To AGAMEMNON.*

Nest. Our noble general do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.

Here is a man—But 'tis before his face ;

I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so ?

He is not emulous,⁹ as Achilles is.

Ulyss.

7 In the year 1600 a collection of Epigrams and Satires was published with this quaint title : *The letting of humours blood in the head-vaine.*

MALONE.

8 The latter part of Ajax's speech is certainly got out of place, and ought to be assigned to Nestor, as I have ventured to transpose it. Ajax is feeding on his vanity, and boasting what he will do to Achilles ; he'll pass him o'er the face, he'll make him eat swords, he'll knead him, he'll supple him, &c. Nestor and Ulysses sily labour to keep him up in this vein ; and to this end Nestor craftily hints that Ajax is not warm yet, but must be crammed with more flattery. THEOBALD.

Nestor was of the same opinion with Dr. Johnson, who, speaking of a metaphysical Scotch writer, said, that he thought there was "as much charity in helping a man *down hill* as up hill, if his tendency be downwards."

See Boswell's *Tour to the Hebrides*, third edit. p. 245. MALONE.

—— *force him* ——] i. e. stuff him. Farcir, Fr. STEEVENS.

9 *Emulous* is here used in an ill sense, for *envious*. MALONE.

Emulous, in this instance, and perhaps in some others, may well enough be supposed to signify—*jealous of higher authority*. STEEVENS.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter ² thus with us!
I would, he were a Trojan!

Nest. What a vice
Were it in Ajax now——

Ulyss. If he were proud?

Dio. Or covetous of praise?

Ulyss. Ay, or furly borne?

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected?

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet com-
posure;

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck: ³

Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice-fam'd beyond all erudition:

But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half: and, for thy vigour,

Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield ⁴

To finewy Ajax. I'll not praise thy wisdom,

Which, like a bourn, ⁵ a pale, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts: He's Nestor,—

Instructed by the antiquary times,

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;—

But pardon, father Nestor, were your days

As green as Ajax', and your brain so temper'd,

You should not have the eminence of him,

But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Nest. Ay, my good son. ⁶

Dio.

² That shall juggle with us, or fly from his engagements.

MALONE.

³ This is from *St. Luke*, xi. 27. STEEVENS.

⁴ i. e. yield his *titles*, his celebrity for strength. *Addition*, in legal language, is the title given to each party, shewing his degree, occupation, &c. as esquire, gentleman, yeoman, merchant, &c.

Our author here, as usual, pays no regard to chronology. Milo of Croton lived long after the Trojan war. MALONE.

⁵ A *bound* is a boundary, and sometimes a rivulet dividing one place from another. STEEVENS.

⁶ In the folio and in the modern editions Ajax desires to give the title of *father* to Ulysses; in the quarto, more naturally, to Nestor. JOHNSON.

K 5

Shakspere

Dio.

Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here ; the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
To call together all his state of war ;
Fresh kings are come to Troy : To-morrow,
We must with all our main of power stand fast :
And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep :
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Troy. *A Room in Priam's Palace.**Enter PANDARUS and a Servant.*

Pan. Friend! you! pray you, a word : Do not you follow the young lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman ; I must needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. 'Faith, sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better ; I am the lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope, I shall know your honour better.⁷

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace.

[*Music within.*]*Pan.*

Shakspeare had a custom prevalent about his own time, in his thoughts. Ben Jonson had many who called themselves his *sons*. STEEVENS.

⁷ The servant means to quibble. He hopes that Pandarus will become a better man than he is at present. In his next speech he chooses to understand Pandarus as if he had said he wished to grow better, and hence the servant affirms that he is in the state of *grace*. The second of these speeches has been pointed in the late editions, as if he had asked, of what rank Pandarus was. MALONE.

Pan. Grace ! not so, friend ; honour and lordship are my titles :—What musick is this ?

Serv. I do but partly know, fir ; it is musick in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians ?

Serv. Wholly, fir.

Pan. Who play they to ?

Serv. To the hearers, fir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend ?

Serv. At mine, fir, and theirs that love musick.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, fir ?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another ; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning : At whose request do these men play ?

Serv. That's to't, indeed, fir : Marry, fir, at the request of Paris my lord, who is there in person ; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,⁸—

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida ?

Serv. No, fir, Helen ; Could you not find out that by her attributes ?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the prince Troilus : I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seeths.

Serv. Sudden business ! there's a stew'd phrase,⁹ indeed !

Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company ! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them ! especially to you, fair queen ! fair thoughts be your fair pillow !

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.—Fair prince, here is good broken musick.

Paris.

⁸ This may mean, the *soul of love* invisible every where else.

JOHNSON.

⁹ The quibbling speaker seems to mean that *sudden* is a phrase fit only for the *stews*. STEEVENS.

Par. You have broke it, coufin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance:—Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, fir,—

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.²

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen:—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.—But (marry) thus, my lord,—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody; If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i'faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a four offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you,³ that, if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus,—

Pan.

² i. e. now and then, by fits; or perhaps a quibble is intended. A *fit* was a part or division of a song, sometimes a strain in musick, and sometimes a measure in dancing. The reader will find it sufficiently illustrated in the two former senses by Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*: in the third of these significations it occurs in *All for Money*, a tragedy, by T. Lupton, 1578:

“*Satan.* Upon these chearful words I needs must dance a *fytte*.”

STEEVENS.

³ Here I think the speech of Pandarus should begin, and the rest of it should be added to that of Helen, but I have followed the copies.

JOHNSON.

Mr. Rowe had disposed these speeches in this manner. Hammer annexes the words, “And to make a sweet lady,” &c. to the preceding speech of Pandarus, and in the rest follows Rowe. MALONE.

Pan. What says my sweet queen?—my very very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,——

Pan. What says my sweet queen?—My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.⁴

Pan.

⁴ *You must not know where he sups,*

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.] These words are in the quarto given to *Helen*, and the editor of the folio did not perceive the error. In like manner in Act II. sc. i. p. 180, four speeches belonging to different persons are all in the quarto assigned to *Ajax*. “Cobloaf! He would pun thee,” &c. and in the last scene of the same act, words that evidently belong to *Nestor* are given to *Ajax*, [See p. 200, n. 8.] both in the quarto and folio. I have not therefore hesitated to add the words, “You must not know where he sups,” to the speech of *Pandarus*. Mr. Steevens proposes to assign the next speech, “I'll lay my life,” &c. to *Helen* instead of *Paris*. This arrangement appeared to me so plausible, that I once regulated the text accordingly. But it is observable that through the whole of the dialogue *Helen* steadily perseveres in soliciting *Pandarus* to sing: “*My lord Pandarus*,”—“*Nay, but my lord*,”—&c. I do not therefore believe that *Shakspeare* intended she should join in the present inquiry. Mr. M. Mason's objection also to such an arrangement is very weighty. “*Pandarus* (he observes) in his next speech but one clearly addresses *Paris*, and in that speech he calls *Cressida* his *disposer*.” In what sense, however, *Paris* can call *Cressida* his *disposer*, I am altogether ignorant. Mr. M. Mason supposes that “*Paris* means to call *Cressida* his *governour* or *director*, as it appears from what *Helen* says afterwards that *they had been good friends*.”

Perhaps *Shakspeare* wrote — *despiser*. What *Pandarus* says afterwards, that “*Paris* and *Cressida* are *twain*,” supports this conjecture.

I do not believe that *deposer* (a reading suggested below) was our author's word; for *Cressida* had not deposed *Helen* in the affections of *Troilus*. A speech in a former scene in which *Pandarus* says, *Helen* loves *Troilus* more than *Paris*, (which is insisted on by an anonymous Remarker,) [Mr. Ritson] proves nothing. Had he said that *Troilus* once loved *Helen* better than *Cressida*, and afterwards preferred *Cressida* to her, the observation might deserve some attention.

The words, — *I'll lay my life*—are omitted in the folio. The words, — *You must not know where he sups*,——I find Sir T. Hanmer had assigned to *Pandarus*. MALONE.

I believe, with Sir Thomas Hanmer, that—*You must not know where he sups*, should be added to the speech of *Pandarus*; and that the following one of *Paris* should be given to *Helen*. That *Cressida* wanted to separate *Paris* from *Helen*, or that the beauty of *Cressida* had any power over *Paris*, are circumstances not evident from the play. The one is the opinion of

Dr.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide ;⁵ come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say—Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.⁶

Pan. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.⁷

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.⁸

Pan.

Dr. Warburton, the other a conjecture of Mr. Heath's. By giving, however, this line,——*I'll lay my life with my disposer Cressida*, to Helen, and by changing the word *disposer* into *deposer*, some meaning may be obtained. She addresses herself, I suppose, to Pandarus, and, by her *deposer*, means—the who thinks her beauty (or, whose beauty you suppose) to be superior to mine.——But the passage in question (as Arthur says of himself in *King John*) is “not worth the coil that is made for it.”

STEEVENS.

The dialogue should perhaps be regulated thus :

“ *Par.* Where sups he to-night ?

“ *Helen.* Nay, but my lord,——

“ *Pan.* What says my sweet queen ?

“ *Par.* My cousin will fall out with you.

[To Helen.

“ *Pan.* You must not know where he sups.

[To Paris.

“ *Helen.* I'll lay my life with my deposer Cressida.”

She calls Cressida her *deposer*, because she had *deposed* her in the affections of Troilus, whom Pandarus in a preceding scene is ready to swear she lov'd more than Paris. RITSON.

⁵ i. e. wide of your mark; a common exclamation when an archer missed his aim. STEEVENS.

⁶ This is the usual exclamation at a childish game called *Hie, spy, hie*.

STEEVENS.

⁷ i. e. the reconciliation and wanton dalliance of two lovers after a quarrel, may produce a child, and so make three of two. TOLLET.

⁸ Perhaps, considering the character of Pandarus, Helen means that he has

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all.
O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i'faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

For, oh, love's bow

Shoots luck and doe:

The shaft confounds⁹

Not that it wounds,²

But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!

Yet that which seems the wound to kill,

Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!

So dying love lives still:³

Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!

Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Hey ho!

Helen. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers: Is love a generation of vipers?⁴ Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?⁵

Par.

has a forehead illuminated by eruptions. To these Falstaff has already given the splendid names of—*brooches, pearls, and ouches.* STEEVENS.

⁹ To confound, it has already been observed, formerly meant to destroy. MALONE.

² i. e. that *which* it wounds. MUSGRAVE.

³ *The wound to kill* may mean *the wound that seems mortal.*

JOHNSON.

The wound to kill is the killing wound. M. MASON.

⁴ Here is an apparent allusion to the whimsical physiology of Shakespeare's age. Thus, says Thomas Lupton, in *The Seventh Booke of Notable Things*, 4to. bl. 1. "The female vyper doth open her mouth to receyve ye generative, &c. of the male vyper, which receyved, she doth byte off his head. This is the maner of the froward generating of vipers.
And,

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy : I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not ?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something ;—you know all, lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse ?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen.

[*Exit.*

[*A Retreat sounded.*

Par. They are come from field : let us to Priam's hall,
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you
To help unarm our Hector : his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel,
Or force of Greekish sinews ; you shall do more
Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris ;
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have ;
Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee.

[*Exeunt.*

And, after that, the young vipers that springs of the same, do eate or gnaw asunder their mother's belly, therby comming or bursting forth. And so they (being revengers of theyr father's iniurye) do kyll theyr owne mother. You may see, they were a towardly kynde of people, that were called the *generation of vipers.*" *St. Matthew, iii. 7, &c.*

STEEVENS.

⁵ However *Pan.* may have got shuffled to the head of this speech, no more of it, I am confident, than the last five or six words belongs to that character. The rest is clearly *Helen's.* RITSON.

SCENE

SCENE II.

*The same. Pandarus' Orchard.**Enter PANDARUS and a Servant, meeting.*

Pan. How now? where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Serv. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. O, here he comes.—How now, how now?

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit Servant.*]

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deserfer! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here i'the orchard, I'll bring her straight.

[*Exit PANDARUS.*]

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense; What will it be,
When that the watry palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind
so

so short, as if she were fray'd with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain:—she fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow. [Exit PANDARUS.]

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom: My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse; And all my powers do their bestowing lose, Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring The eye of majesty.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby. —Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her, that you have sworn to me.—What, are you gone again? you must be watch'd ere you be made tame,⁴ must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i'the fills⁵—Why do you not speak to her?—Come draw this curtain, and let's see your picture.⁶ Alas the day, how loath you are to offend day-light! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress.⁷ How now, a kiss in fee-farm!⁸ build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i'the river:⁹ go to, go to.

Tro.

⁴ Alluding to the manner of taming hawks. STEEVENS.

Hawks were tam'd by being kept from sleep, and thus Pandarus means that Cressida should be tamed. MALONE.

⁵ That is, in the shafts. *Fill* is a provincial word used in some counties for *thills*, the shafts of a cart or waggon. MALONE.

⁶ It should seem from these words that Cressida, like Olivia in *Twelfth Night*, was intended to come in veil'd. Pandarus however had as usual a double meaning. MALONE.

⁷ The allusion is to *bowling*. What we now call *the jack*, seems in Shakspeare's time to have been termed *the mistress*. A bowl that kisses *the jack* or *mistress*, is in the most advantageous situation. *Rub on* is a term at the same game. MALONE.

⁸ Is a kiss of a duration that has no bounds; a fee-farm being a grant of lands in fee, that is, for ever, reserving a certain rent. MALONE.

⁹ Pandarus means, that he'll match his niece against her lover for any bett. The *tercel* is the male hawk; by the *faulcon* we generally understand the female. THEOBALD.

I think we should rather read:—at the tercel—. TYRWHITT.

Mr. M. Mason observes that the meaning of this difficult passage is, “I will back the falcon against the tiercel, I will wager that the falcon is equal to the tiercel.” STEEVENS.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds : but she'll be-reave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again ? Here's—*In witness whereof the parties interchangeably*³—Come in, come in ; I'll go get a fire.

[*Exit PANDARUS.*]

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord ?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wish'd me thus ?

Cres. Wish'd, my lord ?—The gods grant !—O my lord !

Tro. What should they grant ? what makes this pretty abruption ? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love ?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils of cherubins ; they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear : To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear : in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.⁴

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither ?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings ; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers ;⁵ thinking it harder for our mistresses to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined ; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform ; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters ?

Tro.

³ Have set their hands and *seals*. So afterwards : “ Go to, a bargain made : *seal* it, *seal* it.” MALONE.

⁴ From this passage, a *Fear* appears to have been a personage in other pageants ; or perhaps in our ancient Moralities. STEEVENS.

⁵ Here we have, not a Trojan prince talking to his mistress, but Orlando Furioso vowing that he will endure every calamity that can be imagined ; boasting that he will achieve more than ever *knight* performed. MALONE.

Tro. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare, till merit crown it:⁶ no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert, before his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble.⁷ Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth;⁸ and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me: Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are woo'd, they are constant, being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:— Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day, For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord, With the first glance that ever—Pardon me;— If I confess much, you will play the tyrant. I love you now; but not, till now, so much

But

⁶ I cannot forbear to observe, that the quarto reads thus: *Our head shall go bare, till merit lower part no affection, in reversion, &c.* Had there been no other copy, how could this have been corrected? The true reading is in the folio. JOHNSON.

⁷ We will give him no high or pompous titles. JOHNSON.

Addition is still the term used by conveyancers in describing the quality and condition of the parties to deeds, &c. REED.

⁸ i. e. shall be *only* a mock for his truth. Even malice (for such is the meaning of the word *envy*) shall not be able to impeach his truth, or attack him in any other way except by ridiculing him for his constancy.

MALONE.

But I might master it:—in faith, I lie;
 My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
 Too headstrong for their mother: See, we fools!
 Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
 When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
 But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
 And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;
 Or that we women had men's privilege
 Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
 For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
 The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
 Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
 My very soul of counsel: Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet musick issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
 'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:
 I am ashamed;—O heavens! what have I done?—
 For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning,—

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun
 Yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try:⁹
 I have a kind of self resides with you;
 But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
 To be another's fool. I would be gone:—
 Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

Tro. Well know they what they speak, that speak so
 wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love;
 And fell so roundly to a large confession,
 To angle for your thoughts: But you are wise;

Or

⁹ This verse being imperfect, I suppose our author to have originally written:

Let me go in, my lord, and try. STEEVENS.

Or else you love not; For to be wise, and love;
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.²

Tro. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will presume in you,)
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;³
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!⁴
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,—
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match⁵ and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,

And

² I read:

——but we're not wise,
Or else we love not; to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might;——

Cressida, in return to the praise given by Troilus to her wisdom, replies:
“That lovers are never wise; that it is beyond the power of man to bring
love and wisdom to an union.” JOHNSON.

I don't think that this passage requires any amendment. Cressida's
meaning is this: “Perchance I fell too roundly to confession, in order to
angle for your thoughts; but you are not so easily taken in; you are too
wise or too indifferent; for to be wise and love, exceeds man's might.

M. MASON.

This is from Spenser, *Shepherd's Calendar, March*:

“To be wise, and eke to love,
“Is granted scarce to gods above.” TYRWHITT.

The thought originally belongs to *Publius Syrus*, among whose sentences
we find this:

“Amare et sapere vix Deo conceditur.” MALONE.

³ Troilus alludes to the perpetual lamps which were supposed to
illuminate sepulchres:

“——lasting flames, that burn
“To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.”

STEEVENS.

⁴ *Blood* in Shakspeare frequently means desire, appetite. MALONE.

In the present instance, the word *blood* has its common signification.

STEEVENS.

⁵ I wish “my integrity might be met and matched with such equality
and force of pure unmingled love.” JOHNSON.

And simpler than the infancy of truth.⁷

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,

When right with right wars who shall be most right!

True swains in love shall, in the world to come,

Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,

Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,⁸

Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,⁹—

As true as steel,² as plantage to the moon,³

As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,

As iron to adamant, as earth to the center,—

Yet, after all comparisons of truth,

As

⁷ This is fine; and means, “Ere truth, to defend itself against deceit in the commerce of the world, had, out of necessity, learned worldly policy.” WARBURTON.

⁸ —compare,] i. e. comparison. STEEVENS.

⁹ The metre, as well as the sense, of the last verse will be improved, I think, by reading:

Want similes of truth, tir'd with iteration,—

So, a little lower in the same speech:

Yet after all comparisons of truth. TYRWHITT.

This is a very probable conjecture. *Truth* at present has no verb to which it can relate. MALONE.

² *As true as steel* is an ancient proverbial simile. STEEVENS.

Mirrors formerly being made of steel, I once thought the meaning might be, “as true as the mirror, which faithfully exhibits every image that is presented before it.” But I now think with Mr. Steevens, that—*As true as steel* was merely a proverbial expression, without any such allusion. MALONE.

³ Alluding to the common opinion of the influence the moon has over what is *planted* or *sown*, which was therefore done in the increase.

WARBURTON.

Plantage is not, I believe, a general term, but the herb which we now call *plantain*, in Latin, *plantago*, which was, I suppose, imagined to be under the peculiar influence of the moon. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare speaks of *plantain* by its common appellation in *Romeo and Juliet*; and yet in *Sappho and Phao*, 1591, *Mandrake* is called *Mandrage*:

“How next thy vines *mandrage*.” STEEVENS.

This may be fully illustrated by a quotation from Scott's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*: “The poore husbandman perceiveth that the increase of the *moone* maketh *plants* frutefull: so as in the *full moone* they are in the best strength; decaying in the *wane*; and in the *conjunction* do utterlie wither and fade.” FARMER.

As truth's authentick author to be cited,⁴
 As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,⁵
 And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be!
 If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
 When time is old and hath forgot itself,
 When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,
 And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
 And mighty states characterless are grated
 To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
 From false to false, among false maids in love,
 Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said—as false
 As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
 As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
 Pard to the hind, or step-dame to her son;
 Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
 As false as Cressid.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I'll be the witness.—Here I hold your hand; here, my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be call'd to the world's end after my name, call them all—Pandars; let all constant men⁶ be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.

Tro.

⁴ Troilus shall *crown the verse*, as a man to be cited as the authentick author of truth; as one whose protestations were true to a proverb. JOHNSON.

⁵ i. e. conclude it. *Finis coronat opus.* STEEVENS.

⁶ Though Sir T. Hanmer's emendation [*inconstant*] be plausible, I believe Shakspeare wrote—*constant*. He seems to have been less attentive to make Pandar talk consequentially, than to account for the ideas *actually annexed* to the three names. Now it is certain, that, in his time, a *Troilus* was as clear an expression for a *constant lover*, as a *Cressida* and a *Pandar* were for a *jilt* and a *pimp*. TYRWHITT.

I entirely agree with Mr. Tyrwhitt, and am happy to have his opinion in support of the reading of the old copy, from which, in my apprehension, we ought not to deviate, except in cases of extreme necessity. Of the assertion in the latter part of his note relative to the constancy of Troilus various proofs are furnished by our old poets.

Mr. M. Mason objects, that *constant* cannot be the true reading, because Pandarus has already supposed that they should *both* prove *false* to each other,

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber and a bed,⁷ which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death : away.

And Cupid grant all tongue-ty'd maidens here,

Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this geer ? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Grecian Camp.

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, and CALCHAS.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind,

That,

and it would therefore be absurd for him to say that *Troilus* should be quoted as an example of *constancy*. But to this the answer is, that Shakspeare himself knew what the event of the story was, and who the person was that did prove false ; that many expressions in his plays have dropped from him in consequence of that knowledge that are improper in the mouth of the speaker ; and that in his licentious mode of writing, the words, “ *if ever you prove false to one another,*” may mean, not, if you *both* prove false, but, if it should happen that any *falsehood or breach of faith* should disunite you *who are now thus attached to each other*. This might and did happen, by one of the parties proving false, and breaking her engagement.

The modern editions read—if ever you prove false to one another ; but the reading of the text is that of the quarto and folio, and was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age. MALONE.

It is clearly the intention of the poet that this imprecation should be such a one as was verified by the event, as it is in part to this very day. But neither was *Troilus* ever used to denote an *inconstant* lover, nor, if we believe the story, did he ever deserve the character, as both the others did in truth deserve that shame here imprecated upon them. Besides, *Pandarus*, seems to adjust his imprecation to those of the other two preceding, just as they dropped from their lips ; as *false as Cressid*, and consequently *as true* (or *as constant*) *as Troilus*. HEATH.

⁷ These words are not in the old copy, but what follows shews that they were inadvertently omitted. MALONE.

This deficiency was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer. He reads, however, “ —a chamber *with* a bed ; which bed, because,” &c.

STEEVENS.

That, through the sight I bear in things, to Jove⁸
I have abandon'd Troy,⁹ left my possession,

Incurr'd

⁸ This passage in all the modern editions is silently depraved, and printed thus:

— *through the sight I bear in things to come*, —.

The word is so printed that nothing but the sense can determine whether it be *love* or *Jove*. I believe that the editors read it as *love*, and therefore made the alteration to obtain some meaning. JOHNSON.

I do not perceive why *love*, the clear and evident reading of both the quartos and folios, should be passed over without some attempt to explain it. In my opinion it may signify—"No longer assisting Troy with my advice, I have left it to the dominion of *love*, to the consequences of the amour of Paris and Helen." STEEVENS.

⁹ This reasoning perplexes Mr. Theobald; "He foresaw his country was undone; he ran over to the Greeks; and this he makes a merit of (says the editor). I own (continues he) the motives of his oratory seem to be somewhat perverse and unnatural. Nor do I know how to reconcile it, unless our poet purposely intended to make Calchas act the part of a *true priest*, and so from motives of self-interest insinuate the merit of service." The editor did not know how to reconcile this. Nor I neither. For I do not know what he means by "the motives of his oratory," or, "from motives of self-interest to insinuate merit." But if he would insinuate, that it was the poet's design to make his priest self-interested, and to represent to the Greeks that what he did for his own preservation, was done for their service, he is mistaken. Shakspeare thought of nothing so silly, as it would be to draw his priest a *knave*, in order to make him talk like a *fool*. Though that be the fate which generally attends their abusers. But Shakspeare was no such; and consequently wanted not this cover for dulness. The *perverseness* is all the editor's own, who interprets,

— *through the sight I have in things to come*,

I have abandon'd Troy—

to signify, "by my power of prescience finding my country must be ruined, I have therefore abandoned it to seek refuge with you;" whereas the true sense is, "Be it known unto you, that on account of a gift or faculty I have of seeing things to come, which faculty I suppose would be esteemed by you as acceptable and useful, I have abandoned Troy my native country." That he could not mean what the editor supposes, appears from these considerations: First, if he had represented himself as running from a falling city, he could never have said:

"I have—expos'd myself,

"From *certain* and possess'd conveniencies,

"To *doubtful* fortunes;—

Secondly, the absolute knowledge of the fall of Troy was a secret hid from the inferior gods themselves; as appears from the poetical history of that war. It depended on many contingencies, whose existence they did not foresee. All that they knew was, that if such and such things happened,

Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
 From certain and possess'd conveniences,
 To doubtful fortunes; séquest'ring from me all
 That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
 Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
 And here, to do you service, am become
 As new into the world,² strange, unacquainted:
 I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
 To give me now a little benefit,
 Out of those many register'd in promise,
 Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What would'st thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
 Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.

Of

happened, Troy would fall. And this secret they communicated to Cassandra only, but along with it, the fate not to be believed. Several others knew each a several part of the secret; *one*, that Troy could not be taken unless Achilles went to the war; another, that it could not fall while it had the *palladium*; and so on. But the secret, that it was absolutely to fall, was known to none.—The sense here given will admit of no dispute amongst those who know how acceptable a *seer* was amongst the Greeks. So that this Calchas, *like a true priest*, if it needs must be so, went where he could exercise his profession with most advantage. For it being much less common amongst the Greeks than the Asiatics, there would be a greater demand for it. WARBURTON.

I am afraid, that after all the learned commentator's efforts to clear the argument of Calchas, it will still appear liable to objection; nor do I discover more to be urged in his defence, than that though his skill in divination determined him to leave Troy, yet that he joined himself to Agamemnon and his army by unconstrained good-will; and though he came as a fugitive escaping from destruction, yet his services after his reception, being voluntary and important, deserved reward. This argument is not regularly and distinctly deduced, but this is, I think, the best explication that it will yet admit. JOHNSON.

Mr. Theobald thinks it strange that Calchas should claim any merit from having joined the Greeks after he had said that he knew his country was undone; but there is no inconsistency: he had left, from whatever cause, what was dear to him, his country, friends, children, &c. and, having joined and *served* the Greeks, was entitled to protection and reward.

² On the phrase—*As new into the world*, (for so the old copy reads,) I must observe, that it appears from a great number of passages in our old writers, the word *into* was formerly often used in the sense of *unto*, as it evidently is here. MALONE.

Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore,)
 Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
 Whom Troy hath still deny'd: But this Antenor,
 I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,²
 That their negociations all must slack,
 Wanting his manage: and they will almost
 Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
 In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
 And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
 Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
 In most accepted pain.³

Agam. Let Diomed bear him,
 And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have
 What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
 Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
 Withal, bring word—if Hector will to-morrow
 Be answer'd in this challenge; Ajax is ready.

Dio.

² According to Dr. Johnson, who quotes this line in his Dictionary, the meaning is, that the *loss* of Antenor is such a *violent distortion* of their affairs, &c. But as in a former scene we had *o'er-rested* for *o'er-wrested*, so here I strongly suspect *wrest* has been printed instead of *rest*. Antenor is such a *stay* or support of their affairs, &c. All the ancient English muskets had *rests* by which they were supported. The subsequent words—*wanting his manage*—appear to me to confirm the emendation. To say that Antenor *himself* (for so the passage runs, not the *loss* of Antenor,) is a violent distortion of the Trojan negotiations, is little better than nonsense. MALONE.

I have been informed that a *wrest* anciently signified a sort of tuning-hammer, by which the strings of some musical instruments were screwed or *wrested* up to their proper degree of tension. Antenor's advice might be supposed to produce a congenial effect on the Trojan councils, which otherwise

“ ——— must slack,

“ Wanting his manage;——.” STEEVENS.

Wrest is not misprinted for *rest*, as Mr. Malone supposes in his correction of Dr. Johnson, who has certainly mistaken the sense of this word. It means an instrument for tuning the harp by *drawing up* the strings.

DOUCE.

³ Sir T. Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton after him, read:

In most accepted pay.

They do not seem to understand the construction of the passage. *Her presence*, says Calchas, *shall strike off*, or recompence the service I have done, even in those labours which were most accepted. JOHNSON.

Dio. This shall I undertake ; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt* DIOMEDES and CALCHAS.

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, before their Tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands i'the entrance of his tent : —
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot ; — and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him : —
I will come last : 'Tis like, he'll question me,
Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turn'd on him : ⁴
If so, I have derision med'cinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink ;
It may do good : pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride ; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along ; —
So do each lord ; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me ?
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles ? would he aught with us ?

Nest. Would you, my lord ; aught with the general ?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better.

[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON and NESTOR.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you ? how do you ? [*Exit* MENELAUS.

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me ?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus ?

Achil.

⁴ If the eyes were *bent* on him, they were *turn'd* on him. This tautology therefore, together with the redundancy of the line, plainly show that we ought to read, with Sir Thomas Hanmer :

Why such unplausive eyes are bent on him : — . STEEVENS.

Achil.

Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax.

Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.*Ajax.*

Ay, and good next day too.

[Exit AJAX.]

Achil. What mean these fellows? know they not Achilles?*Patr.* They pass by strangely: they were us'd to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.*Achil.*

What, am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, Greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings, but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
I'll interrupt his reading.—
How now, Ulysses?

Ulyss.

Now, great Thetis' son?

Achil. What are you reading?*Ulyss.*

A strange fellow here
Writes me, That man—how dearly ever parted,⁵
How much in having, or without, or in,—
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,

Nor

⁵ *However excellently endowed, with however dear or precious parts enriched or adorned.* JOHNSON.

Johnson's explanation of the word *parted* is just. M. MASON.

Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face,
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes; nor doth the eye itself
(That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form.
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there
Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar; but at the author's drift:
Who, in his circumstance,⁶ expressly proves—
That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there be much consisting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they are extended; which, like an arch, rever-
berates
The voice again: or like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun,⁷ receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.⁸
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there
are,
Most abject in regard, and dear in use
What things again most dear in the esteem,

And

⁶ In the detail or circumduction of his argument. JOHNSON.

⁷ This idea appears to have been caught from some of our ancient romances, which often describe gates of similar materials and effulgence. STEEVENS.

⁸ Ajax, who has abilities which were never brought into view or use.

And poor in worth ! Now shall we see to-morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd.³ O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do !

How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,⁴
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes !

How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting⁵ in his wantonness !

To see these Grecian lords !—why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder ;

As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrinking.

Achil. I do believe it : for they pass'd by me,
As misers do by beggars ; neither gave to me
Good word, nor look : What, are my deeds forgot ?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,⁶
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-fiz'd monster of ingratitude :
Those scraps are good deeds past ; which are devour'd

As

³ I once thought that we ought to read *renown*. But by considering the middle line as parenthetical, the passage is sufficiently clear.

MALONE.

By placing a break after *him*, the construction will be :—*Now we shall see to-morrow an act that very chance doth throw upon him*—[we shall see] Ajax renown'd. HENLEY.

⁴ To *creep* is to *keep out of sight* from whatever motive. Some men *keep out of notice in the hall of fortune*, while others, though they but *play the idiot*, are always *in her eye*, in the way of distinction. JOHNSON.

I cannot think that *creep*, used without any explanatory word, can mean to *keep out of sight*. While some men, says Ulysses, remain *tamely inactive* in fortune's hall, without any effort to excite her attention, others, &c. Such, I think, is the meaning. MALONE.

⁵ Quarto. The folio has *feasting*. Either word may bear a good sense. JOHNSON.

I have preferred *fasting*, the reading of the quarto, to *feasting*, which we find in the folio, not only because the quarto copies are in general preferable to the folio, but because the original reading furnishes that kind of antithesis of which our poet was so fond. One man eats, while another fasts. Achilles is he who fasts ; who capriciously abstains from those active exertions which would furnish new food for his pride.

MALONE.

⁶ This speech is printed in all the modern editions with such deviations from the old copy, as exceed the lawful power of an editor.

JOHNSON.

As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
 As done : Perseverance, dear my lord,
 Keeps honour bright : To have done, is to hang
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
 In monumental mockery. Take the instant way ;
 For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
 Where one but goes abreast : keep then the path ;
 For emulation hath a thousand sons,
 That one by one pursue : If you give way,
 Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
 Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
 And leave you hindmost ;—
 Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
 Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
 O'er-run⁷ and trampled on : Then what they do in present,
 Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours :
 For time is like a fashionable host,
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand ;
 And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
 Grasps-in the comer : Welcome ever smiles,
 And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
 Remuneration for the thing it was ;
 For beauty, wit,⁸
 High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all

To

⁷ The quarto wholly omits the simile of the horse, and reads thus :

And leave you hindmost, then what they do at present——.

The folio seems to have some omission, for the simile begins,

Or, like a gallant horse——. JOHNSON.

The construction is, Or, like a gallant horse, &c. you lie there for pavement—; the personal pronoun of a preceding line being understood here. There are many other passages in these plays in which a similar ellipsis is found. MALONE.

⁸ The modern editors read :

For beauty, wit, high birth, desert in service, &c.

I do not deny but the changes produce a more easy lapse of numbers, but they do not exhibit the work of Shakspeare. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson might have said,—the work of Shakspeare as mangled by theatres, ignorant transcribers, and unskilful printers. He has somewhere else observed, that perhaps we have not received one of our author's plays as it was originally written. STEEVENS.

To envious and calumniating time.
 One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
 That all with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
 Though they are made and moulded of things past;
 And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
 More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.⁹
 The present eye praises the present object:
 Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
 That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
 Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
 Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
 And still it might, and yet it may again,
 If thou would'st not entomb thyself alive,
 And case thy reputation in thy tent;
 Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,

Made

⁹ The old copies—*goe to dust.*] In this mangled condition do we find this truly fine observation transmitted. Mr. Pope saw it was corrupt, and therefore, as I presume, threw it out of the text; because he would not *indulge his private sense* in attempting to make sense of it. I owe the foundation of the amendment, which I have given in the text, to the sagacity of the ingenious Dr. Thirlby. I read:

*And give to dust that is a little gilt,
 More laud than they will give to gold, o'er dusted.* THEOBALD.

This emendation has been adopted by the succeeding editors, but recedes too far from the copy. There is no other corruption than such as Shakspeare's incorrectness often resembles. He has omitted the article—to in the second line: he should have written:

More laud than to gilt o'er-dusted. JOHNSON.

Gilt in the second line is a substantive.

Dust a little gilt means, ordinary performances ostentatiously displayed and magnified by the favour of friends and that admiration of novelty which prefers "new-born gawds" to "things past." *Gilt o'er-dusted* means, splendid actions of preceding ages, the remembrance of which is weakened by time.

The poet seems to have been thinking either of those monuments which he has mentioned in *All's well that ends well*:

"Where *dust* and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
 "Of honour'd bones indeed;——."

or of the *gilded* armour, trophies, banners, &c. often hung up in churches in "monumental mockery." MALONE.

Made emulous missions ² 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drove great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical :
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.³

Achil. Ha! known?

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?
The providence that's in a watchful state,
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold; ⁴
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;
Keeps place with thought,⁵ and almost, like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery (with whom relation
Durst never meddle ⁶) in the soul of state;

Which

² The meaning of *mission* seems to be *dispatches* of the gods from heaven about mortal business, such as often happened at the siege of Troy.

JOHNSON.

It means the descent of deities to combat on either side; an idea which Shakspeare very probably adopted from Chapman's translation of Homer. In the fifth book Diomed wounds Mars, who on his return to heaven is rated by Jupiter for having interfered in the battle. This disobedience is the *faction* which I suppose Ulysses would describe.

STEEVENS.

³ Polyxena, in the act of marrying whom, he was afterwards killed by Paris. STEEVENS.

⁴ For this elegant line the quarto has only :

Knows almost every thing. JOHNSON.

The old copy has—*Pluto's gold*; but, I think, we should read—*of Plutus' gold.* STEEVENS.

The correction of this obvious error of the press, needs no justification, though it was not admitted by Mr. Steevens in his own edition.

MALONE.

⁵ i. e. there is in the providence of a state, as in the providence of the universe, a kind of *ubiquity*. The expression is exquisitely fine: yet the Oxford editor alters it to—*Keeps pace*, and so destroys all its beauty.

WARBURTON.

Is there not here some allusion to that sublime description of the divine omnipresence in the 139th Psalm? HENLEY.

⁶ There is a secret administration of affairs, which no *history* was ever able to discover. JOHNSON.

Which hath an operation more divine,
 Than breath, or pen, can give expreſſure to :
 All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
 As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord ;
 And better would it fit Achilles much,
 To throw down Hector, than Polyxena :
 But it muſt grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
 When fame ſhall in our iſlands ſound her trump :
 All the Greekiſh girls ſhall tripping ſing,—
Great Hector's ſiſter did Achilles win ;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.
 Farewell, my lord : I as your lover ſpeak ;
 The fool ſlides o'er the ice that you ſhould break. [Exit.]

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you :
 A woman impudent and mannish grown
 Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
 In time of action. I ſtand condemn'd for this ;
 They think, my little ſtomach to the war,
 And your great love to me, reſtrains you thus :
 Sweet, rouse yourſelf ; and the weak wanton Cupid
 Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
 And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
 Be ſhook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector ?

Patr. Ay ; and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

Achil. I ſee, my reputation is at ſtake ;
 My fame is ſhrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O, then beware ;
 Thoſe wounds heal ill, that men do give themſelves :
 Omiſſion to do what is neceſſary ?
 Seals a commiſſion to a blank of danger ;
 And danger, like an ague, ſubtly taints
 Even then when we ſit idly in the ſun.

Achil. Go call Therſites hither, ſweet-Patroclus :
 I'll ſend the fool to Ajax, and deſire him
 To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,
 To ſee us here unarm'd : I have a woman's longing,
 An appetite that I am ſick withal,

To

⁷ By neglecting our duty we *commiſſion* or enable that danger of *diſhonour*, which could not reach us before, to lay hold upon us. JOHNSON.

To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd!

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a stride, and a stand: ruminates, like an hostess, that hath no arithmetick but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politick regard,⁸ as who should say—there were wit in this head, an 'twould out; and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i'the combat, he'll break it himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said, *Good morrow*, Ajax; and he replies, *Thanks*, Agamemnon. What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He is grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my embassador to him, Therites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars? he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: Tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarm'd to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honour'd captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.

Patr.

⁸ With a sly look. JOHNSON.

Patr. Jove blefs great Ajax.

Ther. Humph!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who moft humbly defires you, to invite Hector to his tent;—

Ther. Humph!

Patr. And to procure fafe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What fay you to't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, fir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howfoever, he fhall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, fir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o'tune thus. What mufick will be in him when Hector has knock'd out his brains, I know not: But, I am fure, none; unlefs the fiddler Apollo get his finews to make catlings on.⁵

Achil. Come, thou fhalt bear a letter to him ftraight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horfe; for that's the more capable creature.⁶

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain firr'd; And I myfelf fee not the bottom of it.⁷

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.]

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an afs at it! I had rather be a tick in a fheep, than fuch a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*]

⁵ It has been already obferved that a *catling* fignifies a fmall lute-string made of *catgut*. One of the muficians in *Romeo and Juliet* is called Simon *Carling*. STEEVENS.

⁶ The more *intelligent* creature. MALONE.

⁷ This is an image frequently introduced by our author. STEEVENS.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Troy. *A Street.*

Enter, at one side, ÆNEAS, and Servant, with a torch; at the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, and Others, with torches.

Par. See, ho! who's that there?

Dei. 'Tis the lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person?—
Had I so good occasion to lie long,
As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas: take his hand:
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told—how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce:⁸
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health:
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward.—In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,⁹

No

⁸ I once thought to read:

During all quiet of the gentle truce:

But I think *question* means intercourse, interchange of conversation:

JOHNSON.

Question of the gentle truce is, conversation while the gentle truce lasts.

MALONE.

⁹ This oath was used to insinuate his resentment for Diomedes' wounding his mother in the hand. WARBURTON.

I believe Shakspeare had no such allusion in his thoughts. He would hardly have made Æneas civil and uncivil in the same breath. STEEVENS.

No man alive can love, in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize :—Jove, let *Æneas* live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun !
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound ; and that to-morrow !

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do ; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despiteful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—
What business, lord, so early ?

Æne. I was sent for to the king ; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you ;³ 'Twas to bring this
Greek

To Calchas' house ; and there to render him,
For the enfréed Antenor, the fair Cressid :
Let's have your company ; or, if you please,
Haste there before us : I constantly do think,
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge,)
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night ;
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore : I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I assure you ;
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help ;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord ; we'll follow you.

Æne. Good morrow, all. [Exit.

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed ; 'faith, tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself, or Menelaus ?

Dio. Both alike :
He merits well to have her, that doth seek her
(Not making any scruple of her foilure,)
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge ;

And

³ I bring you his meaning and his orders. JOHNSON.

And you as well to keep her, that defend her
 (Not palating the taste of her dishonour,)
 With such a costly loss of wealth and friends :
 He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
 The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece ;⁴
 You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
 Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors :
 Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more ;
 But he as he, the heavier for a whore.⁵

Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

Dia. She's bitter to her country : Hear me, Paris,—
 For every false drop in her bawdy veins
 A Grecian's life hath sunk ; for every scruple
 Of her contaminated carrion weight,
 A Trojan hath been slain : since she could speak,
 She hath not given so many good words breath,
 As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
 Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy :

But

⁴ i. e. a piece of wine out of which the spirit is all flown.

WARBURTON.

⁵ I read :

But he as he, each heavier for a whore ?

Heavy is taken both for *weighty*, and for *sad* or *miserable*. The quarto reads :

But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

I know not whether the thought is not that of a wager. It must then be read thus :

But he as he. Which heavier for a whore ?

That is, *for a whore staked down, which is the heavier ?* JOHNSON.

As the quarto reads :

—the heavier for a whore,

I think all new pointing or alteration unnecessary. The sense appears to be this : the merits of either are sunk in value, because the contest between them is only for a strumpet. STEEVENS.

The merits of each, whatever they may be, being weigh'd one against the other, are exactly equal ; in each of the scales, however, in which their merits are to be weighed, a harlot must be placed, since each of them has been equally attached to one.—This is the reading of the quarto. The folio reads,

—which heavier for a whore. MALONE.

But we in silence hold this virtue well,—
 We'll not commend what we intend to sell.⁶
 Here lies our way. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

The same. Court before the House of Pandarus.

Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.

Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;
 He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not;
 To bed, to bed: Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
 And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
 As infants' empty of all thought!

Cres. Good morrow then.

Tro. 'Pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cres. Are you aweary of me?

Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
 Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,

And

⁶ I believe the meaning is only this: though you practice the buyer's art, we will not practice the seller's. We intend to sell Helen dear, yet will not commend her. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton would read—*not* sell. STEEVENS.

The sense, I think, requires we should read—*condemn*. TYRWHITT.

When Dr. Johnson says, they meant to sell Helen dear, he evidently does not mean that they really intended to sell her at all, (as he has been understood,) but that the Greeks should pay very dear for her, if they had her. We'll not commend what we intend to make you pay very dear for, if you have her. So Ajax says in a former scene, "however, he shall pay for me, ere he has me."

Commend is, I think, the true reading, our author having introduced a similar sentiment in two other places. MALONE.

Surely Dr. Warburton's reading is the true one.

We'll not commend what we intend not sell,
 is evidently opposed to

"Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:"
 in the same speech.

Of such elliptical phraseology as is introduced by Dr. Warburton's emendation, our author's plays will afford numerous examples.

STEEVENS.

And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights⁷ she
stays,
As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. Pr'ythee, tarry;
You men will never tarry.—
O foolish Cressid!—I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarry'd. Hark! there's one up.

Pan. [*Within.*] What, are all the doors open here?

Tro. It is your uncle.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life,—

Pan. How now, how now? how go maidenheads?
—Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?

Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!
You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her say what: what
have I brought you to do?

Cres. Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er be
good,
Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchia!⁸—
hast

⁷ i. e. *venefici*; those who practise nocturnal sorcery. STEEVENS.

⁸ Pandarus would say, I think, in English—*Poor innocent! Poor fool! hast not slept to-night?* These appellations are very well answered by the Italian word *capocchio*: for *capocchio* signifies the thick head of a club; and thence metaphorically, a head of not much brain, a sot, dullard, heavy gull.

THEOBALD.

The word in the old copy is *chipochia*, for which Mr. Theobald substituted *capocchio*, which he has rightly explained. *Capochia* may perhaps be used with propriety in the same sense, when applied to a *female*; but the word has also an entirely different meaning, not reconcileable to the context here, for which I choose to refer the reader to *Florio's Italian Dictionary*, 1598. MALONE.

hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him! [Knocking.]

Cres. Did not I tell you?—'would he were knock'd o'the head!—

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—

My lord, come you again into my chamber:

You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha!

Cres. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.— [Knocking.]

How earnestly they knock!—pray you, come in;

I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[Exeunt TROIILUS and CRESSIDA.]

Pan. [Going to the door.] Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now? what's the matter?

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my lord Æneas? By my troth, I knew you not: what news with you so early?

Æne. Is not prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him; It doth import him much, to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn:—For my own part, I came in late: What should he do here?

Æne. Who!—nay, then:—

Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are 'ware:

You'll be so true to him, to be false to him:

Do not you know of him, yet go fetch him hither;

Go.

As PANDARUS is going out, enter TROIILUS.

Tro. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you, My matter is so rash: There is at hand

Paris

9 My business is so hasty and so abrupt. JOHNSON.

Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded?

Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy:
They are at hand and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them: and, my lord Æneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt TROILUS and ÆNEAS.*]

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost? The devil take
Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon
Antenor! I would, they had broke's neck!

Enter CRESSIDA.

Cres. How now? What is the matter? Who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord gone?
Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth, as I am above!

Cres. O the gods!—what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'Would thou had'st ne'er been
born! I knew, thou would'st be his death:—O poor gentle-
man!—A plague upon Antenor!

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees, I beseech
you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou
are changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be
gone from Troilus; 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane;
he cannot bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;
I know no touch of consanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,

As

As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine!
 Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,
 If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
 Do to this body what extremes you can;
 But the strong base and building of my love
 Is as the very center of the earth,
 Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep;—

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks;
 Crack my clear voice with fobs, and break my heart
 With founding Troilus. I will not go from Troy. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. Before Pandarus' House.

*Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR,
 and DIOMEDES.*

Par. It is great morning;² and the hour prefix'd
 Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
 Comes fast upon:—Good my brother Troilus,
 Tell you the lady what she is to do,
 And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk in to her house;
 I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:
 And to this hand when I deliver her,
 Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus
 A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit.*]

Par. I know what 'tis to love;
 And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!—
 Please you, walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same. A Room in Pandarus' House.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?

The

² *Grand jour*; a Gallicism. STEEVENS.

The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
 And violenteth in a sense as strong
 As that which causeth it:³ How can I moderate it?
 If I could temporize with my affection,
 Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
 The like allayment could I give my grief:
 My love admits no qualifying drops;
 No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—Ah sweet ducks!

Cres. O Troilus! Troilus! [*Embracing him.*]

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too: O heart,—as the goodly saying is,—

—— o heart, o heavy heart,

Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart,

By friendship, nor by speaking.

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse; we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs?

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
 That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy,
 More bright in zeal than the devotion which
 Cold lips blow to their deities,—take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too?

Tro.

³ The folio reads:

The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,

And no less in a sense as strong

As that which causeth it.——

The quarto otherwise:

The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,

And violenteth in a sense as strong

As that which causeth it.——

Violenteth is a word with which I am not acquainted, yet perhaps it may be right. The reading of the text is without authority. JOHNSON.

Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, jostles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,²
He fumbles up into a loose adieu;
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.³

Æne. [*Within.*] My lord! is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd: Some say, the Genius so
Cries, *Come!* to him that instantly must die.—
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or my
heart will be blown up by the root! [*Exit PANDARUS.*]

Cres. I must then to the Grecians?

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!—
When shall we see again?

Tro. Hear me, my love: Be thou but true of heart,—

Cres. I true! how now? what wicked deem is this? ⁴

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:—
I speak not, *be thou true*, as fearing thee;

For

² *Consign'd* means *sealed*; from *consigno*, Lat. MALONE.

³ i. e. of tears to which we are not permitted to give full vent, being interrupted and suddenly torn from each other. The poet was probably thinking of *broken* sobs, or *broken* slumbers. MALONE.

Broken tears is sufficiently explained by—*interrupted* tears.

STEEVENS.

⁴ *Deem* (a word now obsolete) signifies, *opinion*, *surmise*. STEEVENS.

For I will throw my glove to death ⁵ himself,
 That there's no maculation in thy heart :
 But, *be thou true*, say I, to fashion in
 My sequent protestation ; be thou true,
 And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to danger
 As infinite as imminent ! but, I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this
 sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you ?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
 To give thee nightly visitation.
 But yet, be true.

Cres. O heavens !—be true, again ?

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love ;
 The Grecian youths are full of quality ;
 They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature flowing,
 And swelling o'er with arts and exercise ;
 How novelty may move, and parts with person,
 Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
 (Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin,)
 Makes me afraid.

Cres. O heavens ! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain then !

In this I do not call your faith in question,
 So mainly as my merit : I cannot sing,
 Nor heel the high lavolt,⁶ nor sweeten talk,
 Nor play at subtle games ; fair virtues all,
 To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant :
 But I can tell, that in each grace of these
 There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,
 That tempts most cunningly ; but be not tempted.

Cres. Do you think, I will ?

Tro. No.

But something may be done, that we will not :
 And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,

When

⁵ That is, I will challenge death himself in defence of thy fidelity.

⁶ The *lavolta* was a dance. STEEVENS. JOHNSON.

When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Æne. [*Within.*] Nay, good my lord,——

Tro. Come, kifs; and let us part.

Par. [*Within.*] Brother Troilus!

Tro. Good brother, come you hither;

And bring *Æneas*, and the Grecian, with you.

Cres. My lord, will you be true?

Tro. Who I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth, catch mere simplicity;⁷
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is—plain, and true,—there's all the reach of it.

Enter *ÆNEAS*, *PARIS*, *ANTENOR*, *DEIPHOBUS*, and
DIOMEDES.

Welcome, sir *Diomed*! here is the lady,
Which for *Antenor* we deliver you:
At the port,⁸ lord, I'll give her to thy hand;
And, by the way, possess thee what she is.⁹
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name *Cressid*, and thy life shall be as safe
As *Priam* is in *Ilion*.

Dio. Fair lady *Cressid*,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to *Diomed*
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,

In

⁷ The meaning, I think, is, *while others*, by their art, gain high estimation, I, by honesty, obtain a plain simple approbation. JOHNSON.

⁸ The *port* is the gate. STEEVENS.

⁹ I will *make thee fully understand*. This sense of the word *possess* is frequent in our author. JOHNSON.

In praising her : ² I tell thee, lord of Greece,
 She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
 As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
 I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge ;
 For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
 Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
 I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus :
 Let me be privileg'd by my place, and message,
 To be a speaker free ; when I am hence,
 I'll answer to my lust : ³ And know you, lord,
 I'll nothing do on charge : To her own worth
 She shall be priz'd ; but that you say—be't so,
 I'll speak it in my spirit and honour,—no.

Tro. Come, to the port.—I'll tell thee, Diomed,
 This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
 Lady, give me your hand ; and, as we walk,
 To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt TROILUS, CRESSIDA, and DIOMED.*
[Trumpet heard.

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æne.

² Old copies—the *seal*.] To *shame* the *seal* of a petition is nonsense. Shakspeare wrote :

To *shame* the *zeal* —

and the sense is this: Grecian, you use me discourteously ; you see I am a *passionate* lover by my petition to you ; and therefore you should not shame the *zeal* of it, by promising to do what I require of you, for the sake of her *beauty* : when, if you had good manners, or a sense of a *lover's* delicacy, you would have promised to do it in compassion to his *pangs* and *sufferings*. WARBURTON.

Troilus, I suppose, means to say, that Diomedes does not use him courteously by addressing himself to Cressida, and assuring her that she shall be well treated for her own sake, and on account of her singular beauty, instead of making a direct answer to that *warm* request which Troilus had just made to him to “ entreat her fair.” MALONE.

³ *List* I think is right, though both the old copies read *lust*.

JOHNSON.

Lust is, *inclination*, *will*. HENLEY.

So, in *Exodus*, xv. 9 : “ I will divide the spoil ; my *lust* shall be satisfied upon them.” In many of our ancient writers, *lust* and *list* are synonymously employed. *I'll answer to my lust*, means—I'll follow my inclination. STEEVENS.

Lust was used formerly as synonymous to *pleasure*. MALONE.

Æne. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: Come, come, to field with him.

Dei. Let us make ready straight.⁴

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth, and single chivalry.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Grecian Camp. Lists set out.

Enter AJAX, arm'd; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR, and Others.

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,⁵

Anticipating

⁴ These five lines are not in the quarto, being probably added at the revision. JOHNSON.

But why should *Diomed* say,—*Let us make ready straight*? Was he to tend with them on Hector's heels? Certainly not. *Dio.* has therefore crept in by mistake; the line either is part of Paris's speech, or belongs to Deiphobus, who is in company. As to *Diomed*, he neither goes along with them, nor has any thing to get ready:—he is now walking with Troilus and Cressida, towards the gate, on his way to the Grecian camp.

RITSON.

This last speech cannot possibly belong to *Diomed*, who was a Grecian, and could not have addressed Paris and *Æneas*, as if they were going on the same party. This is in truth a continuation of the speech of *Paris*, and the preceding stage-direction should run thus: *Exeunt Troilus, Cressida, and Diomed, who had the charge of Cressida.*" M. MASON.

To the first of these lines, "*Let us make ready straight*," is prefixed in the folio, where alone the passage is found, *Dio.*

I suspect these five lines were an injudicious addition by the actors, for the sake of concluding the scene with a couplet; to which (if there be no corruption) they were more attentive than to the country of *Diomed*, or the particular commission he was entrusted with by the Greeks. The line in question, however, as has been suggested, may belong to *Deiphobus*. From *Æneas*'s first speech in p. 236, and the stage-direction in the quarto and folio prefixed to the third scene of this act, *Deiphobus* appears to be now on the stage; and *Dio.* and *Dei.* might have been easily confounded. As this slight change removes the absurdity, I have adopted it. It was undoubtedly intended by Shakspeare that *Diomed* should make his exit with *Troilus* and *Cressida*. MALONE.

⁵ Appointment is preparation. STEEVENS.

Anticipating time with starting courage.
 Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
 Thou dreadful Ajax ; that the appalled air
 May pierce the head of the great combatant,
 And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
 Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe :
 Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek⁶
 Out-swell the cholick of puff'd Aquilon :
 Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood ;
 Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*]

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Agam. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daughter ?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait ;
 He rises on the toe : that spirit of his
 In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMED, with CRESSIDA.

Agam. Is this the lady Cressid ?

Dio. Even she.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular ;
 'Twere better, she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel : I'll begin. —
 So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady :
 Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now :
 For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment ;
 And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns !
 For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

Patr.

⁶ Swelling out like the bias of a bowl. JOHNSON.

The idea is taken from the puffy cheeks of the winds, as represented in ancient prints, maps, &c. STEEVENS.

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kifs;—this, mine:
Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim!

Patr. Paris, and I, kifs evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kifs, fir:—Lady, by your leave.

Cres. In kissing, do you render, or receive?

Patr. Both take and give.⁷

Cres. I'll make my match to live,⁸

The kifs you take is better than you give;

Therefore no kifs.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cres. You're an odd man; give even, or give none.

Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.

Cres. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o'the head.

Cres. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.—
May I, sweet lady, beg a kifs of you?

Cres. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cres. Why, beg then.⁹

Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kifs,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kifs of you.²

Dio.

⁷ This speech should rather be given to Menelaus. TYRWHITT.

⁸ I will make such bargains as I may live by, such as may bring me profit, therefore will not take a worse kifs than I give. JOHNSON.

I believe this only means—*I'll lay my life.* TYRWHITT.

⁹ For the sake of rhyme we should read:

Why beg two.

If you think kisses worth begging, beg more than one. JOHNSON.

² I once gave both these lines to Cressida. She bids Ulysses beg a kifs; he asks that he may have it,

“When Helen is a maid again,——.”

She tells him that then he shall have it,—When Helen is a maid again:

“*Cres.* I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due;

“*Ulyss.* Never's my day, and then a kifs for you.”

But I rather think that Ulysses means to slight her, and that the present reading is right. JOHNSON.

Dio. Lady, a word ;—I'll bring you to your father.

[DIOMED leads out CRESSIDA.]

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss.

Fie, fie upon her!

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks ;³ her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.⁴
O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,⁵
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader ! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,⁶

And

³ One would almost think that Shakspeare had, on this occasion been reading *St. Chrysostom*, who says——“*Non loquuta es lingua, sed loquuta es gressu : non loquuta es voce, sed oculis loquuta es clarius quam voce ;*” i. e. “they say nothing with their mouths, they speak in their gait, they speak with their eyes, they speak in the carriage of their bodies.” I have borrowed this invective against a wanton as well as the translation of it, from *Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part III. Sect. II. Memb. 2. Subl. 3. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Motive*, for part that contributes to motion. JOHNSON.

⁵ Ere what comes ? As this passage stands, the pronoun *it*, has no antecedent. Johnson says, a *coasting* means an *amorous address, courtship*, but he has given no example to prove it, or shown how the word can possibly bear that meaning. I have no doubt but we should read :

And give accosting welcome ere it come. M. MASON.

Mr. M. Mason's conjecture is plausible and ingenious ; and yet, without some hesitation, it cannot be admitted into the text.

A *coasting welcome* may mean a *side-long glance of invitation*. Ere it comes, may signify, *before such an overture has reached her*. Perhaps, therefore, the plain sense of the passage may be, that Cressida is one of those females who *throw out their lure, before any like signal has been made to them by our sex*.

I always advance with reluctance what I cannot prove by examples ; and yet perhaps I may be allowed to add, that in some old book of voyages which I have formerly read, I remember that the phrase, a *coasting salute*, was used to express a salute of guns from a ship passing by a fortified place at which the navigator did not design to stop, though the salute was instantly returned. Cressida may therefore resemble a fortress which salutes before it has been saluted. STEEVENS.

A *coasting welcome* is a conciliatory welcome ; that makes silent *advances* before the tongue has uttered a word. MALONE.

⁶ Corrupt wenches, of whose chastity every opportunity may make a prey. JOHNSON.

And daughters of the game.

[Trumpet within.]

All. The Trojans' trumpet.

Agam.

Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR, arm'd; ÆNEAS, TROILUS, and other Trojans, with Attendants.

Æne. Hail, all the state of Greece! what shall be done
To him that victory commands?⁷ Or do you purpose,
A victor shall be known? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity⁸
Pursue each other? or shall they be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.

Achil.⁹ 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,²

A little

⁷ This phrase is scriptural, and signifies—*what honour shall he receive?*
So, in *Samuel I.* xvii. 26: “*What shall be done to the man that killeth this Philistine?*” STEEVENS.

⁸ So, in *All's well that ends well*: “*To the extreme edge of hazard.*”
STEEVENS.

⁹ This speech, in the old copies, is given to Agamemnon. MALONE.
It seems absurd to me, that Agamemnon should make a remark to the disparagement of Hector for pride, and that Æneas should immediately say,—

“If not Achilles, sir, what is your name?”

To Achilles I have ventured to place it; and consulting Mr. Dryden's alteration of this play, I was not a little pleased to find, that I had but seconded the opinion of that great man in this point. THEOBALD.

Though all the old copies agree in giving this speech to Agamemnon, I have no doubt but Theobald is right in restoring it to Achilles. It is this very speech, so much in character, that makes Æneas immediately recognize Achilles, and say in reply,

“If not Achilles, sir, what is your name?”

And it is to Achilles he afterwards addresses himself in reply to this speech; on which he answers the observation it contains on Hector's conduct, by giving his just character, and clearing himself from the charge of pride.—I have already observed that the copies of this play are uncommonly faulty with respect to the distribution of the speeches to the proper persons.

M. MASON.

² In the sense of the Latin, *securus*—*securus admodum de bello, animi securi homo*. A negligent security arising from a contempt of the object opposed. WARBURTON.

Dr.

A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir.

What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles: But, whate'er, know this;—
In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;⁴
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:⁵
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.⁶

Achil. A maiden battle then?—O, I perceive you.

Re-

Dr. Warburton truly observes, that the word *securely* is here used in the Latin sense: and Mr. Warner, in his ingenious letter to Mr. Garrick, thinks this sense peculiar to Shakspeare, "for (says he) I have not been able to trace it elsewhere." This gentleman has treated me with so much civility, that I am bound in honour to remove his difficulty.

It is to be found in the last act of *The Spanish Tragedy*:

"O damned devil' how *secure* he is."

In my Lord Bacon's *Essay on Tumults*, "neither let any prince or state be *secure* concerning discontents." And besides these, in Drayton, Fletcher, and the vulgar translation of the Bible.

Mr. Warner had as little success in his researches for the word *religion* in its Latin acceptation. I meet with it however in Hoby's translation of *Cast. lio*, 1561: "Some be so scrupalous, as it were, with a *religion* of this their Tuscan tongue."

Ben Jonson more than once uses both the *substantive* and the *adjective* in this sense.

As to the word *Cavalero*, with the Spanish termination, it is to be found in Heywood, Withers, Davies, Taylor, and many other writers. FARMER.

⁴ Shakspeare's thought is not exactly deduced. Nicety of expression is not his character. The meaning is plain: "Valour (says Æneas) is in Hector greater than valour in other men, and pride in Hector is less than pride in other men. So that Hector is distinguished by the excellence of having pride less than other pride, and valour more than other valour.

JOHNSON.

⁵ Ajax and Hector were cousin-germans. MALONE.

⁶ Hence Patroclus in a former scene called Ajax a *mongrel*. MALONE.

Re-enter DIOMED.

Agam. Here is fir Diomed :—Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath:⁷ the combatants being kin,
Half fints⁸ their strife before their strokes begin.

[AJAX and HECTOR enter the lists.

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;⁹
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd:
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shows;
Yet gives he not till judgement guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair thought² with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender objects;³ but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love:
They call him Troilus; and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and, with private soul,
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.⁴

[Alarum. HECTOR and AJAX fight.

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st;
Awake thee!

Agam.

⁷ i. e. a breathing, a slight exercise of arms. STEEVENS.

⁸ ———fints——] i. e. stops. STEEVENS.

⁹ i. e. no boaster of his own deeds. STEEVENS.

² A thought unsuitable to the dignity of his character. This word I should have changed to *impure*, were I not overpowered by the unanimity of the editors, and concurrence of the old copies. JOHNSON.

³ That is, yields, gives way. JOHNSON.

⁴ Thus explain his character. JOHNSON.

Agam. His blows are well dispos'd :—there, Ajax !

Dio. You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*]

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why then, will I no more :

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,

A cousin-german to great Priam's seed ;

The obligation of our blood forbids

A gory emulation 'twixt us twain :

Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so,

That thou could'st say—*This hand is Grecian all,*

And this is Trojan ; the sinews of this leg

All Greek, and this all Troy ; my mother's blood

Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister

Bounds in my father's ; by Jove multipotent,

Thou should'st not bear from me a Greekish member

Wherein my sword had not impressure made

Of our rank feud : But the just gods gainsay,

That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,

My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword

Be drain'd ! Let me embrace thee, Ajax :

By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms ;

Hector would have them fall upon him thus :

Cousin, all honour to thee !

Ajax.

I thank thee, Hector :

Thou art too gentle, and too free a man :

I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence

A great addition⁵ earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable

(On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes

Cries, *This is he,*) could promise to himself⁶

A thought

⁵ i. e. denomination. STEEVENS.

⁶ Dr. Warburton observes, that " the sense and spirit of Hector's speech requires that the most celebrated of his adversaries should be picked out to be defied, and this was Achilles himself, not his son Neoptolemus, who was yet but an apprentice in warfare." In the rage of correction therefore he reads :

Not Neoptolemus's fire irascible.

Such a licentious conjecture deserves no attention." MALONE.

A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it;⁷
The issue is embracement:—Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,
(As feld I have the chance,) I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish: and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:
And signify this loving interview

To the expecters of our Trojan part;
Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.⁸

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hect.

My opinion is, that by Neoptolemus the author meant Achilles himself; and remembering that the son was Pyrrhus Neoptolemus, considering Neoptolemus as the *nomen gentilitium*, and thought the father was likewise Achilles Neoptolemus. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare might have used Neoptolemus for Achilles. Wilfride Holme, the author of a poem called *The Fall and evil Successe of Rebellion*, &c. 1537, had made the same mistake before him. In Lydgate, however, Achilles, Neoptolemus, and Pyrrhus, are distinct characters. Neoptolemus is enumerated among the Grecian princes who first embarked to revenge the rape of Helen; and Pyrrhus, very properly, is not heard of till after the death of his father. STEEVENS.

I agree with Dr. Johnson and Mr. Steevens in thinking that Shakspeare supposed Neoptolemus was the *nomen gentilitium*: an error into which he might have been led by some book of the time. That by Neoptolemus he meant Achilles, and not Pyrrhus, may be inferred from a former passage in p. 228, by which it appears that he knew Pyrrhus had not yet engaged in the siege of Troy:

“But it must grieve young Pyrrhus, now at home,” &c.

MALONE.

⁷ That is, answer the *expectance*. JOHNSON.

⁸ The word *knight*, as often as it occurs, is sure to bring with it the idea of chivalry, and revives the memory of Amadis and his fantastic followers, rather than that of the mighty confederates who fought on either side in the Trojan war. I wish that *eques* and *armiger* could have been rendered by any other words than *knight* and *squire*. Mr. Pope, in his translation of the *Iliad*, is very liberal of the latter. STEEVENS.

These knights to the amount of about two hundred thousand (for there were not less in both armies) Shakspeare found with all the appendages of chivalry in *The Three Destructions of Troy*. MALONE.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
But for Achilles, my own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that's no welcome: Understand more clear,
What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,⁹
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.²

Agam. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.
[To TROILUS,

Men. Let me confirm my princely brothers greeting;—
You brace of warlike brother's, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom must we answer?

Men. The noble Menelaus.³

Hect. O you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks!
Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath;
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove:⁴
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme.

Hect. O, pardon; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth:⁵ and I have seen thee,
As hot as Perseus, spur⁶ thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduements,

When

⁹ i. e. integrity like that of heaven. STEEVENS.

² *Imperious* and *Imperial* had formerly the same signification. MALONE.

³ Mr. Ritson supposes this speech to belong to *Aeneas*. REED.

⁴ The quarto has here a strange corruption:

Mock not thy affect, the untreaded earth. JOHNSON.

A singular oath, not in common use. MALONE.

⁵ The vicegerent of Fate. MALONE.

⁶ As the equestrian fame of *Perseus*, on the present occasion, must be alluded to, this simile will serve to countenance my opinion, that in a former instance his *horse* was meant for a real one, and not, allegorically, for a ship. See p. 164. n. 2. STEEVENS.

When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i'the air,
 Not letting it decline on the declin'd ;
 That I have said to some my standers-by,
Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life !
 And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
 When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
 Like an Olympian wrestling : This have I seen ;
 But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
 I never saw till now. I knew thy grandfire,⁷
 And once fought with him : he was a soldier good ;
 But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
 Never like thee : Let an old man embrace thee ;
 And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor.⁸

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
 That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time :—
 Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would, my arms could match thee in contention,
 As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha!

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.
 Well, welcome, welcome ! I have seen the time—

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
 When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.
 Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
 Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
 In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue :
 My prophecy is but half his journey yet ;

For

⁷ Laomedon. STEEVENS.

⁸ So, in *Julius Cæsar* :

“ Old Cassius still.”

If the poet had the same idea in both passages, *Æneas* means, “ Nestor is still the same talkative old man, we have long known him to be.” He may, however, only mean to inform Hector that Nestor is the person who has addressed him. MALONE.

I believe, that *Æneas*, who acts as master of the ceremonies, is now merely announcing Nestor to Hector, as he had before announced Menelaus to him ; for as Mr. Ritson has observed, the sixth speech, p. 253, most evidently belongs to *Æneas*. STEEVENS.

For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do bus the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you:
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: The end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome:
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou!⁹
Now, Hector, I had fed mine eyes on thee;²
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.³

Hect. Is this Achilles?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief; I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect.

⁹ Should we not read—*though*? Notwithstanding you have invited Hector to your tent, I shall draw him first into mine. TYRWHITT.

The repetition of *thou*! was anciently used by one who meant to insult another. So in *Twelfth Night*: “—— if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss.” STEEVENS.

Steevens's observations on the use of the word *thou*, are perfectly just, and therefore I agree with Tyrwhitt that we ought to read: “—— lord Ulysses, *though*,” as it could not be the intention of Achilles to affront Ulysses, but merely to inform him, that he expected to entertain Hector before he did. M. MASON.

Mr. Steevens's remark is incontrovertibly true; but Ulysses had not said any thing to excite such contempt. MALONE.

Perhaps the scorn of Achilles arose from a supposition that Ulysses, by inviting Hector immediately after his visit to Agamemnon, designed to represent himself as the person next in rank and consequence to the general of the Grecian forces. STEEVENS.

² The hint for this scene of altercation between Achilles and Hector, is taken from Lydgate. STEEVENS.

³ To quote is to observe. STEEVENS.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er;
But there's more in me, than thou understand'ft.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? whether there, there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name;
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great spirit flew: Answer me, heavens!

Hect. It would discredit the blest'd gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: Stand again:
Think'ft thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithy'd Mars his helm,⁴
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never——

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin;—
And you Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't:
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.⁵

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field;
We have had pelting wars,⁶ since you refus'd

The

⁴ A *stithy* is an *anvil*, and from hence the verb *stithied* is formed.

M. MASON.

The word is still used in Yorkshire. MALONE.

⁵ Ajax treats Achilles with contempt, and means to insinuate that he was afraid of fighting with Hector. "You may every day (says he) have enough of Hector, if you choose it; but I believe the whole state of Greece will scarcely prevail on you to engage with him."

To have a *stomach* to any thing, is, to have an inclination to it.

M. MASON.

⁶ i. e. petty, inconsiderable ones. STEEVENS.

The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow, do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full convive⁷ we: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.—
Beat loud the tabourines,⁸ let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt all but TROILUS and ULYSSES.*]

Tro. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Chalchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there,
That wails her absence?

Tro. O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was lov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth. [Exeunt.]

⁷ To *convive* is to *feast*. This word is not peculiar to Shakspeare.

STEEVENS.

⁸ For this, the quarto and the latter editions have,

To taste your bounties.

The reading which I have given from the folio seems chosen at the revision, to avoid the repetition of the word *bounties*. JOHNSON.

Tabourines are small drums. The word occurs again in *Anthony and Cleopatra*. STEEVENS.

ACT V. SCENE I.

*The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.**Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.*

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou crusty batch of nature,⁹ what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of
idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box,² or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, Adversity!³ and what need these tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk:
thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet,⁴ you rogue! what's that?

Ther.

⁹ *Batch* is changed by Theobald to *botch*, and the change is justified by a pompous note, which discovers that he did not know the word *batch*. What is more strange, Hanmer has followed him. *Batch* is any thing baked. JOHNSON.

Batch does not signify any thing baked, but all that is baked at one time, without heating the oven afresh. STEEVENS.

² In this answer Thersites only quibbles upon the word *tent*.

HANMER.

³ *Adversity*, I believe, in this instance, signifies *contrariety*. The reply of Thersites has been studiously *adverse* to the drift of the question urged by Patroclus. STEEVENS.

⁴ Sir T. Hanmer reads—*Male harlot*, plausibly enough, except that it seems too plain to require the explanation which Patroclus demands.

JOHNSON.

This expression is met with in Decker's *Honest Whore*: "—'tis a male varlet, sure, my lord!" FARMER.

The person spoken of in Decker's play is Bellafronte, a harlot, who is introduced in boy's clothes. I have no doubt that the text is right

MALONE.

Ther

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i'the back, lethargies, cold palsies,³ raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, limekilns i'the palm, incurable bone-ach, and the rivell'd fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; ⁴ you whoreson indistinguishable cur,⁵ no.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of fleive filk,⁶ thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pester'd with such water-flies; diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!⁷

Ther. Finch egg!⁸

Achil.

There is nothing either criminal or extraordinary in a *male warlet*. The word *preposterous* is well adapted to express the idea of Therites. The sense therefore requires that we should adopt Hanmer's amendment.

M. MASON.

Man-mistress is a term of reproach thrown out by Dorax, in Dryden's *Don Sebastian, King of Portugal*. STEEVENS.

³ This catalogue of loathsome maladies ends in the folio at *cold palsies*. This passage, as it stands, is in the quarto: the retrenchment was in my opinion judicious. It may be remarked, though it proves nothing, that, of the few alterations made by Milton in the second edition of his wonderful poem, one was, an enlargement of the enumeration of diseases.

JOHNSON.

⁴ Patroclus reproaches Therites with deformity, with having one part crowded into another. JOHNSON.

⁵ i. e. thou cur of an undeterminate shape. STEEVENS.

⁶ All the terms used by Therites of Patroclus, are emblematically expressive of flexibility, compliance, and mean officiousness. JOHNSON.

⁷ Sir T. Hanmer reads—*nut-gall*, which answers well enough to *finch-egg*; it has already appeared, that our author thought the *nut-gall* the bitter gall. He is called *nut*, from the conglobation of his form; but both the copies read—*Out gall!* JOHNSON.

⁸ Of this reproach I do not know the exact meaning. I suppose he means to call him *singing bird*, as implying an useless favourite, and yet more,

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
 From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
 Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;
 A token from her daughter, my fair love;⁹
 Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
 An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
 Fall, Greeks; fail, fame; honour, or go, or stay;
 My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.—
 Come, come, Therites, help to trim my tent;
 This night in banqueting must all be spent.—
 Away, Patroclus. [*Exeunt* ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, these
 two may run mad; but if with too much brain, and too
 little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's
 Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves
 quails; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: And the
 goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the
 bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of
 cuckolds;² a thrifty shooing-horn in a chain, hanging at his
 brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit
 larded with malice, and malice forced with wit,³ turn him to?
 To
 more, something more worthless, a singing bird in the egg, or generally, a
 slight thing easily crushed. JOHNSON.

A fiach's egg is remarkably gaudy; but of such terms of reproach it is
 difficult to pronounce the true signification. STEEVENS.

⁹ This is a circumstance taken from the story book of *The Three De-
 structions of Troy*. HANMER.

² He calls *Menelaus* the transformation of *Jupiter*, that is, as himself ex-
 plains it, the *bull*, on account of his *borns*, which he had as a cuckold.
 This cuckold he calls the *primitive statue of cuckolds*; i. e. his story had
 made him so famous, that he stood as the great archetype of his character.

WARBURTON.

Mr. Heath observes, that “the memorial is called *oblique*, because it
 was only indirectly such, upon the common supposition, that both bulls
 and cuckolds were furnished with horns.” STEEVENS.

Perhaps Shakspeare meant nothing more by this epithet than *borned*,
 the bull's horns being crooked or *oblique*. Dr. Warburton, I think,
 mistakes. It is the bull, not Menelaus, that is the *primitive statue*, &c.

MALONE.

³ Stuffed with wit. A term of cookery. In this speech I do not well
 understand what is meant by *loving quails*. JOHNSON.

To an afs, were nothing; he is both afs and ox: to an ox were nothing; he is both ox and afs. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew,⁴ a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be Menelaus,—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Therfites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.—Hey-day! spirits and fires!⁵

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, and DIOMED, *with lights.*

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis;
There, where we see the lights.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught:⁶ Sweet, quoth 'a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night,
And welcome, both to those that go, or tarry.

Agam. Good night. [*Exeunt* AGAM. and MEN.
Agam.]

By loving *quails* the poet may mean loving the company of harlots. A *quail* is remarkably salacious. Mr. Upton says that Xenophon, in his memoirs of Socrates, has taken notice of this quality in the bird.

STEEVENS.

In old French *caille* was synonymous to *fille de joie*. MALONE.

⁴ i. e. a *polecat*. So, in *Otello*: "'Tis such another *fitchew*, marry a perfum'd one —." STEEVENS.

⁵ This Therfites speaks upon the first sight of the distant lights.

JOHNSON.

⁶ *Draught* is the old word for *forica*. It is used in the vulgar translation of the Bible. MALONE.

So, in Holinshed, and a thousand other places. STEEVENS.

Achil. Old Nestor tarries ; and you too, Diomed,
Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord ; I have important business,
The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. Follow his torch, he goes
To Calchas' tent ; I'll keep your company.

[*Aside to TROILUS.*

Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so good night.

[*Exit DIOMED ; ULYSSES and TROILUS following.*

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt ACHILLES, HECTOR, AJAX, and NEST.*

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave ; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses : he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound ;⁷ but when he performs, astronomers foretell it ; it is prodigious,⁸ there will come some change ; the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him : they say, he keeps a Trojan drab,⁹ and uses the traitor Calchas' tent : I'll after.—Nothing but lechery ! all incontinent varlets !

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same. Before Calchas' Tent.

Enter DIOMED.

Dio. What are you up here, ho ? speak.

Cal. [*Within.*] Who calls ?

Dio. Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where's your daughter ?

Cal. [*Within.*] She comes to you.

*Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance ; after them
THERSITES.*

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter

⁷ If a hound gives his mouth, and is not upon the scent of the game, he is by sportsmen called a *babler* or *brabler*. The proverb says,—"Brabbling curs never want fore ears." ANONYMOUS.

⁸ i. e. portentous, ominous. STEEVENS.

⁹ This character of Diomed is likewise taken from Lydgate.

STEEVENS.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid come forth to him!

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark! a word with you. [*Whispers.*]

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.²

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff;³ she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cres. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then;
And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember?

Ulyss. Lift!

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then,—

Cres. I'll tell you what:—

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are forsworn—

Cres. In faith, I cannot: What would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be—secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cres. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;
id me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience!

Ulyss. How now, Trojan?

Cres. Diomed—

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

Tro. Thy better must.

Cres. Hark, one word in your ear.

Tro. O plague and madness!

Ulyss.

² We now say—sing at sight. The meaning is the same.

MALONE.

³ That is, her key. *Clef*, French. JOHNSON.

Cliff, i. e. a mark in musick at the beginning of the lines of a song; and is the indication of the pitch, and bespeaks what kind of voice—as base, tenour, or treble, it is proper for. SIR J. HAWKINS.

Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince ; let us depart, I pray
you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms : this place is dangerous ;
The time right deadly ; I beseech you, go.

Tro. Behold, I pray you !

Ulyss. Now, my good lord, go off :
You flow to great destruction ;⁴ come, my lord.

Tro. I pr'ythee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience ; come.

Tro. I pray you, stay ; by hell, and all hell's torments,
I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so, good night.

Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.

Tro. Doth that grieve thee ?

O wither'd truth !

Ulyss. Why, how now, lord ?

Tro. By Jove,

I will be patient.

Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek !

Dio. Pho, pho ! adieu ; you palter.⁵

Cres. In faith, I do not ; come hither once again.

Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something ; will you go ?
You will break out.

Tro. She strokes his cheek !

Ulyss. Come, come.

Tro.

⁴ Means, I think, your impetuosity is such as must necessarily expose
you to imminent danger. MALONE.

The folio has :

You flow to great distraction ;——.

The quarto :

You flow to great destruction ;——. JOHNSON.

I would adhere to the old reading : *You flow to great destruction*, or *dis-
traction*, means the tide of your imagination will hurry you either to noble
death from the hand of Diomed, or to the height of madness from the pre-
dominance of your own passions. STEEVENS.

Possibly we ought to read *destruction*, as Ulysses has told Troilus just
before :

“ —— this place is dangerous ;

“ The time right deadly.” M. MASON.

⁵ i. e. shuffle, behave with duplicity. STEEVENS.

Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience:—stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and
potatoe finger, tickles these together! ⁶ Fry, lechery, fry!

Dio. But will you then?

Cres. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cres. I'll fetch you one. [Exit.

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.

Tro. Fear me not, my lord;
I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!

Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.⁷

Tro.

⁶ Potatoes were anciently regarded as provocatives. See Mr. Collins's note, which, on account of its length, is given at the end of the play.

STEEVENS.

⁷ The custom of wearing a lady's *sleeve* for a favour, is mentioned in Hall's *Chronicle*, fol. 12: "— One ware on his head-piece his lady's *sleeve*, and another bare on his helme the glove of his deareling."

STEEVENS.

In an old play (in six acts) called *Histrionastix*, 1610, this incident seems to be burlesqued. *Troilus* and *Cressida* are introduced by way of interlude: and *Cressida* breaks out:

"O Knight, with valour in thy face,
"Here take my skreene, wear it for grace;
"Within thy helmet put the same,
"Therewith to make thine enemies lame."

A little old book, *The Hundred Hystories of Troye*, tells us, "Bryseide whom master Chaucer calleth *Cressyde*, was a damosell of great beaute; and yet was more quaynte, mutable, and full of vagaunt condicions."

FARMER.

This *sleeve* was given by *Troilus* to *Cressida* at their parting, and she gave him a glove in return. M. MASON.

What Mr. Steevens has observed on the subject of ladies' *sleeves* is certainly true; but the sleeve given in the present instance was the sleeve of *Troilus*. It may be supposed to be an ornamented cuff, such perhaps as was worn by some of our young nobility at a tilt, in Shakspeare's age.

On

Tro. O beauty! where's thy faith?

Ulyss. My lord,——

Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.

Cres. You look upon that sleeve; Behold it well.—
He lov'd me—O false wench!—Give't me again.

Dio. Whose was't?

Cres. No matter, now I have't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens;—Well said, whetstone.

Dio. I shall have it.

Cres. What this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cres. O, all you gods!—O pretty pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee.⁸—Nay, do not snatch it from me;
He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Tro. I did swear patience.

Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; 'faith you shall not;
I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this; Whose was it?

Cres. 'Tis no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

Cres.

On second consideration, I believe the sleeve of Troilus, which is here given to Diomed, was such a one as was formerly worn at tournaments. See Spenser's *View of Ireland*, p. 43, edit. 1633: "Also the deepe smocke sleive, which the Irish women use, they say, was old Spanish, and is used yet in Barbary; and yet that should seeme rather to be an old English fashion, for in armory the fashion of the *manche* which is given in armes by many, being indeed nothing else but a sleive, is fashioned much like to that sleive." MALONE.

⁸ In old editions:

As I kiss thee.

Dio. Nay, do not snatch it from me.

Cres. He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.

Dr. Thirlby thinks this should be all placed to Cressida. She had the sleeve, and was kissing it rapturously; and Diomed snatches it back from her. THEOBALD.

Cres. 'Twas one's that lov'd me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yonder,⁹
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;
And grieve his spirit, that dares not challenge it.

Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd.

Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past;—And yet it is not;
I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then, farewell;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cres. You shall not go:—One cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto:² but that that likes not you,
pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?

Cres. Ay, come:—O Jove!—
Do come:—I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewell till then.

Cres. Good night. I pr'ythee, come.—

[Exit DIOMEDES.]

Troilus, farewell!³ one eye yet looks on thee;
But with my heart the other eye doth see.⁴—

Ah!

⁹ i. e. the stars which she points to. WARBURTON.

² Sir Thomas Hanmer gives this speech to Troilus. It does not very much resemble the language of Therites. If indeed it belongs to the former character, it should assume a metrical form, though it is here given as it stands in the folio, and the quarto 1609. STEEVENS.

³ The characters of Cressida and Pandarus are more immediately formed from Chaucer than from Lydgate; for though the latter mentions them both characteristically, he does not sufficiently dwell on either to have furnished Shakspeare with many circumstances to be found in this tragedy. STEEVENS.

⁴ I think it should be read thus:

But my heart with the other eye doth see. JOHNSON.

Perhaps, rather:

But with the other eye my heart doth see. TYRWHITT.

The

Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
 The error of our eye directs our mind:
 What error leads, must err; O then conclude,
 Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude.

[Exit CRESSIDA.]

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more,⁵
 Unless she said, My mind is now turn'd whore.

Ulyss. All's done, my lord.

Tro.

It is.

Ulyss.

Why stay we then?

Tro. To make a recordation to my soul
 Of every syllable that here was spoke.
 But, if I tell how these two did co-act,
 Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
 Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
 An esperance so obstinately strong,
 That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;⁶
 As if those organs had deceptious functions,
 Created only to calumniate.
 Was Cressid here?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.⁷

Tro. She was not, sure.

Ulyss.

Most sure she was.⁸

Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.

Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!⁹

Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
 To stubborn criticks—apt, without a theme,
 For depravation,²—to square the general sex
 By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss.

The present reading is right. She means to say, "one eye yet looks on thee, Troilus, but the other corresponds *with my heart*, and looks after Diomedes." M. MASON.

⁵ She could not publish a stronger proof. JOHNSON.

⁶ i. e. that turns the very testimony of seeing and hearing against themselves. THEOBALD.

⁷ That is, I cannot raise spirits in the form of Cressida. JOHNSON.

⁸ The present deficiency in the measure induces me to suppose our author wrote:

It is most sure she was. STEEVENS.

⁹ i. e. for the sake of womanhood. STEEVENS.

² Critick has here, I think, the signification of Cynick. MALONE.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can foil our mothers?

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes?

Tro. This she; no, this is Diomed's Cressida:

If beauty have a soul, this is not she;

If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,

If sanctimony be the gods' delight,

If there be rule in unity itself,³

This was not she. O madness of discourse,

That cause sets up with and against itself!

Bi-fold authority!⁵ where reason can revolt

Without perdition, and loss assume all reason

Without revolt;⁶ this is, and is not, Cressid!

Within my soul there doth commence a fight

Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparable⁷

Divides more wider than the sky and earth;

And yet the spacious breadth of this division

Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle

As is Arachne's broken woof, to enter.

Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;

Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:

Instance,

³ May mean,—If there be *certainty* in *unity*, if it be a *rule* that *one* is *one*. JOHNSON.

If it be true that one individual cannot be two distinct persons.

M. MASON.

The rule alluded to is a very simple one; that *one* cannot be *two*. This woman therefore, says Troilus, this *false* one, cannot be that Cressida that formerly plighted her faith to me. MALONE.

⁵ This is the reading of the quarto. The folio gives us:

By foul authority! —

There is *madness* in that *disquisition* in which a man reasons at once *for* and *against* himself upon authority which he knows not to be *valid*. The quarto is right. JOHNSON.

This is one of the passages in which the editor of the folio changed words that he found in the quartos, merely because he did not understand them.

MALONE.

⁶ The words *loss* and *perdition* are used in their common sense, but they mean the *loss* or *perdition* of *reason*. JOHNSON.

⁷ i. e. the plighted troth of lovers. Troilus considers it *inseparable*, or at least that it ought never to be broken, though he has unfortunately found that it sometimes is. MALONE.

Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
 The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd;
 And with another knot, five-finger'd-tied,⁸
 The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
 The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques
 Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.⁹

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus² be half attach'd
 With that which here his passion doth express?

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well
 In characters as red as Mars his heart
 Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy
 With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.
 Hark, Greek;—As much as I do Cressid love,
 So much by weight hate I her Diomed:
 That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm;
 Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
 My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout,
 Which shipmen do the hurricano call,³
 Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
 Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
 In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
 Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.⁴

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!
 Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
 And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss.

⁸ A knot tied by giving her hand to Diomed. JOHNSON.

⁹ Vows which she has already swallowed *once over*. We still say of a faithless man, that he has *eaten his words*. JOHNSON.

The image is not of the most delicate kind. "Her *o'er-eaten* faith" means, I think, her troth plighted to Troilus, of which she was *surfeited*, and, like one who has *over-eaten* himself, had *thrown off*. All the preceding words, the *fragments*, *scraps*, &c. show that this was Shakspeare's meaning.

MALONE.

² Can Troilus really feel on this occasion half of what he utters? A question suitable to the calm Ulysses. JOHNSON.

³ A particular account of "a spout," is given in Captain John Smith's *Sea Grammar*, quarto, 1627: "A *spout* is, as it were a small river falling entirely from the clouds, like one of our water-spouts, which make the sea, where it falleth, to rebound in flashes exceeding high;" i. e. in the language of Shakspeare, to *dizzy the ear of Neptune*. STEEVENS.

⁴ A cant word, formed by our author from *concupiscence*. STEEVENS.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince:—My courteous lord
adieu:—

Farewell, revolted fair!—and Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!⁵

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt TROILUS, ÆNEAS, and ULYSSES.*

Ther. 'Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would
croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus
will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the
parrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a com-
dious drab. Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery; no-
thing else holds fashion: a burning devil take them.⁶

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Troy. Before Priam's Palace.

Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you in:
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.

And.

⁵ i. e. defend thy head with armour of more than common security.

STEEVENS.

⁶ Alluding to the venereal disease, formerly called the *brenning* or
burning. M. MASON.

So, in *Isaiah*, iii. 24: "—— and *burning* instead of beauty."

STEEVENS.

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.⁷

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent:
Consort with me in loud and dear petition,⁸
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, it is true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.

Hect. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish⁹ vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be persuaded: Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,²

And

⁷ The hint for this dream of Andromache, might be either taken from Lydgate, or a passage in Chaucer's *Nonnes Prestes Tale*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 15147. STEEVENS.

My dreams of last night will prove ominous to the day; forebode ill to it, and shew that it will be a fatal day to Troy. MALONE.

⁸ *Dear*, on this occasion, seems to mean *important, consequential.*

STEEVENS.

⁹ — *peevish* —] i. e. foolish. STEEVENS.

² This is so oddly confused in the folio, that I transcribe it as a specimen of incorrectness:

“ — do not count it holy,

“ To hurt by being just; it is as lawful

“ For we would count give much to as violent thefts,

“ And rob in the behalf of charity.” JOHNSON.

I believe we should read:

For we would give much, to use violent thefts,

i. e. to use violent thefts, *because* we would give much. The word *count* had crept in from the last line but one. TYRWHITT.

I have adopted the emendation proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt. Mr. Rowe cut the knot, instead of untying it, by reading:

For us to count we give what's gain'd by theft,

and all the subsequent editors have copied him. MALONE.

And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose,³ that makes strong the vow ;
But vows, to every purpose, must not hold :
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say ;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate :⁴
Life every man holds dear : but the dear man⁵
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.—

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man ? mean'st thou to fight to-day ?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit CASSANDRA.*

Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus ; doff thy harness, youth,
I am to-day i'the vein of chivalry :
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.

Unarm thee, go ; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand, to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion,⁶ than a man.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus ? chide me for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,

You

³ The mad prophetess speaks here with all the coolness and judgement of a skilful casuist. "The essence of a lawful vow, is a lawful purpose, and the vow of which the end is wrong must not be regarded as cogent."

JOHNSON.

⁴ If this be not a nautical phrase, which I cannot well explain or apply, perhaps we should read :

Mine honour keeps the weather off my fate :

i. e. I am secured by the cause I am engaged in ; mine honour will avert the storms of fate, will protect my life amidst the dangers of the field. A somewhat similar phrase occurs in *The Tempest* :

"In the lime grove that *weather-fends* our cell." STEEVENS.

⁵ *Valuable* man. The modern editions read—*brave* man. The repetition of the word is in our author's manner. JOHNSON.

⁶ The traditions and stories of the darker ages abounded with examples of the lion's generosity. Upon the supposition that these acts of clemency were true, Troilus reasons not improperly, that to spare against reason, by mere instinct of pity, became rather a generous beast than a wise man.

You bid them rise, and live.⁷

Hec. O, 'tis fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Hec. How now? how now?

Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mother;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.

Hec. Fie, savage, fie!

Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.

Hec. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

Tro. Who should withhold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon⁸ my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;⁹
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dreamt; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,

To

⁷ Shakspeare seems not to have studied the Homeric character of Hector, whose disposition was by no means inclined to clemency, as we may learn from Andromache's speech in the 24th *Iliad*:

"For thy stern father never spar'd a foe." *Pope.*

"Thy father, boy, bore never into fight

"A milky mind,——." *Cowper.*

STEEVENS.

⁸ We have here but a modern Mars. Antiquity acknowledges no such ensign of command as a *truncheon*. The spirit of the passage however is such as might atone for a greater impropriety. STEEVENS.

⁹ i. e. tears that continue to course one another down the face.

WARBURTON.

To tell thee—that this day is ominous :
Therefore, come back.

Hect. *Æneas* is a-field ;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Pri. But thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful ; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect ;² but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you :
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit* ANDROMACHE.]

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear Hector.³
Look, how thou diest ! look, how thy eye turns pale !
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents !
Hark, how Troy roars ! how Hecuba cries out !
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth !
Behold, destruction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless anticks, one another meet,
And all cry—Hector ! Hector's dead ! O Hector !

Tro. Away !—Away !—

Cas. Farewell.—Yet, soft :—Hector, I take my leave :
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [Exit.]

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim :
Go in, and cheer the town : we'll forth, and fight ;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewell : The gods with safety stand about thee !

[*Exeunt severally* PRIAM and HECTOR. *Alarums.*

Tro.

² i. e. disgrace the respect I owe you, by acting in opposition to your commands. STEEVENS.

³ The interposition and clamorous sorrow of Cassandra were copied by our author from Lydgate. STEEVENS.

Tro. They are at it ; hark ! Proud Diomed, believe
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.⁴

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side,
PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord ? do you hear ?

Tro. What now ?

Pan. Here's a letter from yon' poor girl.

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson ptifick, a whoreson rascally ptifick so
troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl ; and what one
thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o'these days :
And I have a rheum in mine eyes too ; and such an ache in
my bones, that, unless a man were curs'd,⁵ I cannot tell
what to think on't.—What says she there ?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart ;
[*Tearing the letter.*

The effect doth operate another way.—

Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.—

My love with words and errors still she feeds ;

But edifies another with her deeds. [*Exeunt severally.*

⁴ In the folios and one of the quartos, this scene is continued by the following dialogue between Pandarus and Troilus, which the poet certainly meant to have been inserted at the end of the play, where the three concluding lines of it are repeated in the copies already mentioned. There can be no doubt but that the players shuffled the parts backward and forward, *ad libitum* ; for the poet would hardly have given us an unnecessary repetition of the same words, nor have dismissed Pandarus twice in the same manner. The conclusion of the piece will fully justify the liberty which any future commentator may take in omitting the scene here and placing it at the end, where at present only the few lines already mentioned are to be found. STEEVENS.

I do not conceive that any editor has a right to make the transposition proposed, though it has been done by Mr. Capell. MALONE.

⁵ i. e. under the influence of a malediction, such as mischievous beings have been supposed to pronounce upon those who had offended them.

STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there, in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, on a sleeveless errand. O' the other side, The policy of those crafty swearing rascals,⁶—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor; and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not prov'd worth a blackberry:—They set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism,⁷ and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here come sleeve, and t'other.

Enter DIOMED, TROILUS following.

Tro. Fly not; for, should'st thou take the river Styx, I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee!

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

[Exeunt TROILUS and DIOMED, fighting. Enter

⁶ But in what sense are Nestor and Ulysses accused of being *swearing* rascals? What, or to whom, did they swear? I am positive that *sneering* is the true reading. They had colloqued with Ajax, and trimmed him up with insincere praises, only in order to have stirred Achilles's emulation. In this, they were the true sneerers; betraying the first, to gain their ends on the latter by that artifice. THEOBALD.

⁷ To set up the authority of ignorance, to declare that they will be governed by policy no longer. JOHNSON.

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?

Art thou of blood, and honour?

Ther. No, no :—I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee;—live. [Exit.

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; But a plague break thy neck, for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have swallow'd one another: I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a fort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [Exit.

SCENE V.

The same.

Enter DIOMED, and a Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid :
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go my lord.

[Exit Servant.

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus
Hath beat down Menon : bastard Margarelon²

Hath

¹ This is an idea taken from the ancient books of romantick chivalry, as is the following one in the speech of Diomed:

“ And am her knight by proof.” STEEVENS.

It appears from *Segar on Honor, Military and Civil*, folio, 1602, p. 122, that a person of superior birth might not be challenged by an inferior, or if challenged, might refuse the combat.

Alluding to this circumstance Cleopatra says:

“ These hands do lack nobility, that they strike

“ A meaner than myself.”

These punctilios are well ridiculed in *Albumazar*, Act IV. sc. VII. REED.

² The introduction of a bastard son of Priam, under the name of Margarelon, is one of the circumstances taken from the story book of *The Three Destructions of Troy*. THEOBALD.

Hath Doreus prisoner ;
 And stands colossus-wife, waving his beam,³
 Upon the pashed⁴ corpses of the kings
 Epistrophus and Cedius : Polixenes is slain ;
 Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt ;
 Patroclus ta'en, or slain ; and Palamedes
 Sore hurt and bruis'd : the dreadful Sagittary
 Appals our numbers ;⁵ haste we, Diomed,
 To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles ;
 And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.—
 There is a thousand Hector's in the field :
 Now here he fights on Galathea his horse,
 And there lacks work ; anon, he's there afoot,
 And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls⁶

Before

³ i. e. his lance like a weaver's beam, as Goliath's spear is described.

STEEVENS.

⁴ i. e. bruised, crushed. STEEVENS.

⁵ “ Beyond the royalme of Amasonne came an auntyent kynge, wyse and dyscreete, named Epystrophus, and brought a M. knyghtes, and a mervayllouse beste that was called SAGITTAYRE, that behynde the myddes was an horse, and to fore, a man : this beste was heery like an horse, and had his eyen rede as a cole, and shotte well with a bowe : *this beste made the Grekes sore aserde, and slewe many of them with his bowe.*”
The Three Destructions of Troy, printed by Caxton. THEOBALD.

⁶ Sculls are great numbers of fishes swimming together. The modern editors not being acquainted with the term, changed it into *shoals*. My knowledge of this word is derived from a little book called *The English Expofitor*, London, printed by John Legatt, 1616. STEEVENS.

Scaled means here, dispersed, put to flight. This is proved decisively by the original reading of the quarto, *scaling*, which was either changed by the poet himself to *scaled* (with the same sense) or by the editor of the folio. If the latter was the case, it is probable that not being sufficiently acquainted with our author's manner, who frequently uses the active for the passive participle, he supposed that the epithet was merely descriptive of some quality in the thing described. MALONE.

Sculls and *shoals*, have not only one and the same meaning, but are actually, or at least originally, one and the same word. A *scull* of herrings (and it is to those fish that the speaker alludes) so termed on the coast of Norfolk and Suffolk, is elsewhere called a *shoal*. RITSON.

Before the belching whale ; then is he yonder,
 And there the strawy Greeks,⁷ ripe for his edge,
 Fall down before him, like the mower's swath :⁸
 Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and takes ;
 Dexterity so obeying appetite,
 That what he will, he does ; and does so much,
 That proof is called impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
 Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:
 Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,
 Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
 That noseless, handleless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him,
 Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
 And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
 Roaring for Troilus ; who hath done to-day
 Mad and fantastick execution ;
 Engaging and redeeming of himself,
 With such a careless force, and forceless care,
 As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
 Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus!

[*Exit.*

Dio.

Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together.⁹

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil.

Where is this Hector ?

Come, come, thou boy-queller,² show thy face ;

Know

⁷ In the folio it is—the *straying* Greeks. JOHNSON.

⁸ *Swath* is the quantity of grass cut down by a single stroke of the mower's scythe. STEEVENS.

⁹ This remark seems to be made by Nestor in consequence of the return of Ajax to the field, he having lately refused to co-operate or *draw together* with the Greeks, though at present he is roused from his sullen fit by the loss of a friend. STEEVENS.

² i. e. murderer of a boy. STEEVENS.

Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Another Part of the Field.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter DIOMED.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

Ajax.

What would'st thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou should'st have my office,
Ere that correction:—Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. O traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face, thou
traitor,

And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!

Dio. Ha! art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.³

Tro. Come both, you cogging Greeks; ⁴ have at you
both.

[*Exeunt, fighting.*]

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

³ That is, (as we should now speak,) I will not be a *looker-on*.

MALONE.

⁴ This epithet has no particular propriety in this place, but the author had heard of *Græcia mendax*. JOHNSON.

Surely the epithet had propriety in respect of Diomed at least, who had defrauded him of his mistress. Troilus bestows it on both, *unius ob culpam*. A fraudulent man, as I am told, is still called in the North—a *gainful Greek*. Cicero bears witness to this character of the ancient Greeks: "*Testimoniorum religionem & fidem nunquam ista natio coluit.*"

STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee: Ha!—Have at thee, Hector.

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.
Be happy, that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*

Hect. Fare thee well:—
I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas; Shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him;⁵ I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off:—Fate, hear me what I say!
I reckon not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter one in sumptuous armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly
mark:—
No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;
I'll crush it,⁶ and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it:—Wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exeunt.*

⁵ i. e. prevail over him. STEEVENS.

⁶ The word *crush* I never found elsewhere, nor understand it. Sir T. Hanmer explains it, to *break* or *bruise*. JOHNSON.

Mr. M. Mason observes, that “Hanmer’s explanation appears to be right; and the word *crush*, in this sense, to be derived from the verb *froisser*, to bruise, or break to pieces.”

To *crush* a chicken, &c. is a term in carving, as ancient as Wynkyn de Worde’s book on that subject, 1508; and was succeeded by another phrase which we may suppose to have been synonymous, viz.—to “*break up* a capon;” words that occur in *Love’s Labour’s Lost*. MALONE.

SCENE VII.

*The same.**Enter* ACHILLES, *with* Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons ;
 Mark what I say.—Attend me where I wheel :
 Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath ;
 And when I have the bloody Hector found,
 Empale him with your weapons round about ;
 In fellest manner execute your arms.⁷
 Follow me, firs, and my proceedings eye :—
 It is decreed—Hector the great must die.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

*The same.**Enter* MENELAUS *and* PARIS, *fighting* ; *then* THERSITES.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it :
 Now, bull ! now, dog ! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo ! now my double-
 henn'd sparrow ! 'loo, Paris, 'loo ! The bull has the game :—
 'ware horns, ho !

[*Exeunt* PARIS *and* MENELAUS.*Enter* MARGARELON.*Mar.* Turn, slave, and fight.*Ther.* What art thou ?*Mar.* A bastard son of Priam's.⁸

Ther. I am a bastard too ; I love bastards : I am a bastard
 begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour,
 in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another,
 and wherefore should one bastard ? Take heed, the quarrel's
 most ominous to us : if the son of a whore fight for a whore,
 he tempts judgement : Farewell, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward ![*Exeunt.*]⁷ To execute their arms is to employ them ; to put them to use.

M. MASON.

⁸ Bastard, in ancient times, was a reputable appellation. STEEVENS.

SCENE IX.

*Another part of the Field.**Enter HECTOR.*

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without,
 Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
 Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:
 Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death!
[Puts off his helmet, and hangs his shield behind him.]

Enter ACHILLES and Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
 How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
 Even with the vail⁹ and dark'ning of the sun,
 To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; ² this is the man I seek.

[HECTOR falls.]

So, Ilium, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down;
 Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—

On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,

Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain. *[A retreat sounded.]*

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
 And, stickler-like,³ the armies separates.

My

⁹ The *vail* is, I think, the *sinking* of the sun; not *veil* or *cover*.

JOHNSON.

² This particular of Achilles overpowering Hector by numbers, and without armour, is taken from the old story-book. HANMER.

³ A *stickler* was one who stood by to part the combatants when victory could be determined without bloodshed. They are often mentioned by Sidney. They were called *sticklers*, from carrying sticks or staves in their hands, with which they interposed between the duellists. We now call these *sticklers*—*sidesmen*. STEEVENS.

Minsheu gives the same etymology, in his *Dict.* 1617: "A *stickler* betweene two, so called as putting a *stick* or *staffe* betweene two fighting or fencing together." MALONE.

Sticklers are arbitrators, judges, or, as called in some places, *sidesmen*.

At

My half-suppl'd sword,⁴ that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—

[*Sheaths his sword.*]

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.

The same.

*Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIO-
MEDES, and Others, marching. Shouts within.*

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Nest.

Peace, drums.

[*Within.*]

Achilles!

Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is—Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;

Great Hector was as good a man as he.

Agam. March patiently along:—Let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—

If in his death the gods have us befriended,

Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.

[*Exeunt, marching.*]

At every wrestling in Cornwall, before the *games* begin, a certain number of *sticklers* are chosen, who regulate the proceedings and determine every dispute. The nature of the English language, as I conceive, does not allow the derivation of *stickler* from *stick*, which, as a word, it has not the remotest connection with. *Stickler* (*stic-kle-er*) is immediately from the verb *stickle*, to interfere, to take part with, to busy one's self in any matter.

RITSON.

⁴ These four despicable verses, as well as the rhyming fit with which "the blockish Ajax" is afterwards seized, could scarce have fallen from the pen of our author, in his most unlucky moments of composition.

STEEVENS.

Whatever may have been the remainder of this speech as it came out of Shakspeare's hands, we may be confident that this bombast stuff made no part of it. Our author's gold was stolen and the thief's brass left in its place. RITSON.

SCENE

SCENE XI.

*Another Part of the Field.**Enter ÆNEAS, and Trojans.*

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:
Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector?—The gods forbid!

Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.—
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!⁵
I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Tro. You understand me not, that tell me so:
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;
But dare all imminence, that gods and men,
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
Let him, that will a screech-owl eye be call'd,
Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead:
There is a word will Priam turn to stone;
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,⁶

Cold

⁵ Mr. Upton thinks that Shakspeare had the Psalmist in view. "He that dwelleth in heaven shall laugh them to scorn; the Lord shall have them in derision." Ps. ii. 4. "The Lord shall laugh him to scorn; for he hath seen that his day is coming." Ps. xxxvii. 13. In the passage before us, (he adds,) "the heavens are the ministers of the Gods to execute their vengeance, and they are bid to *frown on*; but the Gods themselves *smile at Troy*; they hold *Troy in derision, for its day is coming.*"

MALONE.

⁶ I adopt the conjecture of a deceased friend, who would read—*welland*, i. e. weeping Niobes. The Saxon termination of the participle in *and*, for *ing*, is common in our old poets, and often corrupted at the press.

WHALLEY.

There is surely no need of emendation. STEEVENS.

Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,
 Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away:
 Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
 Stay yet;—You vile abominable tents,
 Thus proudly pight⁵ upon our Phrygian plains,
 Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
 I'll through and through you!—And thou, great-fiz'd
 coward!

No space of earth shall funder our two hates;
 I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
 That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.—
 Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go:
 Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.⁶

[*Exeunt* ÆNEAS, and Trojans.

As TROIILUS is going out, enter, from the other side,
 PANDARUS.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, brother lackey! ignomy and shame⁷
 Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name! [*Exit* TROIILUS.

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones!—O world!
 world! world! thus is the poor agent despis'd! O traitors
 and bawds, how earnestly are you set a' work, and how ill
 requited! Why should our endeavour be so loved, and the
 performance so loath'd? what verse for it? what instance for
 it?—Let me see:—

Full

⁵ i. e. pitched, fixed. The obsolete preterite and participle passive of
 to *pitch*. STEEVENS.

⁶ This couplet affords a full and natural close to the play; and though
 I once thought differently, I must now declare my firm belief that Shak-
 speare designed it should end here, and that what follows is either a sub-
 sequent and injudicious restoration from the elder drama mentioned in
 p. 143, or the nonsense of some wretched buffoon who represented Pandarus.
 When the hero of the scene was not only alive, but on the stage, our
 author would scarce have trusted the conclusion of his piece to a subordinate
 character whom he had uniformly held up to detestation. It is still less
 probable that he should have wound up his story with a stupid outrage to
 decency, and a deliberate insult on his audience.—But in several other
 parts of this drama I cannot persuade myself that I have been reading
 Shakspeare. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Ignomy* was used in our author's time for *ignominy*. MALONE.

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
 Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting:
 And being once subdu'd in armed tail,
 Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—
 Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.⁸

As many as be here of pander's hall,
 Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall;
 Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
 Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
 Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
 Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
 It should be now, but that my fear is this,—
 Some galled goose of Winchester⁹ would hiss:
 Till then I'll sweat,² and seek about for eases;
 And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases. [Exit.³

⁸ i. e. the painted canvas with which your rooms are hung.

STEEVENS.

⁹ The publick stews were anciently under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Winchester. POPE.

Mr. Pope's explanation may be supported by the following passage in one of the old plays, of which my negligence has lost the title:

“ Collier! how came the *goose* to be put upon you?”

“ I'll tell thee: The term lying at *Winchester* in Henry the Third's days, and many French women coming out of the Isle of Wight thither, &c. there were many punks in the town,” &c.

A particular symptom in the *lues venerea* was called a *Winchester Goose*.

STEEVENS.

As the public stews were under the control of the Bishop of Winchester, a strumpet was called a *Winchester goose*, and a galled *Winchester goose* may mean, either a *strumpet* that had the venereal disease, or one that felt herself hurt by what Pandarus had said. It is probable that the word was purposely used to express both these senses. It does not appear to me from the passage cited by Steevens, that any symptom of the venereal disease was called a *Winchester goose*. M. MASON.

Cole, in his Latin Dict. 1669, renders a *Winchester goose* by *pudendagra*.

MALONE.

There are more hard, bombastical phrases in the serious part of this play, than, I believe, can be picked out of any other six plays of Shakspeare. Take the following specimens: *Tortive*,—*persistive*,—*protractive*,—*importless*,—*insisture*,—*deracinate*,—*dividable*. And in the next act: *past-proportion*,—*unrespective*,—*propugnation*,—*self-assumption*,—*self-admission*,—*assubjugate*,—*kingdom'd*, &c. TYRWHITT.

² i. e. adopt the regimen then used for curing what Pistol calls “The malady of France.” STEEVENS.

³ This play is more correctly written than most of Shakspeare's compositions, but it is not one of those in which either the extent of his views or elevation of his fancy is fully displayed. As the story abounded with materials he has exerted little invention; but he has diversified his characters with great variety, and preserved them with great exactness. His vicious characters disgust, but cannot corrupt, for both Cressida and Pandarus are detested and contemned. The comick characters seem to have been the favourites of the writer; they are of the superficial kind, and exhibit more of manners than nature; but they are copiously filled and powerfully impressed. Shakspeare has in his story followed, for the greater part, the old book of Caxton, which was then very popular; but the character of Therfites, of which it makes no mention, is a proof that this play was written after Chapman had published his version of Homer. JOHNSON.

The first seven books of Chapman's *Homer* were published in the year 1596, and again in 1598. They were dedicated as follows: *To the most honoured now living instance of the Achilleian virtues eternized by divine Homere, the Earle of Effexe, Earle Marshall, &c.* and an anonymous Interlude, called *Thersytes his Humours and Conceits*, had been published in 1598. Puttenham also, in his *Arte of English Poesy*, 1589, p. 35, makes mention of "*Thersytes the glorious noddie*," &c. STEEVENS.

The interlude of *Thersytes* was, I believe, published long before 1598. That date was one of the numerous forgeries of Chetwood the Prompter, as well as the addition to the title of the piece,—"Thersytes his Humours and Conceits;" for no such words are found in the catalogue published in 1671, by Kirkman, who appears to have seen it. MALONE.

P. 265. *How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and potatoe finger, tickles these together.*] *Luxuria* was the appropriate term used by the school divines, to express the sin of incontinence, which accordingly is called *luxury*, in all our old English writers. In the *Summæ Theologiæ Compendium* of Thomas Aquinas, P. 2. II. Quæst. CLIV. is *de Luxuriæ Partibus*, which the author distributes under the heads of *Simplex Fornicatio, Adulterium, Incestus, Stuprum, Raptus, &c.* and Chaucer, in his *Parson's Tale*, descanting on the seven deadly sins, treats of this under the title *De Luxuria*. Hence, in *King Lear*, our author uses the word in this peculiar sense:

"To't, *Luxury*, pell-mell, for I want soldiers."

And Middleton, in his *Game of Chesse*:

"—— in a room fill'd all with *Aretine's* pictures,

"(More than the twelve labours of *Luxury*,)

"Thou shalt not so much as the chaste pummel see

"Of *Lucrece's* dagger."

But why is *luxury*, or lasciviousness, said to have a *potatoe finger*?—This root, which was in our author's time but newly imported from America, was considered as a rare exotic, and esteemed a very strong provocative.

vocative. As the plant is so common now, it may entertain the reader to see how it is described by Gerard in his *Herbal*, 1597, p. 780:

“ This plant, which is called of some Skyrrets of Peru, is generally of us called *Potatus*, or *Potatoes*. — There is not any that hath written of this plant; — therefore, I refer the description thereof unto those that shall hereafter have further knowledge of the same. Yet I have had in my garden divers roots (that I bought at the Exchange in London) where they flourished until winter, at which time they perished and rotted. They are used to be eaten roasted in the ashes. Some, when they be so roasted, infuse them and sop them in wine; and others, to give them the greater grace in eating, do boil them with prunes. Howsoever they be dressed, they comfort, nourish, and strengthen the bodie, procure *bodily lust*, and *that with great greediness*.”

Drayton, in the 20th song of his *Polyolbion*, introduces the same idea concerning the *skirret*:

“ The *skirret*, which, some say, in sallets *stirs the blood*.

Shakspeare alludes to this quality of *potatoes* in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: “ Let the sky rain *potatoes*, hail kissing comfits, and snow eringo; let a tempest of provocation come.”

Ben Jonson mentions *potatoe pies* in *Every Man out of his Humour*, among other good *unctuous meats*. So, T. Heywood, in *The English Traveller*, 1633:

“ Caviare, sturgeon, anchovies, pickled oysters; yes

“ And a *potatoe pie*: besides all these,

“ What thinkest rare and costly.”

Again, in *The Dumb Knight*, 1633: “ — truly I think a marrow-bone pye, candied eringoes, preserved *dates*, or *marmalade* of cantharides, were much better harbingers; *cock-sparrows* stew'd, dove's brains, or swains' pizzles, are very *provocative*; ROASTED POTATOES, or boiled *skerrets*, are your only lofty dishes.” Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635:

“ If she be a woman, marrow-bones and *potatoe-pies* keep me,” &c. Again, in *A Chaste Maid of Cheapside*, by Middleton, 1620:

“ You might have spar'd this banquet of eringoes,

“ Artichokes, *potatoes*, and your butter'd crab;

“ They were fitter kept for your own wedding dinner.”

Again, in Chapman's *May-Day*, 1611: “ — a banquet of oyster-pies, *skerret-roots*, *potatoes*, eringoes, and divers other whetstones of *venery*.” Again, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612:

“ *Potatoes* eke, if you shall lack,

“ To corroborate the back.”

Again, in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601: “ — by Gor, an me had known dis, me woode have eat som *potatos*, or ringoe.” Again, in sir W. D'Avenant's *Love and Honour*, 1649:

“ You shall find me a kind of sparrow, widow;

“ A barley-corn goes as far as a *potatoe*”

Again,

Again, in *The Ghost*, 1640:

“ Then, the fine broths I daily had sent to me,
“ *Potatoe* pasties, lusty marrow-pies,” &c.

Again, in *Histrionastix, or the Player whipt*, 1610:

“ Give your play-gull a stool, and my lady her fool,
“ And her usher *potatoes* and marrow.”

Nay, so notorious were the virtues of this root, that W. W. the old translator of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, 1595, has introduced them into that comedy. When Menæchmus goes to the house of his mistress Erotium to bespeak a dinner, he adds, “ Harke ye, some oysters, a mary-bone pie or two, some artichockes, and *potato-roots*; let our other dishes be as you please.”

Again, in Greene's *Disputation between a Hee Coneycatcher and a Shee Con-ycatcher*, 1592: “ I pray you, how many badde proffittes againe growes from whoores. Bridewell woulde have verie fewe tenants, the hospitall woulde wante patientes, and the surgians much woorke: the apothecaries woulde have surphaling water and *potato-roots* lye deade on their handes.” Again, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson: “ — 'tis your only dish, above all your *potatoes* or oyster-pies in the world.” Again, in *The Elder Brother*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ A banquet—well, *potatoes* and eringoes,
“ And as I take it, cantharides—Excellent!”

Again, in *The Loyal Subject*, by the same authors:

“ Will your lordship please to taste a fine *potato*?
“ 'Twill advance your wither'd state,
“ Fill your honour-full of noble itches,” &c.

Again in *The Martial Maid*, by Beaumont and Fletcher: “ Will your ladyship have a *potatoe-pie*? 'tis a good stirring dish for an old lady after a long lent.” Again, in *The Sea Voyage*, by the same authors:

“ ——— Oh, for some eringoes,
“ *Potatoes*, or cantharides!”

Again:

“ See provoking dishes, candied eringoes
“ And *potatoes*.”

Again, in *The Picture*, by Massinger:

“ ——— he hath got a pye
“ Of marrow-bones, *potatoes* and eringoes.”

Again, in *Massinger's New Way to pay old Debts*:

“ ——— 'tis the quintessence
“ Of five cocks of the game, ten dozen of sparrows,
“ Knuckles of veal, *potatoe-roots* and marrow,
“ Coral and ambergris,” &c.

Again,

Again, in *The Guardian*, by the same author :

“ ————— Potargo,
“ *Potatoes*, marrow, caviare ———.”

Again, in *The City Madam*, by the same :

“ ——— prescribes my diet, and foretells
“ My dreams when I eat *potatoes*.”

Taylor, the water poet, likewise, in his character of a Bawd, ascribes the same qualities to this genial root.

Again, Decker, in his *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609 : “ *Potato-pies* and custards stood like the sinful suburbs of cookery,” &c. Again, in *Marston's Satires*, 1599 :

“ ——— camphire and lettice chaste,
“ Are now cashier'd—now *Sophi 'ringoes* eate,
“ Candi'd *potatoes* are Athenians' meate.”

Again, in Holinshed's *Chronicle, Description of England*, p. 167 :

“ Of the *potato* and such *venerous* roots, &c. I speake not.”

Lastly, in sir John Harrington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596 : “ Perhaps you have been used to your dainties of *potatoes*, of *caveare*, *eringus*, plums of *Genowa*, all which may well encrease your appetite to severall evacuations.”

In *The Good Huswives Jewell*, a book of cookery published in 1596, I find the following receipt to make a *tarte* that is a *courage* to a man or woman : “ Take too *quinces*, and twoo or three *burre* rootes, and a **POTATON**; and pare your **POTATON** and scrape your roots, and put them into a quarte of wine, and let them boyle till they bee tender, and put in an ounce of *dates*, and when they be boiled tender, drawe them through a strainer, wine and all, and then put in the yolkes of eight egges, and the braynes of three or four *cocke-sparrowes*, and straine them into the other, and a little rose-water, and seeth them all with sugar, cinnamon, and ginger, and cloves, and mace ; and put in a little sweet butter, and set it upon a chafing-dish of coles between two platters, to let it boyle till it be something bigge.”

Gerard elsewhere observes in his *Herbal*, that “ *potatoes* may serve as a ground or foundation whereon the cunning confectioner or sugar-baker may worke and frame many comfortable conserves and restorative sweet-meats.”

The same venerable botanist likewise adds, that the *stalk* of *clotburre* “ being eaten rawe with salt and pepper, or boiled in the broth of fat meat, is pleasant to be eaten, and stirreth up *venereal* motions. It likewise strengtheneth the *back*,” &c.

Speaking of *dates*, he says, that “ thereof he made divers excellent cordial comfortable and nourishing medicines, and that procure *lust* of the *body* very mightily.” He also mentions *quinces* as having the same virtues.

We may likewise add, that Shakspeare's own authority for the efficacy of *quinces* and *dates* is not wanting. He has certainly introduced them both as proper to be employed in the wedding dinner of Paris and Juliet:

“ They call for *dates* and *quinces* in the pastry.”

It appears from Dr. Campbell's *Political Survey of Great Britain*, that *potatoes* were brought into Ireland about the year 1610, and that they came first from Ireland into Lancashire. It was however forty years before they were much cultivated about London. At this time they were distinguished from the Spanish by the name of *Virginia potatoes*, or *batatas*, which is the Indian denomination of the Spanish sort. The Indians in Virginia called them *openank*. Sir Walter Raleigh was the first who planted them in Ireland. Authors differ as to the nature of this vegetable, as well as in respect of the country from whence it originally came. Switzer calls it *Sisarum Peruvianum*, i. e. the *skirret* of Peru. Dr. Hill says it is a *solanum*; and another very respectable naturalist conceives it to be a native of Mexico.

The accumulation of instances in this note is to be regarded as a proof how often dark allusions might be cleared up, if commentators were diligent in their researches. COLLINS.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

* * * The story of the Misanthrope is told in almost every collection of the time, and particularly in two books, with which Shakspeare was intimately acquainted; the *Palace of Pleasure*, and the *English Plutarch*. Indeed from a passage in an old play, called *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, I conjecture that he had before made his appearance on the stage.

FARMER.

The passage in *Jack Drum's Entertainment* or *Pasquil and Katherine*, 1601, is this:

“Come, I'll be as sociable as *Timon of Athens*.”

But the allusion is so slight, that it might as well have been borrowed from Plutarch or the novel.

Mr. Strutt the engraver, to whom our antiquaries are under no inconsiderable obligations, has in his possession a MS. play on this subject. It appears to have been written, or transcribed, about the year 1600. There is a scene in it resembling Shakspeare's banquet given by Timon to his flatterers. Instead of *warm water* he sets before them *stones painted like artichokes*, and afterwards beats them out of the room. He then retires to the woods, attended by his faithful steward, who, (like Kent in *King Lear*) has disguised himself to continue his services to his master. Timon, in the last act is followed by his fickle mistress, &c. after he was reported to have *discovered* a hidden treasure by digging. The piece itself (though it appears to be the work of an academick) is a wretched one. The *personæ dramatis* are as follows:

“The actors names.

“Timon.

“Laches, his faithful servant.

“Eutrapelus, a dissolute young man.

“Gelasimus, a cittie heyre.

“Pseudocheus, a lying travailer.

“Demeas, an orator.

“Philargurus, a covetous churlish ould man.

“Hermogenes, a fidler.

“Abyssus, a usurer.

“Lollio, a cuntrey clowne, Philargurus sonne.

“Stilpo, } Twolying philosophers.

“Speusippus, }

“Grunnio, a lean servant of Philargurus.

“Obba, Tymon's butler.

“Pædio, Gelasimus page.

“Two serjeants.

“A failor.

“Callimela, Philargurus daughter.

“Blatte, her pratling nurse.

“SCENE, Athens.” STEEVENS.

Shakspeare

Shakspeare undoubtedly formed this play on the passage in Plutarch's *Life of Antony* relative to Timon, and not on the twenty-eighth novel of the first volume of Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*; because he is there merely described as "a man-hater, of a strange and beastly nature," without any cause assigned; whereas Plutarch furnished our author with the following hint to work upon. "Antonius forsook the citie, and companie of his friendes,—saying, that he would lead Timon's life, because he had the like wrong offered him, that was offered unto Timon; and for the unthankfulness of those he had done good unto, and whom he tooke to be his friendes, he was angry with all men, and would trust no man."

To the manuscript play mentioned by Mr. Steevens, our author, I have no doubt, was also indebted for some other circumstances. Here he found the faithful steward, the banquet-scene, and the story of Timon's being possessed of great sums of gold which he had dug up in the woods: a circumstance which he could not have had from Lucian, there being then no translation of the dialogue that relates to this subject.

Spon says, there is a building near Athens, yet remaining, called *Timon's Tower*.

Timon of Athens was written, I imagine, in the year 1610. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakspeare's Plays*. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Timon, *a noble Athenian.*

Lucius,
Lucullus, } *Lords, and flatterers of Timon.*
Sempronius, }

Ventidius, *one of Timon's false Friends.*

Apemantus, *a churlish Philosopher.*

Alcibiades, *an Athenian General.*

Flavius, *Steward to Timon.*

Flaminius,
Lucilius, } *Timon's Servants.*
Servilius, }

Caphis,
Philotus, } *Servants to Timon's Creditors.*
Titus, }
Lucius, }
Hortensius, }

Two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of Isidore; two of Timon's Creditors.

Cupid and Maskers. Three Strangers.

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.

An old Athenian. A Page. A Fool.

Phrynia,* } *Mistresses to Alcibiades.*
Timandra, }

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, and Attendants.

SCENE, Athens; and the Woods adjoining.

* *Phrynia,*] (or, as this name should have been written by Shakspeare, *Pbryne,*) was an Athenian courtesan so exquisitely beautiful, that when her judges were proceeding to condemn her for numerous and enormous offences, a sight of her bosom (which, as we learn from Quintilian, had been artfully denuded by her advocate,) disarmed the court of its severity, and secured her life from the sentence of the law. STEEVENS.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Athens. *A Hall in Timon's House.*

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Others, at several doors.

Poet. Good day, fir.²

Pain. I am glad you are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long; How goes the world?

Pain. It wears, fir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known:

But what particular rarity?³ what strange,

Which

² It would be less abrupt to begin the play thus:

Poet. Good day.

Pain. Good day, fir: *I am glad you're well.* FARMER.

The present deficiency in the metre also pleads strongly in behalf of the supplemental words proposed by Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

³ I cannot but think that this passage is at present in confusion. The poet asks a question, and stays not for an answer, nor has his question any apparent drift or consequence. I would range the passage thus:

Poet. Ay, that's well known.

But what particular rarity? what so strange,

That manifold record not matches?

Pain. See!

Poet. *Magick of bounty! &c.*

It may not be improperly observed here, that as there is only one copy of this play, no help can be had from collation, and more liberty must be allowed to conjecture. JOHNSON.

Johnson supposes that there is some error in this passage, because the Poet asks a question, and stays not for an answer; and therefore suggests a new arrangement of it. But there is nothing more common in real life than questions asked in that manner. And with respect to his proposed arrangement, I can by no means approve of it; for as the Poet and the Painter are going to pay their court to Timon, it would be strange if the latter should point out to the former, as a particular rarity, which manifold record could not match, a merchant and a jeweller, who came there on the same errand. M. MASON.

The

Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magick of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; t'other's a jeweller.

Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord!

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were,
To an untirable and continue goodnes:⁴
He passes.⁵

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O, pray, let's see't: For the lord Timon, sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate:⁶ But, for that——

Poet. *When we for recompense⁷ have prais'd the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.*

Mer. 'Tis a good form.

[*Looking on the jewel.*]

Jew. And rich: here is a water, look you.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.

Poet. A thing flipp'd idly from me.
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes⁸
From whence 'tis nourished: The fire i'the flint
Shows not, till it be struck; our gentle flame

Provokes

The poet is led by *what the painter has said*, to ask whether any thing very strange and unparalleled had lately happened, without any expectation that any such had happened;—and is prevented from waiting for an answer by observing so many conjured by Timon's bounty to attend. “See, Magick of bounty!” &c. This surely is very natural. MALONE.

⁴ *Breathed* is inured by constant practice; so trained as not to be wearied. To breathe a horse, is to exercise him for the course. JOHNSON.

⁵ i. e. exceeds, goes beyond common bounds. STEEVENS.

⁶ Come up to the price. JOHNSON.

⁷ We must here suppose the poet busy in reading his own work; and that these three lines are the introduction of the poem addressed to Timon, which he afterwards gives the painter an account of. WARBURTON.

⁸ The folio copy reads—which *uses*. The modern editors have given it—which *issues*. JOHNSON.

Gum and *issues* were inserted by Mr. Pope; *oozes* by Dr. Johnson.

MALONE.

The two oldest copies read:

Our poesie is as a gowne which uses. STEEVENS.

Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes.⁸ What have you there?

Pain. A picture, fir.—And when comes your book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels⁹ of my presentment,² fir.
Let's see your piece.

Pain.

⁸ Thus the folio reads, and rightly. In later editions—*chafes*.

WARBURTON.

This speech of the poet is very obscure. He seems to boast the copiousness and facility of his vein, by declaring that verses drop from a poet as gums from odoriferous trees, and that his flame kindles itself without the violence necessary to elicit sparkles from the flint. What follows next? that it, *like a current, flies each bound it chafes*. This may mean, that it expands itself notwithstanding all obstructions: but the images in the comparison are so ill-sorted, and the effect so obscurely expressed, that I cannot but think something omitted that connected the last sentence with the former. It is well known that the players often shorten speeches to quicken the representation: and it may be suspected, that they sometimes performed their amputations with more haste than judgement. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the sense is, that having *touch'd on one subject, it flies off in quest of another*. The old copy seems to read:

Each bound it chafes.

The letters *f* and *s* are not always to be distinguished from each other, especially when the types have been much worn, as in the first folio. If *chafes* be the true reading, it is best explained by the "*—se sequiturque fugitque—*" of the Roman poet. STEEVENS.

The obscurity of this passage arises merely from the mistake of the editors, who have joined in one, what was intended by Shakspeare as two distinct sentences.—It should be pointed thus, and then the sense will be evident:

———— our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and like the current flies;—
Each bound it chafes.

Our gentle flame animates itself; it flies like a current; and every obstacle serves but to increase its force. M. MASON.

This jumble of incongruous images, seems to have been designed, and put into the mouth of the Poetaster, that the reader might appreciate his talents: his language therefore should not be considered in the abstract.

HENLEY.

⁹ As soon as my book has been presented to lord Timon. JOHNSON.

² The patrons of Shakspeare's age do not appear to have been all *Timons*.

"I did determine not to have dedicated my play to any body, because *forty shillings* I care not for, and above, few or none will bestow on these matters." Preface to *A Woman is a Weathercock*, by N. Field, 1612.

STEEVENS.

It should however be remembered, that forty shillings at that time were equal to at least six, perhaps eight, pounds at this day. MALONE.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.³

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: How this grace
Speaks his own standing!⁴ what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.⁵

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; Is't good?

Poet. I'll say of it,

It

³ The meaning is, the figure rises well from the canvas. *Ce'st bien relevé.* JOHNSON.

What is meant by this term of applause I do not exactly know. It occurs again in *The Widow*, by Ben Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton:

"It comes off very fair yet." STEEVENS.

⁴ This relates to the attitude of the figure, and means that it stands judiciously on its own centre. And not only so, but that it has a graceful standing likewise. Of which the poet in *Hamlet*, speaking of another picture, says:

"A station like the herald, Mercury,

"New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill." WARBURTON.

This sentence seems to me obscure, and, however explained, not very forcible. *This grace speaks his own standing*, is only, *The gracefulness of this figure shows how it stands*. I am inclined to think something corrupted. It would be more natural and clear thus:

—————*How this standing*

Speaks his own graces!————

How this posture displays its own gracefulness. But I will indulge conjecture further, and propose to read:

—————*How this grace,*

Speaks understanding! what a mental power

This eye shoots forth! JOHNSON.

The passage, to my apprehension at least, *speaks its own meaning*, which is, how the graceful attitude of this figure proclaims that it stands firm on its center, or gives evidence in favour of its own fixture. *Grace* is introduced as bearing witness to *propriety*. STEEVENS.

⁵ The figure, though dumb, seems to have a capacity of speech. The allusion is to the puppet-shows, or motions as they were termed in our author's time. The person who spoke for the puppets was called an *interpreter*. MALONE.

Rather—one might venture to supply words to such intelligible action. Such significant gesture ascertains the sentiments that should accompany it. STEEVENS.

It tutor's nature: artificial strife⁶
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

Pain. How this lord's follow'd!

Poet. The senators of Athens;—Happy men!⁷

Pain. Look, more!

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.⁸
I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment: My free drift
Halts not particularly,⁹ but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax:¹ no levell'd malice²

Infects

⁶ *Strife* for action or motion. WARBURTON.

Strife is either the contest of art with nature:

*Hic ille est Raphael, timuit, quo sospite vinci
Rerum magna parens, & moriente mori.*

or it is the contrast of forms or opposition of colours. JOHNSON.

So, under the print of Noah Bridges, by Faithorne:

“Faithorne, with nature at a noble *strife*,

“Hath paid the author a great share of life.” &c.

STEEVENS.

And Ben Jonson, on the head of Shakspeare by Droeshout:

“This figure which thou here see'st put,

“It was for gentle Shakspeare cut:

“Wherein the graver had a strife

“With nature, to out-doo the life.” HENLEY.

⁷ —Happy men!] Mr. Theobald reads—happy man; and certainly the emendation is sufficiently plausible, though the old reading may well stand. MALONE.

The text is right. The poet envies or admires the felicity of the senators in being Timon's friends, and familiarly admitted to his table, to partake of his good cheer, and experience the effects of his bounty.

RITSON.

⁸ *Mane salutantūm totis vomit ædibus undam.* JOHNSON.

⁹ My design does not stop at any single character. JOHNSON.

¹ Anciently they wrote upon waxen tables with an iron stile.

HANMER.

I once thought with Sir T. Hanmer, that this was only an allusion to the Roman practice of writing with a stile on waxen tablets; but it appears that the same custom prevailed in England about the year 1395, and might have been heard of by Shakspeare. It seems also to be pointed out by implication

Infects one comma in the course I hold ;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Poet.

I'll unbolt to you.³

You see how all conditions, how all minds,
(As well of glib and slippery creatures,⁴ as
Of grave and austere quality,) tender down
Their services to lord Timon : his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts ; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer⁵
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself : even he drops down
The knee before him,⁶ and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain.

implication in many of our old collegiate establishments. See Warton's *History of English Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 151. STEEVENS.

Mr. Aftle observes in his very ingenious work *On the Origin and Progress of Writing*, quarto, 1784, that "the practice of writing on table-books covered with *wax* was not entirely laid aside till the commencement of the *fourteenth* century." As Shakspeare, I believe, was not a very profound English antiquary, it is surely improbable that he should have had any knowledge of a practice which had been disused for more than two centuries before he was born. The Roman practice he might have learned from Golding's Translation of the ninth book of *Ovid's Metamorphoses* :

"Her right hand holds the pen, her left doth hold the empty
waxe," &c. MALONE.

² To *level* is to *aim*, to point the shot at a mark. Shakspeare's meaning is, my poem is not a satire written with any particular view, or *levelled* at any single person ; I fly like an eagle into the general expanse of life, and leave not, by any private mischief, the trace of my passage. JOHNSON.

³ I'll open, I'll explain. JOHNSON.

⁴ Sir T. Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton after him, read—*natures*. *Slippery* is *smooth*, unresisting. JOHNSON.

⁵ That shows in his look, as by reflection, the looks of his patron.

JOHNSON.

⁶ Either Shakspeare meant to put a falsehood into the mouth of his poet, or had not yet thoroughly planned the character of Apemantus ; for in the ensuing scenes, his behaviour is as cynical to Timon as to his followers.

STEEVENS.

The Poet, seeing that Apemantus paid frequent visits to Timon, naturally concluded that he was equally courteous with his other guests.

Pain. I saw them speak together.⁷

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill,
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: The base o'the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts,⁸ all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states:⁹ amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to scope.²
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.³

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on:
All those which were his fellows but of late,
(Some better than his value,) on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,⁴
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.⁵

Pain.

⁷ The word—*together*, which only serves to interrupt the measure, is, I believe, an interpolation, being occasionally omitted by our author, as unnecessary to sense, on similar occasions. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Cover'd with ranks* of all kinds of men. JOHNSON.

⁹ To advance or improve their various conditions of life. JOHNSON.

² Properly imagined, appositely, to the purpose. JOHNSON.

³ *Condition* for art. WARBURTON.

⁴ The sense is obvious, and means, in general, *flattering him*. The particular kind of flattery may be collected from the circumstance of its being offered up in *whispers*: which shows it was the calumniating those whom Timon hated or envied, or whose vices were opposite to his own. This offering up, to the person flattered, the murdered reputation of others, Shakspeare, with the utmost beauty of thought and expression, calls *sacrificial whisperings*, alluding to the victims offered up to idols.

WARBURTON.

Whisperings attended with such respect and veneration as accompany sacrifices to the gods. Such, I suppose, is the meaning. MALONE.

⁵ That is, catch his breath in affected fondness. JOHNSON.

A similar

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune in her shift and change of mood,
Spurns down her late-belov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common :
A thousand moral paintings I can show,⁶
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,
To show lord Timon, that mean eyes⁷ have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, attended; the servant of
Ventidius talking with him.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Ven. Serv. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait :
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing to him,
Periods his comfort.⁸

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he must need me.⁹ I do know him
A gentleman, that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have : I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Ven. Serv. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him : I will send his ransom ;
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me :—

'Tis

A similar phrase occurs in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour* :
"By this air, the most divine tobacco I ever drank!" To drink, in both
these instances, signifies to *inhale*. STEEVENS.

⁶ Shakspeare seems to intend in this dialogue to express some competi-
tion between the two great arts of imitation. Whatever the poet declares
himself to have shown, the painter thinks he could have shown better.

JOHNSON.

⁷ i. e. inferior spectators. TOLLET.

⁸ To *period* is, perhaps, a verb of Shakspeare's introduction into the
English language. STEEVENS.

⁹ i. e. when he is *compelled* to have need of my assistance ; or, as Mr.
Malone has more happily explained the phrase,—"cannot, but want my
assistance." STEEVENS.

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.²—Fare you well.

Ven. Serv. All happiness to your honour!³

[*Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

Tim. I have so: What of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

Enter LUCILIUS.

Luc. Here at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy creature
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift;
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o'the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:⁴

His

² This thought is better expressed by Dr. Madden in his *Elegy on Archbishop Boulter*:

“More than they ask'd he gave; and deem'd it mean

“Only to help the poor—to beg again.” JOHNSON.

It has been said that Dr. Johnson was paid ten guineas by Dr. Madden for correcting this poem. STEEVENS.

³ The common address to a lord in our author's time, was *your honour*, which was indifferently used with *your lordship*. See any old letter, or dedication of that age. STEEVENS.

⁴ This thought is closely expressed, and obscure: but this seems the meaning: “If the man be honest, my lord, for that reason he will be so in this;

His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ant. She is young and apt :
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. [to LUCILIUS.] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents on the present; in future, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;
To build his fortune, I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter :
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.

Luc.

this; and not endeavour at the injustice of gaining my daughter without my consent. **WARBURTON.**

I rather think an emendation necessary, and read :

Therefore well be him, Timon :

His honesty rewards him in itself.

That is, "If he is honest, *benefit illi*, I wish him the proper happiness of an honest man, but his honesty gives him no claim to my daughter." The first transcriber probably wrote—*will be with him*, which the next, not understanding, changed to,—*he will be*. **JOHNSON.**

I think Dr. Warburton's explanation is best, because it exacts no change.

STEVENS.

Therefore he will continue to be so, and is sure of being sufficiently rewarded by the consciousness of virtue; and he does not need the additional blessing of a beautiful and accomplished wife.

It has been objected, I forget by whom, if the old Athenian means to say that Lucilius will still continue to be virtuous, what occasion has he to apply to Timon to interfere relative to this marriage? But this is making Shakspeare write *by the card*. The words mean undoubtedly, that he will be honest in his *general conduct* through life; in every other action except that now complained of. **MALONE.**

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: Never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you!⁴

[*Exeunt LUCILIUS and old Athenian.*]

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting; which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.

The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour trafficks with man's nature,
He is but outside: These pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out.⁵ I like your work;
And you shall find, I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve you!

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman: Give me your hand;
We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord? dispraise?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclaw me quite.⁶

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those, which sell, would give: But you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters;⁷ believe't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No my good lord; he speaks the common tongue,
Which all men speak with him.

Tim.

⁴ The meaning is, let me never henceforth consider any thing that I possess, but as *owed* or due to you; held for your service, and at your disposal. JOHNSON.

⁵ Pictures have no hypocrisy; they are what they profess to be.

JOHNSON;

⁶ To *unclaw* is to *unwind* a ball of thread. To *unclaw* a man, is to draw out the whole mass of his fortunes. JOHNSON.

⁷ Are rated according to the esteem in which their possessor is held.

JOHNSON.

Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

*Enter APEMANTUS.*²

Jew. We will bear, with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow;
When thou art Timon's dog,³ and these knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them
not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?⁴

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus.

Apem. Thou know'st, I do; I called thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim.

² See this character of a cynic finely drawn by Lucian, in his *Auction of the Philosophers*; and how well Shakspeare has copied it. **WARBURTON.**

³ When thou hast gotten a better character, and instead of being Timon as thou art, shalt be changed to Timon's dog, and become more worthy kindness and salutation. **JOHNSON.**

This is spoken *δεικτικῶς*, as Mr. Upton says somewhere:—striking his hand on his breast.

“Wot you who named me first the kinge's dogge?” says Aristippus in *Damon and Pythias*. **FARMER.**

Apemantus, I think, means to say, that Timon is not to receive a gentle good morrow from him till that shall happen which never will happen; till Timon is transformed to the shape of his dog, and his knavish followers become honest men. Stay for thy good morrow, says he, till I be gentle, which will happen at the same time when thou art Timon's dog, &c. i. e. never. **MALONE.**

Mr. Malone has justly explained the drift of Apemantus. Such another reply occurs in *Troilus and Cressida*, where, Ulysses, desirous to avoid a kiss from Cressida, says to her; give me one

“When Helen is a maid again,” &c. **STEEVENS.**

⁴ The very imperfect state in which the ancient copy of this play has reached us, leaves a doubt whether several short speeches in the present scene were designed for verse or prose. I have therefore made no attempt at regulation. **STEEVENS.**

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well, that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better, that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. You are a dog.⁵

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation; What's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou should'st, thou'dst anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it: Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing,⁶ which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet?

Poet. How now, philosopher?

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: He, that loves to be flatter'd, is worthy o'the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim.

⁵ This speech, which is given to the *Painter* in the old editions, in the modern ones must have been transferred to the *Poet* by mistake: it evidently belongs to the former. **RITSON.**

⁶ Alluding to the proverb: "Plain dealing is a jewel, but they that use it die beggars." **STEEVENS.**

Tim. What would'st do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.⁷—Art not thou a merchant?

Mer.

⁷ This reading is absurd, and unintelligible. But, as I have restored the text,

That I had so hungry a wit to be a lord,
it is satirical enough of conscience, viz. I would hate myself, for having no more wit than to covet so insignificant a title. In the same sense, Shakspeare uses *lean-witted* in his *King Richard II*:

“And thou a lunatick, *lean-witted* fool. **WARBURTON.**

The meaning may be,—I should hate myself for *patiently enduring to be a lord*. This is ill enough expressed. Perhaps some happy change may set it right. I have tried, and can do nothing, yet I cannot heartily concur with Dr. Warburton. **JOHNSON.**

Mr. Heath reads:

That I had so wrong'd my wit to be a lord.

But the passage before us, is, in my opinion, irremediably corrupted.

STEEVENS.

Perhaps the compositor has transposed the words, and they should be read thus:

Angry that I had no wit,—to be a lord.

Or,

Angry to be a lord,—that I had no wit. **BLACKSTONE.**

Perhaps we should read:

That I had an angry wish to be a lord;

meaning, that he would hate himself for having wished in his anger to become a lord.—For it is in anger that he says:

“Heavens, that I were a lord!” **M. MASON.**

I believe Shakspeare was thinking of the common expression—*he has wit in his anger*; and that the difficulty arises here, as in many other places, from the original editor's paying no attention to abrupt sentences. Our author, I suppose, wrote:

That I had no angry wit.—To be a lord!

Art thou, &c.

Apemantus is asked, why after having wished to be a lord, he should hate himself. He replies,—For this reason; that I *had no wit* [or discretion] *in my anger*, but was absurd enough to wish myself one of that set of men, whom I despise. He then exclaims with indignation—To be a lord!—Such is my conjecture, in which however I have not so much confidence as to depart from the mode in which this passage has been hitherto exhibited. **MALONE.**

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffick confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffick do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffick's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Serv. 'Tis Alcibiades, and
Some twenty horse, all of companionship.⁸

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.—

[*Exeunt some Attendants.*]

You must needs dine with me:—Go not you hence.
Till I have thank'd you; and, when dinner's done,
Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your fights.—

Enter ALCIBIADES, with his Company.

Most welcome, sir!

[*They salute.*]

Apem. So, so: there!—

Aches contract and starve your supple joints!—

That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,
And all this cour'tsy! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.⁹

Alcib. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungrily on your fight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir:

Ere we depart,² we'll share a bounteous time

In

⁸ This expression does not mean barely that they all belong to one company, but that *they are all such as Alcibiades honours with his acquaintance, and sets on a level with himself.* STEEVENS.

⁹ Man is exhausted and degenerated; his *strain* or lineage is worn down into a monkey. JOHNSON.

² Who *depart*? Though Alcibiades was to leave Timon, Timon was not to depart. Common sense favours my emendation. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald proposes—*do part*. Common sense may favour it, but an acquaintance with the language of Shakspeare would not have been quite so propitious to his emendation. *Depart* and *part* have the same meaning. So, in *King John*:

“Hath willingly *departed* with a part.”

i. e. hath willingly *parted* with a part of the thing in question.

STEEVENS.

In different pleasure. Pray you, let us in.

[*Exeunt all but APEMANTUS.*]

Enter two Lords.

1. *Lord.* What time a day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

1. *Lord.* That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou,³ that still omit'st it.

2. *Lord.* Thou art going to lord Timon's feast.

Apem. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

2. *Lord.* Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice.

2. *Lord.* Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

1. *Lord.* Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend.

2. *Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the afs. [*Exit.*]

1. *Lord.* He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,
And taste lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.

2. *Lord.* He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed,⁴ but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.⁵

1. *Lord.* The noblest mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

2. *Lord.* Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1. *Lord.* I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*]

³ Read:—*The more accursed thou,*— RITSON.

⁴ *Meed*, which in general signifies reward or recompence, in this place seems to mean *desert*. STEEVENS.

⁵ i. e. all the customary returns made in discharge of obligations.

WARBURTON.

SCENE II.

The same. A Room of State in Timon's House.

Hautboys playing loud musick. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS and others attending; then enter TIMON, AL-CIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, and other Athenian Senators, with VENTIDIUS and Attendants. Then comes, dropping after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly.

Ven. Most honour'd Timon, 't hath pleas'd the gods
remember

My father's age, and call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich;
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled, with thanks, and service, from whose help
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love;
I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly say, he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them; Faults that are rich, are fair.⁶

Ven.

⁶ These two lines are absurdly given to Timon. They should be read thus:—

Tim. If our betters play at that game, we must not.

Apem. Dare to imitate them. Faults that are rich are fair.

This is said satirically, and in character. It was a sober reflection in Timon; who by *our betters* meant the gods, which require to be repaid for benefits received; but it would be impiety in men to expect the same observance for the trifling good they do. Apemantus, agreeably to his character, perverts this sentiment; as if Timon had spoke of earthly grandeur and potentates, who expect largest returns for their favours; and therefore, ironically replies as above. WARBURTON.

I cannot see that these lines are more proper in any other mouth than Timon's, to whose character of generosity and condescension they are very suitable. To suppose that by *our betters* are meant the gods, is very harsh, because to imitate the gods has been hitherto reckoned the highest pitch of human virtue. The whole is a trite and obvious thought, uttered by

Timon

Ven. A noble spirit.

[*They all stand ceremoniously looking on TIMON.*

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony
Was but devis'd at first, to set a gloss
On faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.*

1. Lord. My lord, we always have confes'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confes'd it? hang'd it, have you not? 7

Tim. O, Apemantus!—you are welcome.

Apem.

No,

You shall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie, thou art a churl; you have got a humour
there

Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame;—

They say, my lords, that *ira furor brevis est*,

But yond' man's ever angry.

Go, let him have a table by himself;

For

Timon with a kind of affected modesty. If I would make any alteration,
it should be only to reform the numbers thus:

Our betters play that game; we must not dare

T' imitate them: faults that are rich are fair. JOHNSON.

The faults of rich persons, and which contribute to the increase of riches,
wear a plausible appearance, and as the world goes are thought fair; but
they are faults notwithstanding. HEATH.

Dr. Warburton with his usual love of innovation, transfers the last word
of the first of these lines, and the whole of the second to Apemantus.
Mr. Heath has justly observed that this cannot have been Shakspeare's
intention, for thus Apemantus would be made to address Timon person-
ally, who must therefore have seen and heard him; whereas it appears
from a subsequent speech that Timon had not yet taken notice of him, as
he salutes him with some surprize—

“ O, Apemantus!—you are welcome.”

The term—*our betters*, being used by the inferior classes of men when
they speak of their superiors in the state, Shakspeare uses these words,
with his usual laxity, to express persons of high rank and fortune.

MALONE.

7 There seems to be some allusion here to a common proverbial saying
of Shakspeare's time: “ Confess and be hang'd.” MALONE.

For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine own peril,⁸ Timon;
I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian;
therefore welcome: I myself would have no power:⁹ 'pr'ythee,
let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I should
Ne'er flatter thee.²—O you gods! what a number
Of men eat Timon, and he fees them not!
It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat
In one man's blood;³ and all the madness is,
He cheers them up too.
I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men:

Methinks,

⁸ — at thine own peril,] The old copy reads—at thine apperil. I have not been able to find such a word in any Dictionary, nor is it reconcileable to etymology. I have therefore adopted an emendation made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

Apperil, the reading of the old editions, may be right, though no other instance of it has been, or possibly can be produced. It is, however, in actual use in the metropolis, at this day. RITSON.

⁹ If this be the true reading, the sense is,—all Athenians are welcome to share my fortune:

I would myself have no exclusive right or power in this house. Perhaps we might read,—I myself would have no poor. I would have every Athenian consider himself as joint possessor of my fortune. JOHNSON.

I understand Timon's meaning to be; I myself would have no power to make thee silent, but I wish thou would'st let my meat make thee silent. Timon, like a polite landlord, disclaims all power over the meanest or most troublesome of his guests." TYRWHITT.

These words refer to what follows, not to that which precedes. I claim no extraordinary power in right of my being master of the house: I wish not by my commands to impose silence on any one: but though I myself do not enjoin you to silence, let my meat stop your mouth. MALONE.

² The meaning is,—I could not swallow thy meat, for I could not pay for it with flattery; and what was given me with an ill will would stick in my throat. JOHNSON.

For has here perhaps the signification of *because*. MALONE.

³ The allusion is to a pack of hounds trained to pursuit by being gratified with the blood of an animal which they kill, and the wonder is that the animal on which they are feeding cheers them to the chase.

JOHNSON.

Methinks, they should invite them without knives;⁴
 Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
 There's much example for't; the fellow, that
 Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges
 The breath of him in a divided draught,
 Is the readiest man to kill him: it has been prov'd.
 If I

Were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals;
 Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:⁵
 Great men should drink with harness⁶ on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart;⁷ and let the health go round.

2. Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem.

Flow this way!

A brave fellow!—he keeps his tides well. Timon
 Those healths will make thee, and thy state, look ill.
 Here's that, which is too weak to be a finner,
 Honest water, which ne'er left man i'the mire:
 This, and my food, are equals; there's no odds.
 Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

*Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
 I pray for no man but myself:
 Grant I may never prove so fond,
 To trust man on his oath or bond;
 Or a harlot, for her weeping;
 Or a dog, that seems a sleeping;*

Or

⁴ It was the custom in our author's time for every guest to bring his own knife, which he occasionally whetted on a stone that hung behind the door. One of these whetstones may be seen in Parkinson's Museum. They were strangers, at that period, to the use of *forks*. RITSON.

⁵ The notes of the windpipe seem to be only the indications which show where the windpipe is. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare is very fond of making use of musical terms, when he is speaking of the human body, and *windpipe* and *notes* savour strongly of a quibble. STEEVENS.

⁶ i. e. armour. STEEVENS.

⁷ That is, *my lord's health with sincerity*. An emendation has been proposed thus:

My love in heart;—

but it is not necessary. JOHNSON.

Or a keeper with my freedom ;

Or my friends, if I should need 'em.

Amen. So fall to't :

Rich men sin,⁸ and I eat root. [Eats and drinks.

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like them ; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then ; that then thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

1. *Lord.* Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.⁹

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you : How had you been my friends else ? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart ?² I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf ; and thus far I confirm.³ O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them ? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them : and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wish'd myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits : and what better or properer

⁸ Dr. Farmer proposes to read—*sing*. REED.

⁹ That is, arrived at the perfection of happiness. JOHNSON.

² *Charitable* signifies, dear, endearing. *Alms*, in English, are called *charities*, and from thence we may collect that our ancestors knew well in what the virtue of alms-giving consisted ; not in the *act*, but in the *disposition*. WARBURTON.

The meaning is probably this :—Why are you distinguished from thousands by that title of endearment, was there not a particular connection and intercourse of tenderness between you and me ? JOHNSON.

³ I fix your characters firmly in my own mind. JOHNSON.

perer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born! ⁴ Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: ⁵ to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'st to make them drink, ⁶ Timon.

2. *Lord.* Joy had the like conception in our eyes, And, at that instant, like a babe ⁷ sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3. *Lord.* I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much! ⁸

[*Tucket sounded.*]

Tim. What means that trump?—How now?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? What are their wills?

Serv.

⁴ Tears being the effect both of joy and grief, supplied our author with an opportunity of conceit, which he seldom fails to indulge. Timon, weeping with a kind of tender pleasure, cries out, *O joy, e'en made away*, destroyed, turned to tears, before it can be born, before it can be fully possessed. JOHNSON.

⁵ In the original edition the words stand thus: *Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks. To forget their faults I drink to you.* Perhaps the true reading is this: *Mine eyes cannot hold out; they water. Methinks, to forget their faults, I will drink to you.* Or it may be explained without any change. *Mine eyes cannot hold out water*, that is, cannot keep water from breaking in upon them. JOHNSON.

⁶ Sir T. Hanmer reads:—*to make them drink thee*; and is followed by Dr. Warburton, I think, without sufficient reason. The covert sense of Apemantus is, *what thou lovest, they get.* JOHNSON.

⁷ That is, a weeping babe. JOHNSON.

I question if Shakspeare meant the propriety of allusion to be carried quite so far. To look for *babies* in the eyes of another, is no uncommon expression. STEEVENS.

Does not Lucullus dwell on Timon's metaphor by referring to circumstances preceding the birth, and means joy was conceived in their eyes, and sprung up there, like the motion of a babe in the womb? TOLLET.

The word *conception*, in the preceding line, shows, I think, that Mr. Tollet's interpretation of this passage is the true one. MALONE.

⁸ Apemantus means to say,—That's extraordinary. *Much* was formerly an expression of admiration; and is frequently used, as here, ironically, and with some indication of contempt. STEEVENS.

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon;—and to all That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: The ear, Taste, touch, smell, all pleas'd from thy table rise;⁷ They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all; let them have kind admittance:—

Musick, make their welcome.⁸

[*Exit CUPID.*

1. *Lord.* You see, my lord, how ample you are belov'd.

Musick.

⁷ Their *taste, touch, all pleas'd from thy table rise,*
They only now——.

The *five* senses are talked of by Cupid, but three of them only are made out; and those in a very heavy unintelligible manner. It is plain therefore we should read:

Th' ear, *taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise,*
These only now, &c.

i. e. the five senses, Timon, acknowledge thee their patron; four of them, viz. the *hearing, taste, touch, and smell*, are all feasted at thy board; and these ladies come with me to entertain your *sight* in a masque. Massinger, in his *Duke of Millaine*, copied the passage from Shakspeare; and apparently before it was thus corrupted; where, speaking of a banquet, he says:

“ — All that may be had
“ To please the eye, the ear, *taste, touch, or smell,*
“ Are carefully provided.” WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton and the subsequent editors omit the word—*all*; but omission is the most dangerous mode of emendation. The corrupted word—*There*, shews that—*The ear* was intended to be contracted into one syllable; and *table* also was probably used as taking up only the time of a monosyllable. MALONE.

Perhaps the present arrangement of the foregoing words, renders monosyllabification needless. STEEVENS.

⁸ Perhaps the poet wrote:

Musick, make known their welcome.

So, in *Macbeth*:

“ We will require her welcome,—

“ Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends.” STEEVENS.

Musick. Re-enter CUPID, with a masque of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing, and playing.

Apem. Hey dey! what a sweep of vanity comes this way!
 They dance!⁹ they are mad women.
 Like madness is the glory of this life,
 As this pomp shows to a little oil, and root.²
 We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;
 And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
 Upon whose age we void it up again,
 With poisonous spite, and envy. Who lives, that's not
 Depraved, or depraves? who dies, that bears
 Not one spurn to their graves of their friends' gift?³
 I should fear, those, that dance before me now,
 Would one day stamp upon me: It has been done;
 Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The lords rise from table, with much adoring of TIMON; and, to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,
 Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
 Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
 You have added worth unto't, and lively lustre,
 And entertain'd me with mine own device;⁴
 I am to thank you for it.

I. Lady.

⁹ I believe *They dance* to be a marginal note only; and perhaps we should read:

These are mad woman. TYRWHITT.

² *The glory of this life is very near to madness*, as may be made appear from *this pomp*, exhibited in a place where a philosopher is feeding on oil and roots. When we see by example how few are the necessities of life, we learn what madness there is in so much superfluity. JOHNSON.

The word *like* in this place does not express *resemblance*, but *equality*. Apemantus does not mean to say that the glory of this life was like madness, but it was *just as much madness* in the eye of reason, as the pomp appeared to be, when compared to the frugal repast of a philosopher.

M. MASON.

³ That is, given them by their friends. JOHNSON.

⁴ The mask appears to have been designed by Timon to surprize his guests. JOHNSON.

1. *Lady*. My lord,⁵ you take us even at the best.⁶

Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold taking,⁷ I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet
Attends you: Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.

[*Exeunt* CUPID, and Ladies.

Tim. Flavius,—

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet!

There is no crossing him in his humour;⁸ [Aside.

Else I should tell him,—Well,—i'faith, I should,

When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.⁹

'Tis

⁵ In the old copy this speech is given to the 1 *Lord*. I have ventured to change it to the 1 *Lady*, as Mr. Edwards and Mr. Heath, as well as Dr. Johnson, concur in the emendation. STEEVENS.

The conjecture of Dr. Johnson, who observes, that *L* only was probably set down in the MS. is well founded; for that abbreviation is used in the old copy in this very scene, and in many other places. The next speech, however coarse the allusion couched under the word *taking* may be, puts the matter beyond a doubt. MALONE.

⁶ Perhaps we should read:

—ever at the best.

So, Act III. sc. vi:

“*Ever at the best.*” TYRWHITT.

Take us even at the best, I believe, means, you have seen the best we can do. They are supposed to be hired dancers, and therefore there is no impropriety in such a confession. Mr. Malone's subsequent explanation, however, pleases me better than my own. STEEVENS.

I believe the meaning is, “You have conceived the fairest of us,” (to use the words of Lucullus in a subsequent scene;) you have estimated us too highly, perhaps above our deserts. MALONE.

⁷ i. e. *bear bandling*, words which (if my memory does not deceive me) are employed to the same purpose in another of our author's plays. STEEVENS.

⁸ Read: *There is no crossing him in this his humour.* RITSON.

⁹ The poet does not mean here, that he would be *cross'd* in humour, but that he would have his hand *cross'd* with money, if he could. He is playing on the word, and alluding to our old silver penny, used before K. Edward the First's time, which had a *cross* on the reverse with a crease, that it might be more easily broke into halves and quarters, half-pence and farthings. From this penny, and other pieces, was our common expression derived,—*I have not a cross about me*; i. e. not a piece of money. THEOBALD.

'Tis pity, bounty had not eyes behind ;⁹
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.²

[Exit, and returns, with the casket.]

1. Lord. Where be our men ?

Serv.

Here, my lord, in readiness.

2. Lord. Our horses.

Tim.

O my friends, I have one word
To say to you :—Look you, my good lord, I must
Entreat you, honour me so much, as to
Advance this jewel ;³
Accept, and wear it, kind my lord.

1. Lord. I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate
Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav.

I beseech your honour,
Vouchsafe me a word ; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near ? why then another time I'll hear thee :
I pr'ythee let us be provided
To show them entertainment.

Flav.

I scarce know how. [Aside.]

Enter another Servant.

2. Serv. May it please your honour, the lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly : let the presents

Enter a third Servant.

Be worthily entertain'd.—How now, what news ?

3. Serv. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman,
lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with
him ; and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him ; And let them be receiv'd,
Not without fair reward.

Flav. [Aside.]

What will this come to ?

He

⁹ To see the miseries that are following her. JOHNSON.

² For nobleness of soul. JOHNSON.

³ To prefer it ; to raise it to honour by wearing it. JOHNSON.

He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer.—

Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good;
His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes
For every word; he is so kind, that he now
Pays interest for't; his land's put to their books.
Well, 'would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forc'd out!

Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than such as do even enemies exceed.

I bleed inwardly for my lord.

[Exit.

Tim. You do yourselves
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits:—
Here, my lord; a trifle of our love.

2. *Lord.* With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3. *Lord.* O, he is the very soul of bounty!

Tim. And now I remember me, my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it.

2. *Lord.* I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no man
Can justly praise, but what he does affect:
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
I'll tell you true.⁴ I'll call on you.

All Lords. None so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms⁵ to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,

Thou

⁴ Dr. Johnson reads,—*I tell you*, &c. in which he has been heedlessly followed; for though the change does not affect the sense of the passage, it is quite unnecessary, as may be proved by numerous instances in our author's dialogue. STEEVENS.

⁵ Thus the passage stood in all the editions before Sir T. Hanmer's, who restored—*My thanks*. JOHNSON.

I have displaced the words inserted by Sir T. Hanmer. What I have already given, says Timon, is not sufficient on the occasion: Methinks I could *deal* kingdoms, i. e. could dispense them on every side with an ungrudging distribution, like that with which I could deal out cards.

STEEVENS.

Thou art a foldier, therefore seldom rich,
It comes in charity to thee : for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead ; and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alcib. Ay, defiled land,⁶ my lord.

1. *Lord.* We are so virtuously bound,——

Tim. And so

Am I to you.

2. *Lord.* So infinitely endear'd,——

Tim. All to you.⁷—Lights, more lights.

1. *Lord.* The best of happiness,

Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon!

Tim. Ready for his friends.⁸

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, Lords, &c.]

Apem. What a coil's here!

Serving of becks,⁹ and jutting out of bums!

I doubt whether their legs² be worth the fums

That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs :

Methinks, false hearts should never have found legs.

Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'ries.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not fullen,
I'd be good to thee.

Apem.

⁶ *I*,—is the old reading, which apparently depends on a very low quibble. Alcibiades is told, that *his estate lies in a pitch'd field*. Now *pitch*, as Falstaff says, *doth defile*. Alcibiades therefore replies, that his estate lies in *defiled land*. This, as it happened, was not understood, and all the editors published :

I defy land,——. JOHNSON.

I being always printed in the old copy for *Ay*, the editor of the second folio made the absurd alteration mentioned by Dr. Johnson. MALONE.

⁷ All good wishes, or all happiness to you. STEEVENS.

⁸ I suppose, for the sake of enforcing the sense, as well as restoring the measure, we should read :

Ready ever for his friends. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Beck* means a salutation made with the head. To *serve a beck*, is to offer a salutation. JOHNSON.

To *serve a beck*, means, I believe, to *pay a courtly obedience to a nod*. It happens then that the word *beck* has no less than four distinct significations. In Drayton's *Polyolbion*, it is enumerated among the appellations of *small streams of water*. In Shakspeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, it has its common meaning—a *sign of invitation made by the hand*. In *Timon*, it appears to denote a *bow*, and in Lyly's play, a *nod of dignity or command*. STEEVENS.

² He plays upon the word *leg*, as it signifies a *limb*, and a *bow* or *act of defiance*. JOHNSON.

Apem. No, I'll nothing: for,
 If I should be brib'd too, there would be none left
 To rail upon thee; and then thou would'st sin the faster.
 Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me, thou
 Wilt give away thyself in paper shortly:³
 What need these feasts, pomps, and vain glories?

Tim. Nay,
 An you begin to rail on society once,
 I am sworn, not to give regard to you.
 Farewell; and come with better musick. [Exit.

Apem. So;—
 Thou'lt not hear me now,—thou shalt not then, I'll lock
 Thy heaven⁴ from thee. O, that men's ears should be
 To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The same. A Room in a Senator's House.

Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand to Varro; and to Isidore
 He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,
 Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion
 Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
 If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
 And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
 If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty⁵ more
 Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
 Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,
 And able horses: No porter at his gate;

But

³ i. e. be ruined by his securities entered into. WARBURTON.

⁴ The pleasure of being flattered. JOHNSON.

Apemantus never intended, at any event, to flatter Timon, nor did Timon expect any flattery from him. By *his heaven* he means *good advice*, the only thing by which he could be saved. The following lines confirm this explanation. M. MASON.

⁵ Dr. Farmer proposes to read —*twain*. REED.

But rather one that smiles, and still invites⁶
 All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
 Can found his state in safety.⁷ Caphis, ho!
 Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir; What is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord Timon;
 Importune him for my monies; be not ceas'd⁸
 With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when—
Commend me to your master—and the cap
 Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him, sirrah,
 My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
 Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
 And my reliances on his fracted dates
 Have smit my credit: I love, and honour him?
 But must not break my back, to heal his finger:
 Immediate are my needs; and my relief
 Must not be tofs'd and turn'd to me in words,
 But find supply immediate. Get you gone;
 Put on a most importunate aspect,

A visage

⁶ I imagine that a line is lost here, in which the behaviour of a surly porter was described. JOHNSON.

There is no occasion to suppose the loss of a line. *Sternness* was the characteristick of a porter. There appeared at Killingworth castle, [1575] “a porter, tall of parson, big of lim, and stearne of countinauns.” FARMER.

So also, in *A Knight's Conjuring*, &c. by Decker: “You mistake, if you imagine that Plutoes porter is like one of those big fellows that stand like gyants at Lordes gates, &c.—yet hee's as surly as those key-turners are.”

STEEVENS.

The word—*one*, in the second line, does not refer to porter, but means a person. He has no stern forbidding porter at his gate, to keep people out, but a person who invites them in. M. MASON.

⁷ Old copy—*sound*.] The supposed meaning of this must be,—*No reason*, by sounding, fathoming, or trying, *his state*, can find it *safe*. But as the words stand, they imply, that *no reason can safely sound his state*. I read thus:

—no reason

Can found his state in safety.—

Reason cannot find his fortune to have any *safe* or solid foundation.

The types of the first printer of this play were so worn and defaced, that *f* and *s* are not always to be distinguished. JOHNSON.

⁸ i. e. stopp'd. STEEVENS.

A visage of demand ; for, I do fear,
 When every feather sticks in his own wing,
 Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,⁹
 Which flashes² now a phoenix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, fir.

Sen. I go, fir ?³—take the bonds along with you,
 And have the dates in compt.⁴

Caph. I will, fir.

Sen. Go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A Hall in Timon's House.

Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in his hand.

Flav. No care, no stop ! so senseless of expence,
 That he will neither know how to maintain it,
 Nor cease his flow of riot : Takes no account
 How things go from him ; nor resumes no care
 Of what is to continue ; Never mind
 Was to be so unwise, to be so kind,⁵

What

⁹ A gull is a bird as remarkable for the poverty of its feathers, as a phoenix is supposed to be for the richness of its plumage. STEEVENS.

² Which, the pronoun relative, relating to things, is frequently used, as in this instance, by Shakspeare, instead of *who*, the pronoun relative, applied to persons. The use of the former instead of the latter is still preserved in the Lord's prayer. STEEVENS.

³ This last speech is not a captious repetition of what *Caphis* said, but a further injunction to him to go. *I*, in all the old dramatic writers, stands for—*ay*, as it does in this place. M. MASON.

I have left Mr. M. Mason's opinion before the reader, though I do not heartily concur in it. STEEVENS.

⁴ Old copy—*And have the dates in.* Come.] Certainly, ever since bonds were given, the date was put in when the bond was entered into ; and these bonds Timon had already given, and the time limited for their payment was lapsed. The Senator's charge to his servant must be to the tenour as I have amended the text ; Take good notice of the dates, for the better computation of the interest due upon them. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald's emendation may be supported by the following instance in *Macbeth* :

“ Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt.”

STEEVENS.

⁵ Nothing can be worse, or more obscurely expressed : and all for the sake

What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel:
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fye, fye, fye, fye!

Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of Isidore and Varro.

Caph. Good even, Varro:² What,
You come for money?

Var.

fake of a wretched rhyme. To make it sense and grammar, it should be supplied thus:

— *Never mind*

Was [made] to be so unwise, [in order] to be so kind.]

i. e. Nature, in order to make a profuse mind, never before endowed any man with so large a share of folly. *WARBURTON.*

Of this mode of expression, conversation affords many examples: “I was always to be blamed, whatever happened.”—“I am in the lottery, but I was always to draw blanks.” *JOHNSON.*

² It is observable, that this *good evening* is before dinner: for Timon tells Alcibiades, that they will go forth again, as soon as dinner’s done, which may prove that by *dinner* our author meant not the *coena* of ancient times, but the mid-day’s repast. I do not suppose the passage corrupt: such inadvertencies neither author nor editor can escape.

There is another remark to be made. Varro and Isidore sink a few lines afterwards into the servants of Varro and Isidore. Whether servants, in our author’s time, took the names of their masters, I know not. Perhaps it is a slip of negligence. *JOHNSON.*

In the old copy it stands: “*Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro.*”

STEEVENS.

In like manner in the fourth scene of the next act the servant of Lucius is called by his master’s name; but our author’s intention is sufficiently manifested by the stage-direction in the fourth scene of the third act, where we find in the first folio, (p. 86, col. 2.) “*Enter Varro’s man, meeting others.*” I have therefore always annexed *Serv.* to the name of the master. *MALONE.*

Good even, or as it is sometimes less accurately written, *Good den*, was the usual salutation from *noon*, the moment that *Good morrow* became improper. This appears plainly from the following passage in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. sc. iv:

“*Nurse.* God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

“*Mercutio.* God ye *good den*, fair gentlewoman.

“*Nur.* Is it *good den*?

“*Mer.* ’Tis no less I tell you; for the hand of the dial is now upon the of *noon*.”

So, in Hamlet’s greeting to Marcellus. Act I. sc. i. Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton, not being aware, I presume, of this wide sense of *Good even*, have altered it to *Good morning*; without any necessity, as from the course of the incidents, precedent and subsequent, the day may well be supposed to be turn’d of *noon*. *TYRWHITT.*

Var. Serv. Is't not your business too?

Caph. It is ;—And yours too, Isidore?

Isid. Serv. It is so.

Caph. 'Would we were all discharg'd!

Var. Serv. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord;

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and Lords, &c.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,³
My Alcibiades.—With me? What's your will?

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? Whence are you?

Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month:

My master is awak'd by great occasion,

To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,

That with your other noble parts you'll suit,⁴

In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,
I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,—

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—

Isid. Serv.

³ i. e. to hunting, from which diversion, we find by Flavius's speech, he was just returned. It may be here observed, that in our author's time it was the custom to hunt as well after dinner as before. Thus, in Laneham's *Account of the Entertainment at Kenelworth Castle*, we find, that Queen Elizabeth always, while there, hunted in the afternoon. "Monday was hot, and therefore her highness kept in 'till five a clock in the evening; what time it pleaz'd her to ryde forth into the chase, to hunt the hart of fors; which found anon, and after sore chased," &c. Again, "Munday the 18 of this July, the weather being hot, her highness kept the castle for coolness 'till about five a clock, her majesty in the chase hunted the hart (as before) of forz," &c. So, in *Tancred and Gismund*, 1592:

"He means *this evening* in the park to hunt." REED.

⁴ i. e. that you will behave on this occasion in a manner consistent with your other noble qualities. STEEVENS.

Isid. Serv. From Isidore ;
He humbly prays your speedy payment,⁵——

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,——

Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks,
And past,——

Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord ;
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath :——
I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on ;
[*Exit* ALCIBIADES and Lords.
I'll wait on you instantly.—Come hither, pray you.
[*To* FLAVIUS.

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour ?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business :
Your importunacy cease, till after dinner ;
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends :
See them well entertain'd. [Exit TIMON.

Flav. I pray, draw near.
[Exit FLAVIUS.

Enter APEMANTUS and a Fool.⁶

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus ;
let's have some sport with 'em.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog !

Var. Serv.

⁵ As our author does not appear to have meant that the servant of Isidore should be less civil than those of the other lords, it is natural to conceive that this line, at present imperfect, originally stood thus :

He humbly prays your lordship's speedy payment. STEEVENS.

⁶ I suspect some scene to be lost, in which the entrance of the fool, and the page that follows him, was prepared by some introductory dialogue, in which the audience was informed that they were the fool and page of Phrynia, Timandra, or some other courtesan, upon the knowledge of which depends the greater part of the ensuing jocularities. JOHNSON.

Var. Serv. How dost, fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thyself.—Come away. [*To the Fool.*

Isid. Serv. [*To Var. Serv.*] There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last asked the question.—Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!⁷

All. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All. Serv. Why?

Apem. That you ask me, what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All. Serv. Gramercies, good fool: How does your mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are.⁸ 'Would, we could see you at Corinth.⁹

Apem.

⁷ This is said so abruptly, that I am inclined to think it misplaced, and would regulate the passage thus:

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last ask'd the question.

All. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want! Speak, &c.

Thus every word will have its proper place. It is likely that the passage transposed was forgot in the copy, and inserted in the margin, perhaps a little beside the proper place, which the transcriber wanting either skill or care to observe, wrote it where it now stands. JOHNSON.

The transposition proposed by Johnson is unnecessary. Apemantus does not address these words to any of the others, but mutters them to himself; so that they do not enter into the dialogue, or compose a part of it. M. MASON.

⁸ The old name for the disease got at Corinth was the *brenning*, and a sense of scalding is one of its first symptoms. JOHNSON.

It was anciently the practice, and in inns perhaps still continues, to scald off the feathers of poultry, instead of plucking them. Chaucer hath referred to it in his *Romaunt of the Rose*, 6820:

“Without scalding they hem pulle.” HENRY.

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.²

Page. [*To the Fool.*] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company?—How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelp'd a dog; and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone. [*Exit Page.*

Apem. Even so thou out-run'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?

All Serv.

⁹ A cant name for a bawdy-house, I suppose, from the dissoluteness of that ancient Greek city; of which Alexander ab Alexandro has these words: "*Et CORINTHI supra mille prostitutas in templo Veneris assidue degere, & inflammata libidine quæstui meretricio operam dare, & velut sacrorum ministras Deæ famulari.*" Milton, in his *Apology for Smectymnus*, says: "Or searching for me at the Bordellos, where, it may be, he has lost himself, and raps up, without pity, the sage and rheumatick old prelates, with all her young *Corinthian* laity, to enquire for such a one."

WARBURTON.

² In the first passage this Fool speaks of his *master*, in the second [as exhibited in the modern editions] of his *mistress*. In the old copy it is *master* in both places. It should rather, perhaps, be *mistress* in both, as it is in a following and a preceding passage:

"*All.* How does your *mistress*?" —

"*Fool.* My *mistress* is one, and I am her fool." STEEVENS.

I have not hesitated to print *mistress* in both places. *Master* was frequently printed in the old copy instead of *mistress*, and *vice versa*, from the ancient mode of writing an *M* only, which stood in the MSS. of Shakspeare's time either for the one or the other; and the copyist or printer completed the word without attending to the context. MALONE.

All Serv. Ay; 'would they served us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant: My mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly: The reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whore-master, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime, it appears like a lord; sometime, like a lawyer; sometime, like a philosopher, with two stones more than his artificial one:³ He is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all shapes, that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

[*Exeunt APEMANTUS and Fool.*

Flav.

³ Meaning the celebrated philosopher's stone, which was in those times much talk'd of. Sir Thomas Smith was one of those who lost considerable sums in seeking of it. JOHNSON.

Sir Richard Steele was one of the last eminent men who entertained hopes of being successful in this pursuit. His laboratory was at Poplar, a village near London, and is now converted into a garden house.

STEEVENS.

Flav. 'Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you anon.

[*Exeunt Serv.*]

Tim. You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this time,
Had you not fully laid my state before me;
That I might so have rated my expence,
As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leifures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to;
Perchance, some fingle vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made your minister,
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord!
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much,⁴ I have shook my head, and wept;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks; when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd lord,
Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now's a time,⁵

The

⁴ He does not mean so *great* a sum, but a certain sum, as it might happen to be. Our author frequently uses this kind of expression.

MALONE.

⁵ i. e. Though it be now too late to retrieve your former fortunes, yet it is not too late to prevent by the assistance of your friends, your future miseries. Had the Oxford editor understood the sense, he would not have altered the text to,

Though you hear me now, yet now's too late a time.

WARBURTON.

I think Sir T. Hanmer right, and have received his emendation.

JOHNSON.

The old reading is not properly explained by Dr. Warburton.
"Though I tell your this (says Flavius) at too late a period, perhaps, for the information to be of any service to you, yet late as it is, it is necessary

The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues: the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?⁶

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word;⁷
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,
Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices⁸ have been oppress'd

With

cessary that you should be acquainted with it." It is evident, that the
steward had very little hope of assistance from his master's friends.

RITSON.

Though you now *at last* listen to my remonstrances, yet now your
affairs are in such a state that the whole of your remaining fortune will
scarce pay half your debts. You are therefore wise too late. MALONE.

⁶ This steward talks very wildly. The lord indeed might have asked,
what a lord seldom knows:

How goes our reckoning?

But the steward was too well satisfied in that matter. I would read
therefore:

Hold good *our reckoning?* WARBURTON.

It is common enough, and the commentator knows it is common to
propose, interrogatively, that of which neither the speaker nor the hearer
has any doubt. The present reading may therefore stand. JOHNSON.

How will you be able to subsist in the time intervening between the
payment of the present demands (which your whole substance will hardly
satisfy) and the claim of future dues, for which you have no fund what-
soever; and finally on the settlement of all accounts in what a wretched
plight will you be? MALONE.

⁷ The meaning is, as the *world* itself may be comprised in a word, you
might give it away in a breath. WARBURTON.

⁸ i. e. the apartments allotted to culinary purposes, the reception of
domesticks, &c. Thus, in *Macbeth*:

"Sent forth great largesse to your offices."

It

With riotous feeders;⁹ when our vaults have wept
 With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
 Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy;
 I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,²
 And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim.

Pr'ythee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
 How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,
 This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
 What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord Timon's?
 Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon?
 Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,
 The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
 Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
 These flies are couch'd.

Tim.

Come, sermon me no further:
 No villainous bounty hath yet pass'd my heart;

Unwisely,

It appears that what we now call *offices*, were anciently called *houses of office*. So, in Chaucer's *Clerkes Tale*, v. 8140, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edition:

“*Houses of office* stuffed with plentee

“Ther mayst thou see of deinteous vittaille.” STEEVENS.

⁹ *Feeders* are servants, whose low debaucheries are practised in the *offices* of a house. STEEVENS.

² i. e. a *cockloft*, a garret. And a *wasteful cock*, signifies a garret lying in waste, neglected, put to no use. HANMER.

Sir T. Hanmer's explanation is received by Dr. Warburton, yet I think them both apparently mistaken. A *wasteful cock* is a *cock* or pipe with a turning stopple *running* to *waste*. In this sense, both the terms have their usual meaning; but I know not that *cock* is ever used for *cockloft*, or *wasteful* for *lying in waste*, or that *lying in waste* is at all a phrase.

JOHNSON.

Whatever be the meaning of the present passage, it is certain, that *lying in waste* is still a very common phrase. FARMER.

A *wasteful cock* is what we now call a *waste pipe*; a pipe which is continually running, and thereby prevents the overflow of cisterns and other reservoirs, by carrying off their superfluous water. This circumstance served to keep the idea of Timon's unceasing prodigality in the mind of the steward, while its remoteness from the scenes of luxury within the house, was favourable to meditation. COLLINS.

The reader will have a perfect notion of the method taken by Mr. Pope in his edition, when he is informed that, for *wasteful cock*, that editor reads—*lonely room*. MALONE.

Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.³
 Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,
 To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
 If I would broach the vessels of my love,
 And try the argument⁴ of hearts by borrowing,
 Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,
 As I can bid thee speak.⁵

Flav. Assurance blest your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd,⁶
 That I account them blessings; for by these
 Shall I try friends: You shall perceive, how you
 Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.
 Within there, ho!⁷—Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants.

Serv. My lord, my lord,—

Tim. I will despatch you severally.—You, to lord
 Lucius,—
 To lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his
 Honour

³ Every reader must rejoice in this circumstance of comfort which presents itself to Timon, who, although beggar'd through want of prudence, consoles himself with reflection that his ruin was not brought on by the pursuit of guilty pleasures. STEEVENS.

⁴ The licentiousness of our author forces us often upon far-fetched expositions. *Arguments* may mean *contents*, as the *arguments* of a book; or *evidences* and *proofs*. JOHNSON.

The matter contained in a poem or play was in our author's time commonly thus denominated. The contents of his *Rape of Lucrece*, which he certainly published himself, he calls *The Argument*. Hence undoubtedly his use of the word. If I would, says Timon, by borrowing, try of what men's hearts are *composed*, what they *have in them*, &c. The old copy reads—*argument*, not, as Dr. Johnson supposed—*arguments*.

MALONE.

So, in *Hamlet*: "Have you heard the *argument*? Is there no offence in it?" Many more instances to the same purpose might be subjoined.

STEEVENS.

⁵ Thus the old copy; but it being clear from the overloaded measure that these words are a playhouse interpolation, I would not hesitate to omit them. They are understood, though not expressed. STEEVENS.

⁶ i. e. dignified, adorned, made respectable. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Ho*, was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer. The frequency of Shakespeare's use of this interjection, needs no examples. STEEVENS.

Honour to-day ;— You, to Sempronius ;
Commend me to their loves ; and, I am proud, say,
That my occasions have found time to use them
Toward a supply of money ; let the request
Be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius, and lord Lucullus ?⁸ humph ! [*Aside.*

Tim. Go you, sir, [*To another Serv.*] to the senators,
(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserv'd this hearing,) bid 'em send o'the instant
A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold,
(For that I knew it the most general way,⁹)
To them to use your signet, and your name ;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true ? can it be ?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall,² want treasure, cannot
Do what they would ; are sorry—you are honourable,—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—but
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity—
And so, intending³ other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,⁴
With certain half-caps,⁵ and cold-moving nods,⁶

They

⁸ As the steward is repeating the words of Timon, I have not scrupled to supply the title *lord*, which is wanting in the old copy, though necessary to the metre. STEEVENS.

⁹ *General* is not speedy, but *compendious*, the way to try many at a time.

JOHNSON.

² — at fall,] i. e. at an ebb. STEEVENS.

³ Is regarding, turning their notice to other things. JOHNSON.

To intend and to attend had anciently the same meaning. MALONE.

⁴ Flavius, by *fractions*, means broken hints, interrupted sentences, abrupt remarks. JOHNSON.

⁵ A half-cap is a cap slightly moved, not put off. JOHNSON.

⁶ By cold-moving I do not understand with Mr. Theobald, *chilling* or cold-producing nods, but a slight motion of the head, without any warmth or cordiality.

Cold-

They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!—
I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly : These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary :⁹
'Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows ;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind ;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.—
Go to Ventidius,—[*To a Serv.*] 'Pr'ythee, [*To FLAVIUS,*]
be not sad,

Thou art true, and honest ; ingeniously ² I speak,
No blame belongs to thee :—[*To Serv.*] Ventidius lately
Bury'd his father ; by whose death, he's stepp'd
Into a great estate : when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents : Greet him from me ;
Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his friend,³ which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents :—that had,—[*To FLAVIUS,*] give it
these fellows.

To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would, I could not think it ; That thought is
bounty's foe ;
Being free ⁴ itself, it thinks all others so. [*Exeunt.*]

Cold-moving is the same as *coldly-moving*. So—*perpetual sober* gods,
for *perpetually sober* ; *lazy-pacing* clouds,—*loving-jealous*—*flattering sweet*,
&c.—Such distant and uncourteous salutations are properly termed *cold-*
moving, as proceeding from a cold and unfriendly disposition.

MALONE.

⁹ *Hereditary* for by natural constitution. But some distempers of
natural constitution being called *hereditary*, he calls their ingratitude so.

WARBURTON.

² *Ingenious* was anciently used instead of *ingenuous*.

“ A course of learning and *ingenious* studies.” REED.

³ *Good*, as it may afford Ventidius an opportunity of exercising his
bounty, and relieving his friend, in return for his former kindness :—or,
some *bonest* necessity, not the consequence of a *villainous* and *ignoble* bounty.
I rather think this latter is the meaning. MALONE.

⁴ —free—] is *liberal*, not *parsimonious*. JOHNSON.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same. A Room in Lucullus's House.

FLAMINIUS *waiting. Enter a Servant to him.*

Serv. I have told my lord of you, he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aside.*] One of lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer⁶ to-night. Flaminus, honest Flaminus; you are very respectfully welcome, sir.⁷—Fill me some wine.—[*Exit Servant.*] And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir: And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminus?

Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him; nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, says he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I have dined with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less: and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault

⁶ These utensils of silver being much in request in Shakspeare's time, he has, as usual, not scrupled to place them in the house of an Athenian nobleman. MALONE.

Our author, I believe, has introduced *basins and ewers* where they would certainly have been found. The Romans appear to have had them; and the forms of their utensils were generally copied from those of Greece.

STEEVENS.

⁷ i. e. respectfully. STEEVENS.

fault, and honesty is his ;⁸ I have told him on't, but I could never get him from it.

Re-enter Servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flav. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason ; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well ; good parts in thee.—Get you gone, firrah. [*To the Servant, who goes out.*—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman : but thou art wise ; and thou know'st well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money ; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares⁹ for thee ; good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible, the world should so much differ ;
And we alive, that liv'd ?² Fly damned baseness,
To him that worships thee. [*Throwing the money away.*

Lucul. Ha ! Now I see, thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit LUCULLUS.*

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee !
Let molten coin be thy damnation,³
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself !

Has

⁸ *Honesty* does not here mean *probity*, but *liberality*. M. MASON.

⁹ I believe this coin is from the mint of the poet. STEEVENS.

² And we who were alive then, alive now. As much as to say, *in so short a time*. WARBURTON.

³ Perhaps the poet alludes to the punishment inflicted on M. Aquilius by Mithridates. In *The Shepherd's Calendar*, however, Lazarus declares himself to have seen in hell “a great number of wide cauldrons and kettles, full of boiling lead and oyle, with other hot metals molten, in the which were plunged and dipped the covetous men and women, for to fulfill and replenish them of their insatiate covetise.”

Mr. M. Mason thinks that Flaminius more “probably alludes to the story of Marcus Crassus and the Parthians, who are said to have poured molten gold down his throat, as a reproach and punishment for his avarice.”

STEEVENS.

Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
 It turns in less than two nights?⁴ O you gods,
 I feel my master's passion!⁵ This slave
 Unto his honour,⁶ has my lord's meat in him:
 Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
 When he is turn'd to poison?
 O, may diseases only work upon't!
 And, when he is sick to death, let not that part of nature⁷
 Which my lord paid for, be of any power
 To expel sickness, but prolong his hour!⁸ [Exit.

SCENE II.

The same. A publick Place.

Enter LUCIUS, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the lord Timon? he is my very good friend,
 and an honourable gentleman.

I. Stran.

⁴ Alluding to the *turning* or *acescence* of milk. JOHNSON.

⁵ ——— *passion!*] i. e. suffering. STEEVENS.

⁶ Thus the old copy. What Flaminus seems to mean is, — This slave
 (to the honour of his character) has, &c. The modern editors read—
 Unto *this hour*, which may be right. STEEVENS.

I should have no doubt in preferring the modern reading, *unto this hour*,
 as it is by far the stronger expression, so probably the right one.

M. MASON.

Mr. Ritson is of the same opinion. STEEVENS.

⁷ ——— *of nature—*] So the common copies. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads
 — *nurture*. JOHNSON.

Of nature is surely the most expressive reading. Flaminus considers
 that nutriment which Lucullus had for a length of time received at Timon's
 table, as constituting a great part of his animal system. STEEVENS.

⁸ i. e. the hour of sickness. *His* for *its*. STEEVENS.

His in almost every scene of these plays is used for *its*, but here I think
 “*bis* hour” relates to Lucullus, and means *bis* life.

If my notion be well founded, we must understand that the Steward
 wishes that the life of Lucullus may be prolonged only for the purpose of his
 being miserable; that sickness may “play the torturer by small and small,”
 and, “have him nine whole years in killing.”—

This indeed is nearly the meaning, if, with Mr. Steevens, we understand
bis hour to mean *the hour of sickness*: and it must be owned that a line in
Hamlet adds support to his interpretation:

“This physick but *prolongs thy sickly days*.” MALONE.

Mr. Malone's interpretation may receive further support from a passage
 in *Coriolanus*, where Menenius says to the Roman sentinel: “Be that
 you are, *long*; and your misery increase with your age.” STEEVENS.

1. *Stran.* We know him for no less,⁹ though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours; now lord Timon's happy hours are done² and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fye, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2. *Stran.* But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents;³ nay, urged extremely for't, and shew'd what necessity belong'd to't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How?

2. *Stran.* I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that? now, before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable man? there was very little honour shew'd in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have receiv'd some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me,⁴ I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.⁵

Enter

9 That is, *we know him* by report to be no less than you represent him, though we are strangers to his person. JOHNSON.

To *know*, in the present, and several other instances, is used by our author for—*to acknowledge*. STEEVENS.

² —are done—] i. e. consumed. MALONE.

³ Such is the reading of the old copy. The modern editors read arbitrarily—*fifty talents*. *So many* is not an uncommon colloquial expression for an indefinite number. The stranger might not know the exact sum.

STEEVENS.

So, Queen Elizabeth to one of her parliaments: "And for me, it shall be sufficient that a marble stone declare that a queen having reigned *such a time*, [i. e. the time that she should have reigned, whatever time that might happen to be,] lived and died a virgin."

"He sold *so much* of his estate, when he came of age," (meaning a certain portion of his estate,) is yet the phraseology of Scotland.

MALONE.

⁴ We should read: *mistook'd* him, i. e. overlooked, neglected to send to him. WARBURTON.

I rather read, *yet had he not mistook him, and sent to me*. JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards proposes to read—*yet had he missed him*. Lucius has just declared that he had had fewer presents from Timon, than Lucullus had received,

Enter SERVILIUS.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—My honour'd lord,— [To LUCIUS.

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well:—Commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent——

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endear'd to that lord; he's ever sending: How shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.⁶

Luc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.

If

received, who therefore ought to have been the first to assist him. Yet, says he, had Timon *mistook him*, or overlooked that circumstance, and sent to me, I should not have denied, &c. STEEVENS.

That is, “had he (Timon) mistaken himself and sent to me, I would ne’er,” &c. He means to insinuate that it would have been a kind of mistake in Timon to apply to a person who had received such trifling favours from him, in preference to Lucullus, who had received much greater; but if Timon had made that mistake, he should not have denied him so many talents. M. MASON.

Had he mistook him means, had he by mistake thought him under less obligations than me, and sent to me accordingly. HEATH.

I think with Mr. Steevens that *him* relates to Timon, and that *mistook him* is a reflective participle. MALONE.

⁵ i. e. a certain number of talents, such a number as he might happen to want. MALONE.

⁶ Such again is the reading with which the old copy supplies us. Probably the exact number of *talents wanted* was not expressly set down by Shakspeare. If this was the case, the player who represented the character, spoke of the first number that was uppermost in his mind; and the printer, who copied from the playhouse books, put down an indefinite for the definite sum, which remained unspecified. The modern editors read again in this instance, *fifty talents*. Perhaps the servant brought a note with him which he tendered to Lucullus. STEEVENS.

There is, I am confident, no error. I have met with this kind of phraseology in many books of Shakspeare's age. MALONE.

If his occasion were not virtuous,⁷
I should not urge it half so faithfully.⁸

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honourable? how unluckily it happen'd, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour?⁹—Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do't;

⁷ *Virtuous* for strong, forcible, pressing. WARBURTON.

The meaning may more naturally be—If he did not want it for a good use. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explication is certainly right.—We had before:

“Some good necessity touches his friend.” MALONE.

⁸ *Faithfully* for fervently. Therefore, without more ado, the Oxford editor alters the text to *fervently*. But he might have seen, that Shakespeare used *faithfully* for fervently, as in the former part of the sentence he had used *virtuous* for forcible. WARBURTON.

Zeal or *fervour* usually attending *fidelity*. MALONE.

⁹ Though there is a seeming plausible antithesis in the terms, I am very well assured they are corrupt at the bottom. For a little *part* of what? *Honour* is the only substantive that follows in the sentence. How much is the antithesis improved by the sense which my emendation gives? “That I should purchase for a little *dirt*, and undo a great deal of honour!”

THEOBALD.

This emendation is received, like all others, by Sir T. Hanmer, but neglected by Dr. Warburton. I think Theobald right in suspecting a corruption; nor is his emendation injudicious, though perhaps we may better read, *purchase the day before for a little park*. JOHNSON.

I am satisfied with the old reading, which is sufficiently in our author's manner. By purchasing what brought me but little honour, I have lost the more honourable opportunity of supplying the wants of my friend. Dr. Farmer, however, suspects a quibble between *honour* in its common acceptation, and *honour* (i. e. the *lordship* of a place,) in a legal sense. See Jacobs's Dictionary. STEEVENS.

I am neither satisfied with the amendments proposed, or with Steevens's explanation of the present reading; and have little doubt but we should read “purchase for a little *port*,” instead of *part*, and the meaning will then be—“How unlucky was I to have purchased, but the day before, out of a little vanity, and by that means disabled myself from doing an honourable action.” *Port* means *show*, or *magnificence*. M. MASON.

I believe Dr. Johnson's reading is the true one. I once suspected the phrase “purchase *for*,” but a more attentive examination of our author's works and those of his contemporaries, has shewn me the folly of suspecting corruptions in the text, merely because it exhibits a different phraseology from that used at this day. MALONE.

do't ; the more beast, I say :—I was fending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness ; but I would not for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship ; and I hope, his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind :—And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him ?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I will look you out a good turn, Servilius.—

[*Exit SERVILIUS.*]

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed ;
And he, that's once denied, will hardly speed.

[*Exit LUCIUS.*]

1. *Stran.* Do you observe this, Hostilius ?

2. *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1. *Stran.* Why this

Is the world's soul ; and just of the same piece
Is every flatterer's spirit.² Who can call him

His

² This is Dr. Warburton's emendation. The other [modern] editions read :

Why, this is the world's soul ;

And just of the same piece is every flatterer's sport.

Mr. Upton has not unluckily transposed the two final words, thus :

Why, this is the world's sport ;

Of the same piece is every flatterer's soul.

The passage is not so obscure as to provoke so much enquiry. *This, says he, is the soul or spirit of the world : every flatterer plays the same game, makes sport with the confidence of his friend.* JOHNSON.

Mr. M. Mason prefers the amendment of Dr. Warburton to the transposition of Mr. Upton. STEEVENS.

The amendment, *spirit*, belongs not to Dr. Warburton, but to Mr. Theobald. The word was frequently pronounced as one syllable, and sometimes, I think, written *sprite*. Hence the corruption was easy ; whilst on the other hand it is highly improbable that two words so distant from each other as *soul* and *sport* [or *spirit*] should change places. Mr. Upton did not take the trouble to look into the old copy ; but finding *soul* and *sport* the final words of two lines in Mr. Pope's and the subsequent editions, took it for granted they held the same situation in the original edition, which we see was not the case. I do not believe this speech was intended by the author for verse. MALONE.

His friend, that dips in the same dish?³ for, in
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse;
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: He ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet, (O, see the monstrosity of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!)
He does deny him, in respect of his,⁴
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3. *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1. *Stran.* For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,⁵

So

³ This phrase is scriptural. "He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish." *St. Matthew*, xxvi. 23. STEEVENS.

⁴ i. e. considering Timon's claim for what he asks. WARBURTON.

In respect of his fortune: what Lucius denies to Timon is in proportion to what Lucius possesses, less than the usual alms given by good men to beggars. JOHNSON.

Though Lucius himself drink from a silver cup which was Timon's gift to him, he refuses to Timon, in return, drink from any cup. HENLEY.

⁵ Sir T. Hanmer reads:

I would have put my wealth into partition,

And the best half should have attorn'd to him, —

Dr. Warburton receives *attorn'd*. The only difficulty is in the word *return'd*, which, since he had receiv'd nothing from him, cannot be used but in a very low and licentious meaning. JOHNSON.

Had his necessity made use of me, I would have put my fortune into a condition to be alienated, and the best half of what I had gained myself, or received from others, should have found its way to him. Either such licentious exposition must be allowed, or the passage remain in obscurity, as some readers may not choose to receive Sir Thomas Hanmer's emendation. STEEVENS.

The difficulty of this passage arises from the word *return'd*. Warburton, proposes to read *attorn'd*; but that word always relates to persons, not to things. It is the tenant that attorns, not the lands. The meaning of the passage

So much I love his heart : But, I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense ;
For policy sits above conscience.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in Sempronius's House.

Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of Timon's.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't? Humph! 'Bove all others?

He might have tried lord Lucius, or Lucullus ;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison : All these three
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. O my lord,
They have all been touch'd,⁶ and found base metal : for
They have all deny'd him?

Sem. How! have they deny'd him?
Has Ventidius⁷ and Lucullus deny'd him?
And does he fend to me? Three? humph!—
It shows but little love or judgement in him.

Must

passage appears to be this :—“ Though I never tasted of Timon's bounty, yet I have such an esteem for his virtue, that had he applied to me, I should have considered my wealth as proceeding from his donation, and have returned half of it to him again.” To put his wealth into donation, means, to put it down in account as a donation, to suppose it a donation.

M. MASON.

I have no doubt that the latter very happy interpretation given by Mr. Steevens is the true one. Though (says the speaker) I never tasted Timon's bounty in my life, I would have *supposed* my whole fortune to have been a gift from him, &c. MALONE.

⁶ That is, *tried*, alluding to the *touchstone*. JOHNSON.

⁷ With this mutilated and therefore rugged speech no ear accustomed to harmony can be satisfied. Sir T. Hanmer thus reforms the first part of it:

*Have Lucius, and Ventidius, and Lucullus,
Deny'd him all? and does he fend to me?*

Yet we might better, I think, read with a later editor:

Deny'd him, say you? and does he fend to me?

Three? humph!

It shows, &c.

But I can only point out metrical dilapidations which I profess my inability to repair. STEEVENS.

Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
 Thrive, give him over;⁸ Must I take the cure upon me?
 He has much disgrac'd me in't; I am angry at him,
 That might have known my place: I see no sense for't,
 But his occasions might have woo'd me first;
 For, in my conscience, I was the first man
 That e'er receiv'd gift from him:
 And does he think so backwardly of me now,
 That I'll requite it last? No: So it may prove
 An argument of laughter to the rest,
 And I amongst the lords be thought a fool.
 I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
 He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
 I had such a courage² to do him good. But now return,
 And with their faint reply this answer join;
 Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin. [Exit.

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain. The
 devil knew not what he did, when he made man politick;
 he cross'd himself by't: and I cannot think, but, in the end,
 the villainies of man will set him clear.³ How fairly this
 lord

⁸ Sir T. Hanmer reads, *try'd*, plausibly enough. Instead of *three* proposed by Mr. Pope, I should read *thrice*. But perhaps the old reading is the true. JOHNSON.

Perhaps we should read—*shriv'd*. They give him over *shriv'd*; that is, prepared for immediate death by *shrift*. TYRWHITT.

² Such an ardour, such an eager desire. JOHNSON.

³ I cannot but think that the negative *not* has intruded into this passage, and the reader will think so too, when he reads Dr. Warburton's explanation of the next words. JOHNSON.

Set him clear does not mean acquit him before heaven; for then *the devil* must be supposed to know what he did; but it signifies puzzle him, outdo him at his own weapons. WARBURTON.

How the devil, or any other being, should be *set clear* by being puzzled and outdone, the commentator has not explained. When in a crowd we would have an opening made, we say, *Stand clear*, that is, *out of the way of danger*. With some affinity to this use, though not without great harshness, to *set clear*, may be to *set aside*. But I believe the original corruption is the insertion of the negative, which was obtruded by some transcriber, who supposed *cross'd* to mean *thwarted*, when it meant, *exempted from evil*. The use of *crossing* by way of protection or purification, was probably not worn out in Shakspeare's time. The sense of *set clear* is now easy; he has no longer the guilt of tempting man. To *cross himself* may

lord strives to appear foul? takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire.⁴

Of

may mean, in a very familiar sense, *to clear his score, to get out of debt, to quit his reckoning*. He knew not *what he did*, may mean, he knew not how much good he was doing himself. There is no need of emendation.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps Dr. Warburton's explanation is the true one. *Clear* is an adverb, or so used; and Dr. Johnson's Dictionary observes that *to set* means, in Addison, to embarrass, to distress, to perplex.—If then the devil made men politick, he has thwarted his own interest, because the superior cunning of man will at last puzzle him, or be above the reach of his temptations. TOLLET.

Johnson's explanation of this passage is nearly right; but I don't see how the insertion of the negative injures the sense, or why that should be considered as a corruption. Servilius means to say, that the devil did not foresee the advantage that would arise to himself from thence, when he made men politick. He redeemed himself by it; for men will, in the end, become so much more villainous than he is, that they will set him clear; he will appear innocent when compared to them. Johnson has rightly explained the words, "he crossed himself by it." M. MASON.

The meaning, I think, is this:—*The devil did not know what he was about*, [how much his reputation for wickedness would be diminished] *when he made man crafty and interested; he thwarted himself by it*; [by thus raising up rivals to contend with him in iniquity, and at length to surpass him;] *and I cannot but think that at last the enormities of mankind will rise to such a height, as to make even Satan himself, in comparison, appear (what he would least of all wish to be) spotless and innocent*.

Clear is in many other places used by our author and the contemporary writers, for *innocent*. MALONE.

The devil's folly in making man politick, is to appear in this, that he will, at the long run, be too many for his old master, and get free of his bonds. The villainies of man are to set himself clear, not the devil, to whom he is supposed to be in thralldom. RITSON.

Concerning this difficult passage, I claim no other merit than that of having left before the reader the notes of all the commentators. I myself am in the state of Dr. Warburton's devil,—*puzzled*, instead of being *set clear* by them. STEEVENS.

⁴ This is a reflection on the puritans of that time. These people were then set upon the project of new-modelling the ecclesiastical and civil government according to scripture rules and examples; which makes him say, that *under zeal* for the word of God, they would set whole realms on fire. So, Sempronius pretended to that warm affection and generous jealousy of friendship, that is affronted, if any other be applied to before it. At best the similitude is an awkward one; but it fitted the audience, though not the speaker. WARBURTON.

Of such a nature is his politick love.
 This was my lord's best hope ; now all are fled,
 Save the gods only : Now his friends are dead,
 Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
 Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
 Now to guard sure their master.
 And this is all a liberal course allows ;
 Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house.^s [Exit.

SCENE IV.

The same. A Hall in Timon's House.

Enter two servants of Varro, and the servant of Lucius, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIVS, and other servants to Timon's Creditors, waiting his coming out.

Var. Serv. Well met ; good-morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius ?

What, do we meet together ?

Luc. Serv. Ay, and, I think,
 One business does command us all ; for mine
 Is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. Serv. And fir
 Philotus too !

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.
 What do you think the hour ?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much ?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet ?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't ; he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc.

^s i. e. keep within doors for fear of duns. JOHNSON.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him:

You must consider, that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's; ⁶ but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear,

'Tis deepest winter in lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.⁷

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll show you how to observe a strange event,
Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I am weary of this charge,⁸ the gods can witness:
I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

1. Var. Serv. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns: What's
yours?

Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.

1. Var. Serv. 'Tis much deep: and it should seem by the
sum,

Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equall'd.⁹

Enter

⁶ That is, like him in blaze and splendor.

"*Soles occidere & redire possunt.*" Catul. JOHNSON.

⁷ Still, perhaps, alluding to the effects of winter, during which some animals are obliged to seek their scanty provision through a depth of snow.
STEEVENS.

⁸ That is, of this *commission*, of this *employment*. JOHNSON.

⁹ Should it not be, *Else, surely, mine had equall'd.* JOHNSON.

The meaning of the passage is evidently and simply this: *Your master, it seems, had more confidence in lord Timon than mine, otherwise his (i. e. my master's) debt (i. e. the money due to him from Timon) would certainly have*

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminius! sir, a word: 'Pray, is my lord ready to come forth?

Flam.

have been as great as your master's (i. e. as the money which Timon owes to your master); that is, my master being as rich as yours, could and would have advanced Timon as large a sum as your master has advanced him, if he (my master) had thought it prudent to do so. RITSON.

The meaning may be, "The confidential friendship subsisting between your master [Lucius] and Timon, was greater than that subsisting between my master [Varro] and Timon; else surely the sum borrowed by Timon from your master had been *equal* to, and *not greater* than, the sum borrowed from mine; and this *equality* would have been produced by the application made to my master being *raised* from *three* thousand crowns to *five* thousand."

Two sums of unequal magnitude may be reduced to an equality, as well by addition to the lesser sum, as by subtraction from the greater. Thus, if A. has applied to B. for ten pounds, and to C. for five, and C. requests that he may lend A. precisely the *same* sum as he shall be furnished with by B, this may be done, either by C's *augmenting* his loan, and lending ten pounds as well as B, or by B's *diminishing* his loan, and, like C, lending only five pounds. The word's of Varro's servant therefore may mean, Else surely the *same* sums had been borrowed by Timon from both our masters.

I have preserved this interpretation, because I once thought it *probable*, and because it may strike others as *just*. But the true explication I believe is this (which I also formerly proposed). *His* may refer to *mine*. "It should seem that the confidential friendship subsisting between your master and Timon, was greater than that subsisting between Timon and my master; else surely *his* sum, i. e. the sum borrowed from *my* master, [the last antecedent] had been as large as the sum borrowed from yours."

The former interpretation (though I think it wrong,) I have stated thus precisely, and exactly in *substance* as it appeared several years ago, (though the expression is a little varied,) because a REMARKER [Mr. Ritson] has endeavoured to represent it as unintelligible.

This *Remarker*, however, it is observable, after saying, that he shall take no notice of *such see-saw conjectures*, with great gravity proposes a comment evidently formed on the latter of them, as an original interpretation of *his own*, on which the reader may *safely* rely. MALONE.

It must be perfectly clear, that the *Remarker* could not be indebted to a note which, so far as it is intelligible, seems diametrically opposite to his idea. It is equally so, that the editor [Mr. Malone] has availed himself of the above Remark, to vary the expression of his conjecture, and give it a sense it would otherwise never have had. RITSON.

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship; 'pray, signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows, you are too diligent. [Exit FLAMINIUS.]

Enter FLAVIUS in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so? He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

1. Var. Serv. By your leave, sir,—

Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav.

Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough. Why then preferr'd you not
Your fums and bills, when your false masters eat
Of my lord's meat? Then they could smile, and fawn
Upon his debts, and take down th' interest
Into their gluttonous maws. You do yourselves but wrong,
To stir me up; let me pass quietly:
Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav.

If 'twill not,

'Tis not so base as you; for you serve knaves. [Exit.]

1. Var. Serv. How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?

2. Var. Serv. No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in; such may rail against great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.²

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know
Some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen,
To repair some other hour, I should much

Derive

² It may be observed that Shakspeare has unskillfully filled his Greck story with Roman names. JOHNSON.

Derive from it: for, take it on my soul,
My lord leaps wond'rously to discontent.
His comfortable temper has forsook him;
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick:
And, if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for an answer, sir.

Flam. [*Within.*] Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord!—

Enter TIMON, in a rage; FLAMINIUS following.

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place, which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord.

Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Pbi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em:³ cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Serv. Alas! my lord,—

Tim. Cut my heart in fums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—

What yours?—and yours?

1. *Var. Serv.* My lord,—

2. *Var. Serv.* My lord,—

Tim.

³ Timon quibbles. They present their written *bills*; he catches at the word, and alludes to the *bills* or battle-axes, which the ancient soldiery carried, and were still used by the watch in Shakspeare's time.

STEEVENS.

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall on you!

[*Exit.*

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive, our masters may throw their caps at their money; these debts may well be call'd desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves: Creditors!—devils.

Flav. My dear lord,——

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flav. My lord,——

Tim. I'll have it so:—My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again, Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all: I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul;
There is not so much left, to furnish out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be't not in thy care; go,
I charge thee; invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The same. The Senate-House.

The Senate sitting. Enter ALCIBIADES, attended.

1. *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to't; the fault's bloody;

'Tis necessary, he should die:

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2. *Sen.* Most true; the law shall braise him.

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

3. *Sen.* Now, captain?

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.

It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy
 Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
 Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
 To those that, without heed, do plunge into it.
 He is a man, setting his fate aside,
 Of comely virtues :³
 Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice ;
 (An honour in him, which buys out his fault,)
 But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
 Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
 He did oppose his foe :
 And with such sober and unnoted passion
 He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,⁴
 As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1. *Sen.* You undergo too strict a paradox,⁵
 Striving to make an ugly deed look fair :
 Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
 To bring manslaughter into form, set quarrelling
 Upon the head of valour ; which, indeed,
 Is valour misbegot, and came into the world

When

³ I have printed these lines after the original copy, except that, for *an honour*, it is there, *and honour*. All the latter editions deviate unwarrantably from the original, and give the lines thus :

*He is a man, setting his fault aside,
 Of virtuous honour, which buys out his fault ;
 Nor did he soil, &c.* JOHNSON.

This licentious alteration of the text, with a thousand others of the same kind, was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁴ *Unnoted* for common, bounded. *Behave*, for curb, manage.

WARBURTON.

I would rather read :

——— *and unnoted passion*
He did behave, ere was his anger spent.

Unnoted passion means, I believe, an uncommon command of his passion, such a one as has not hitherto been observed. *Behave his anger* may, however, be right. STEEVENS.

“ *Unnoted passion*,” I believe, means a passion operating inwardly, but not accompanied with any external or boisterous appearances ; so regulated and subdued, that no spectator could *note*, or observe, its operation.

STEEVENS.

⁵ You undertake a paradox too *bard*. JOHNSON.

When sects and factions were newly born:
 He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
 The worst that man can breathe;⁶ and make his wrongs
 His outsidcs; wear them like his raiment, carelessly;
 And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
 To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
 What folly 'tis, to hazard life for ill?

Alcib. My lord,——

1. Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear;
 To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
 If I speak like a captain.—

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
 And not endure all threatnings? sleep upon it,
 And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
 Without repugnancy? but if there be
 Such valour in the bearing, what make we
 Abroad?⁷ why then, women are more valiant,
 That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
 And th' as, more captain than the lion; the felon,⁸

Loaden

⁶ i. e. can utter. MALONE.

⁷ *What do we, or what have we to do in the field.* JOHNSON.

⁸ Here is another arbitrary regulation, [the omission of—*captain*] the original reads thus:

——— *what make we*
Abroad? why then, women are more valiant
That stay at home, if bearing carry it:
And the as, more captain than the lion,
The fellow, loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
If wisdom, &c.

I think it may be better adjusted thus:

——— *what make we*
Abroad? why then the women are more valiant
That stay at home;
If bearing carry it, then is the as
More captain than the lion; and the felon
Loaden with irons, wiser, &c. JOHNSON.

—— *if bearing carry it;]* Dr. Johnson, when he proposed to connect this hemistich with the following line instead of the preceding words, seems to

Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
 If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
 As you are great, be pitifully good :
 Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood ?
 To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust ;⁹
 But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.²
 To be in anger, is impiety ;
 But who is man, that is not angry ?
 Weigh but the crime with this.

2. *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

Alcib.

to have forgot one of our author's favourite propensities. I have no doubt that the present arrangement is right.

Mr. Pope, who rejected whatever he did not like, omitted the words—*more captain*. They are supported by what Alcibiades has already said :

“ My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,

“ If I speak like a *captain*.——”

Dr. Johnson with great probability proposes to read *felon* instead of *fellow*.

MALONE.

The word *captain* has been injudiciously restored. That it cannot be the author's is evident from its spoiling what would otherwise be a metrical line. Nor is his using it elsewhere any proof that he meant to use it here.

RITSON.

I have not scrupled to insert Dr. Johnson's emendation, *felon*, for *fellow*, in the text ; but do not perceive how the line can become strictly metrical by the omission of the word—*captain*, unless, with Sir Thomas Hanmer, we transpose the conjunction—*and*, and read :

The ass more than the lion, and the felon,—— STEEVENS.

⁹ *Gust*, for aggravation. WARBURTON.

Gust is here in its common sense ; the utmost degree of *appetite* for sin.

JOHNSON.

I believe *gust* means *rashness*. The allusion may be to a sudden *gust* of wind. STEEVENS.

So we say, it was done in a sudden *gust* of passion. MALONE.

² By *mercy* is meant *equity*. But we must read :

———'tis made *just*. WARBURTON.

Mercy is not put for *equity*. If such explanation be allowed, what can be difficult ? The meaning is, *I call mercy herself* to witness, that defensive violence is just. JOHNSON.

The meaning, I think, is, Homicide in our own defence, by a *merciful and lenient interpretation* of the laws, is considered as justifiable. MALONE.

Dr. Johnson's explanation is the more spirited ; but a passage in *King John* should seem to countenance that of Mr. Malone :

“ Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,

“ And so doth yours——.” STEEVENS.

Alcib. In vain? his service done
At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1. *Sen.* What's that?

Alcib. Why, I say, my lords, h'as done fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2. *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em, he
Is a sworn rioter:³ h'as a sin that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:
If there were no foes, that were enough alone
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions: 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1. *Sen.* He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him,
(Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none,) yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join them both:
And, for I know, your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn⁴ my victories, all
My honour to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receiv't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1. *Sen.* We are for law, he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure: Friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

Alcib. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

2. *Sen.* How?

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

3. *Sen.*

What?

Alcib.

³ A *sworn rioter* is a man who practises riot, as if he had by an oath made it his duty. JOHNSON.

The expression, a *sworn rioter*, seems to be similar to that of *sworn brothers*. MALONE.

⁴ He charges them obliquely with being usurers. JOHNSON.

Alcib. I cannot think, but your age has forgot me;
It could not else be, I should prove so base,⁵
To sue, and be denied such common grace:
My wounds ake at you.

1. Sen. Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;⁶
We banish thee for ever.

Alcib. Banish me?
Banish your dotage; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

1. Sen. If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgement. And, not to swell our
spirit,⁷

He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt Senators.*]

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough; that you may
live

Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I am worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I myself,
Rich only in large hurts;—All those, for this?
Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? ha! banishment?
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour, with most lands to be at odds;⁸
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs, as gods. [*Exit.*]

SCENE

⁵ *Base* for dishonour'd. WARRURTON.

⁶ This reading may pass, but perhaps the author wrote:

—our anger?

'Tis few in words, but spacious in effect. JOHNSON.

⁷ This, I believe, means, *not to put ourselves into any tumour of rage*, take our definitive resolution. STEVENS.

⁸ But surely even in a soldier's sense of honour, there is very little in being at odds with all about him; which shows rather a quarrelsome disposition than a valiant one. Besides, this was not Alcibiades's case. He was only fallen out with the Athenians. A phrase in the foregoing line

will

SCENE VI.

A magnificent Room in Timon's House.

Musick. Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter divers Lords,⁹ at several doors.

1. *Lord.* The good time of day to you, sir.

2. *Lord.* I also wish it to you. I think, this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1. *Lord.*

will direct us to the right reading. I will *lay*, says he, *for hearts*; which is a metaphor taken from card-play, and signifies to game deep and boldly. It is plain then the figure was continued in the following line, which should be read thus:

'Tis honour with most hands to be at odds;

i. e. to fight upon odds, or at disadvantage; as he must do against the united strength of Athens; and this, by soldiers, is accounted *honourable*. Shakspeare uses the same metaphor on the same occasion, in *Coriolanus*:

“He lurk’d all swords.” WAREURTON.

I think *hands* is very properly substituted for *lands*. In the foregoing line, for, *lay for hearts*, I would read, *play for hearts*. JOHNSON.

I do not conceive that to *lay for hearts* is a metaphor taken from card-play, or that *lay* should be changed into *play*. We should now say, *to lay out for hearts*, i. e. the affections of the people; but *lay* is used singly, as it is here, by Jonson, in *The Devil is an Ass*, Vol. IV. p. 33:

“Lay for some pretty principality.” TYRWHITT.

I think, with Dr. Johnson, that *lands* cannot be right. To assert that it is honourable to fight with the *greatest* part of the *world*, is very wild. I believe therefore our author meant that Alcibiades in his spleen against the *Senate*, from whom alone he has received any injury, should say:

'Tis honour with most lords to be at odds. MALONE.

I adhere to the old reading. It is surely more honourable *to wrangle for a score of kingdoms*, (as Miranda expresses it,) than to enter into quarrels with *lords*, or any other private adversaries. STEEVENS.

The objection to the old reading still in my apprehension remains. It is not difficult for him who is so inclined, to quarrel with a lord; (or with any other person;) but not so easy to be at odds with his *land*. Neither does the observation just made prove that it is honourable to quarrel, or to be at odds, *with most* of the lands or kingdoms of the earth, which must, I conceive, be proved, before the old reading can be supported. MALONE.

By *most* lands, perhaps our author means *greatest* lands. STEEVENS.

⁹ In the modern editions these are called *Senators*; but it is clear from what is said concerning the banishment of Alcibiades, that this must be wrong. I have therefore substituted *Lords*. The old copy has “Enter divers friends.” MALONE.

1. *Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring,² when we encounter'd : I hope, it is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2. *Lord.* It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1. *Lord.* I should think so : He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off ; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2. *Lord.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1. *Lord.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2. *Lord.* Every man here's so. What would he have borrow'd of you ?

1. *Lord.* A thousand pieces.

2. *Lord.* A thousand pieces !

1. *Lord.* What of you ?

3. *Lord.* He sent to me, fir,—Here he comes.

Enter TIMON, and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both :—And how fare you ?

1. *Lord.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2. *Lord.*

2 A hawk, I think, is said to *tire*, when she amuses herself with pecking a pheasant's wing, or any thing that puts her in mind of prey. To *tire* upon a thing, is therefore, to be *idly employed upon it*. JOHNSON.

I believe Dr. Johnson is mistaken. *Tiring* means here, I think, *fixed*, *fastened*, as the hawk fastens its beak eagerly on its prey. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis* :

“ Like as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,

“ *Tires* with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,—”

Tirouër, that is, *tiring* for hawks, as Cotgrave calls it, signified any thing by which the falconer brought the bird back, and fixed him to his hand. A capon's wing was often used for this purpose. MALONE.

Dr. Johnson's explanation, I believe, is right. Thus, in *The Winter's Tale*, Antigonus is said to be “ woman-tir'd,” i. e. *pecked* by a woman, as we now say, with a similar allusion, *hen-pecked*. STEEVENS.

2. *Lord.* The swallow follows not summer more willing, than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the musick awhile; if they will fare so harshly on the trumpet's sound: we shall to't presently.

1. *Lord.* I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I return'd you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2. *Lord.* My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

[*The banquet brought in.*]

2. *Lord.* My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

2. *Lord.* If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.³—Come, bring in all together.

2. *Lord.* All cover'd dishes!

1. *Lord.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3. *Lord.* Doubt not that, if money, and the season can yield it.

1. *Lord.* How do you? What's the news?

3. *Lord.* Alcibiades is banish'd: Hear you of it?

1. 2. *Lord.* Alcibiades banish'd!

3. *Lord.* 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1. *Lord.* How? how?

2. *Lord.* I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3. *Lord.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.⁴

2. *Lord.* This is the old man still.

3. *Lord.* Will't hold? will't hold?

2. *Lord.* It does: but time will—and so—

3. *Lord.*

³ i. e. your good memory: the comparative for the positive degree.

STEEVENS.

⁴ i. e. in a state of readiness. STEEVENS.

3. Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress; your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another: for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are.—The rest of your fees,⁵ O gods,—the Senators of Athens, together with the common lag⁶ of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing they are welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[The dishes uncovered are full of warm water.

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and luke-warm water
Is your perfection.⁷ This is Timon's last;
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[Throwing water in their faces.

Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,⁸

Cap.

⁵ We should read—*foes*. WARBURTON.

⁶ Old copy—*leg*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

The *fag*-end of a web of cloth is, in some places, called the *lag*-end.

STEEVENS.

⁷ Your *perfection*, is the highest of your excellence. JOHNSON.

⁸ Flies of a season. JOHNSON.

Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!²

Of man, and beast, the infinite malady³

Cruel you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?

Soft, take thy physick first,—thou too,—and thou;—

[*Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.*]

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—

What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,

Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.

Burn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be

Of Timon, man, and all humanity!

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords and Senators.

1. *Lord.* How now, my lords?⁴

2. *Lord.* Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?

3. *Lord.* Pish! did you see my cap?

4. *Lord.* I have lost my gown.

3. *Lord.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—Did you see my jewel?

4. *Lord.* Did you see my cap?

2. *Lord.* Here 'tis.

4. *Lord.* Here lies my gown.

1. *Lord.* Let's make no stay.

2. *Lord.* Lord Timon's mad.

3. *Lord.*

I feel't upon my bones.

4. *Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.⁵

[*Exeunt.*]

² Sir T. Hanmer thinks it means *Jack-a-lantern*, which shines and disappears in an instant. What it was I know not; but it was something of quick motion, mentioned in *Richard III.* JOHNSON.

A *minute-jack* is what was called formerly a *Jack of the clock-house*; an image whose office was the same as one of those at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-street. STEEVENS.

³ Every kind of disease incident to man and beast. JOHNSON.

⁴ This and the next speech are spoken by the newly arrived lords.

MALONE.

⁵ As Timon has thrown nothing at his worthless guests, except warm water and empty dishes, I am induced, with Mr. Malone, to believe that the more ancient drama described in p. 296, had been read by our author, and that he supposed he had introduced from it the "*painted stones*" as part of his banquet; though in reality he had omitted them. The present mention therefore of such missiles, appears to want propriety. STEEVENS.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Without the Walls of Athens.**Enter TIMON.*

Tim. Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
 That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the earth,
 And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;
 Obedience fail in children! slaves, and fools,
 Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
 And minister in their steads! to general filths⁶
 Convert o'the instant, green⁷ virginity!
 Do't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold fast;
 Rather than render back, out with your knives,
 And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants, steal!
 Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
 And pill by law! maid, to thy master's bed;
 Thy mistress is o'the brothel!⁸ son of sixteen,
 Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping fire,
 With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,
 Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
 Domestick awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
 Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
 Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
 Decline to your confounding contraries,⁹
 And yet confusion² live!—Plagues, incident to men,

Your

⁶ i. e. common sewers. STEEVENS.⁷ i. e. immature. STEEVENS.⁸ So the old copies. Sir F. Hanmer reads, *i'the brothel*. JOHNSON.

One would suppose it to mean, that the mistress frequented the brothel; and so Sir T. Hanmer understood it. RITSON.

The meaning is, go to thy master's bed, for he is alone; thy mistress is now *of* the brothel; is now there. In the old copy, *i'tb'*, *o'tb'*, and *a'tb'*, are written with very little care, or rather seem to have been set down at random in different places. MALONE.“*Of the brothel*” is the true reading. So, in *King Lear*, Act II. sc. ii. the Steward says to Kent, “*Art of the house?*” STEEVENS.⁹ i. e. contrarieties whose nature it is to *waste* or *destroy* each other.

STEEVENS.

² Sir T. Hanmer reads, *let confusion*; but the meaning may be, *though by such confusion all things seem to hasten to dissolution, yet let not dissolution come, but the miseries of confusion continue*. JOHNSON.

Your potent and infectious fevers heap
 On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica,
 Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
 As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty³
 Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;
 That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
 And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,
 Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop
 Be general leprosy! breath infect breath;
 That their society, as their friendship, may
 Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
 But nakedness, thou detestable town!
 Take thou that too, with multiplying banns!⁴
 Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
 The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
 The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all,)
 The Athenians both within and out that wall!
 And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
 To the whole race of mankind, high, and low!
 Amen.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

Athens. *A Room in Timon's House.**Enter FLAVIUS,⁵ with two or three Servants.*

1. *Serv.* Hear you, master steward, where's our master?
 Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
 Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
 I am as poor as you.

1. *Serv.* Such a house broke!
 So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
 One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,

And

³ *Liberty* is here used for *libertinism*. STEEVENS.

⁴ i. e. accumulated curses. *Multiplying* for *multiplied*: the *active* participle with a *passive* signification. STEEVENS.

⁵ Nothing contributes more to the exaltation of Timon's character than the zeal and fidelity of his servants. Nothing but real virtue can be honoured by domesticks; nothing but impartial kindness can gain affection from dependants. JOHNSON.

And go along with him!

2. *Serv.* As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave;
So his familiars to his buried fortunes⁶
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

3. *Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
We have seen better days. Let each take some;
[*Giving them money.*]
Nay, put all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

O,
⁶ So the old copies. Sir T. Hanmer reads *from*; but the old reading might stand. JOHNSON.

I should suppose that the words *from*, in the second line, and *to* in the third line, have been misplaced, and that the original reading was:

*As we do turn our backs
To our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars from his buried fortunes
Slink all away;—.*

When we leave a person, we turn our backs *to* him, not *from* him.

M. MASON.

So those who were familiar to his buried fortunes, who in the most ample manner participated of them, slink all away, &c. MALONE.

O, the fierce wretchedness² that glory brings us!
 Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
 Since riches point to misery and contempt?
 Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live
 But in a dream of friendship?
 To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
 But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
 Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart;
 Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,³
 When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
 Who then dares to be half so kind again?
 For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
 My dearest lord,—blest'd, to be most accurs'd,
 Rich, only to be wretched;—thy great fortunes
 Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
 He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat
 Of monstrous friends: nor has he with him to
 Supply his life, or that which can command it.
 I'll follow, and inquire him out:
 I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
 Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

*The Woods.**Enter TIMON.*

Tim. O blessed breeding fun, draw from the earth
 Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb⁴

Infect

² I believe *fierce* is here used for *hasty*, *precipitate*. STEEVENS.

³ Of this passage, I suppose, every reader would wish for a correction: but the word, harsh as it is, stands fortified by the rhyme, to which, perhaps, it owes its introduction. I know not what to propose. Perhaps,

— *Strange, unusual mood,*

may, by some, be thought better, and by others worse. JOHNSON.

In *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608, attributed to Shakspeare, *blood* seems to be used for *inclination*, *propensity*:

“For 'tis our *blood* to love what we are forbidden.”

Strange, unusual blood, may therefore mean, strange unusual disposition.

STEEVENS.

Throughout these plays *blood* is frequently used in the sense of natural propensity or disposition. MALONE.

⁴ That is, the moon's, this *sublunary* world. JOHNSON.

Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—
 Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
 Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes;
 The greater scorns the lesser: Not nature,
 To whom all fores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
 But by contempt of nature.⁵
 Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord;⁶
 The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
 The beggar native honour.

It

⁵ The meaning I take to be this: *Brother, when his fortune is enlarged, will scorn brother*; for this is the general depravity of human nature, which, *besieged as it is by misery*, admonished as it is of want and imperfection, when *elevated by fortune*, will despise beings of nature like its own.

JOHNSON.

Mr. M. Mason observes, that this passage “but by the addition of a single letter may be rendered clearly intelligible; by merely reading *natures* instead of *nature*.” The meaning will then be—“Not even beings reduced to the utmost extremity of wretchedness, can bear good fortune, without contemning their fellow-creatures.”—The word *natures* is afterwards used in a similar sense by Apemantus:

“——— Call the creatures

“Whose naked *natures* live in all the spite

“Of wreakful heaven,” &c.

Perhaps, in the present instance, we ought to complete the measure by reading:

——— *not those natures*,——. STEEVENS.

But by is here used for *without*. MALONE.

⁶ Old copy—*deny't* that lord.] Where is the sense and English of *deny't that lord*? Deny him what? What preceding noun is there to which the pronoun *it* is to be referr'd? And it would be absurd to think the poet meant, deny to *raise* that lord. The antithesis must be, let fortune *raise* this beggar, and let her *strip* and *despoil* that lord of all his pomp and ornaments, &c. which sense is completed by this slight alteration:

——— *and denude that lord*;——.

So, Charles the First, in his message to the parliament says: “*Denude ourselves of all*.” WARBURTON.

Perhaps the former reading, however irregular, is the true one. Raise me that beggar, and deny a proportionable degree of elevation to that lord. A lord is not so high a title in the state, but that a man originally poor might be raised to one above it. We might read *devest* that lord. *Devest* is an English law phrase, which Shakspeare uses in *King Lear*:

“Since now we will *devest* us both of rule,” &c.

The word which Dr. Warburton would introduce, is not, however, uncommon. STEEVENS.

It is the pasture lards the brother's sides,⁷

The

⁷ This as the editors have ordered it, is an idle repetition at the best; supposing it did, indeed, contain the same sentiment as the foregoing lines. But Shakspeare meant quite a different thing: and having, like a sensible writer, made a smart observation, he illustrates it by a similitude thus:—

*It is the pasture lards the wether's sides,
The want that makes him lean.*

And the similitude is extremely beautiful, as conveying this satirical reflection; there is no more difference between man and man in the esteem of superficial and corrupt judgements, than between a fat sheep and a lean one. **WARBURTON.**

This passage is very obscure, nor do I discover any clear sense, even though we should admit the emendation. Let us inspect the text as it stands in the original edition:

*It is the pastour lards the brother's sides,
The want that makes him leave.*

Dr. Warburton found the passage already changed thus:

*It is the pasture lards the beggar's sides,
The want that makes him lean.*

And upon this reading of no authority, raised another equally uncertain.

Alterations are never to be made without necessity. Let us see what sense the genuine reading will afford. Poverty, says the poet, *bears contempt hereditary, and wealth native honour.* To illustrate this position, having already mentioned the case of a poor and rich brother, he remarks, that this preference is given to wealth by those whom it least becomes; *it is the pastour that greases or flatters the rich brother, and will grease him on till want make him leave.* The poet then goes on to ask, *Who dares to say this man, this pastour is a flatterer;* the crime is universal; through all the world *the learned pate, with allusion to the pastour, ducks to the golden fool.* If it be objected, as it may justly be, that the mention of a pastour is unsuitable, we must remember the mention of *grace* and *cherubims* in this play, and many such anachronisms in many others. I would therefore read thus,

*It is the pastour lards the brother's sides,
'Tis want that makes him leave.*

The obscurity is still great. Perhaps a line is lost. I have at least given the original reading. **JOHNSON.**

Perhaps Shakspeare wrote *pasturer*. **STEEVENS.**

In this very difficult passage, which still remains obscure, some liberty may be indulged. Dr. Farmer proposes to read it thus:

*It is the pasturer lards the broader sides,
The gaunt that makes him leave.*

And in support of this conjecture, he observes, that the Saxon *d* is frequently converted into *th*, as in *murther*, *murder*, *burthen*, *burden*, &c.

REED.
This

The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
 In purity of manhood stand upright,
 And say, *This man's a flatterer?*⁸ if one be,
 So are they all; for every grize of fortune⁸
 Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
 Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;
 'There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
 But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd
 All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
 His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
 Destruction fang mankind!⁹—Earth, yield me roots!

[Digging.]

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
 With thy most operant poison! What is here?
 Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
 I am no idle votarist.² Roots, you clear heavens!³
 Thus much of this, will make black, white; foul, fair;
 Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
 Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods? Why this
 Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;⁴
 Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:⁵
 This yellow slave
 Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;
 Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,

And

That the passage is corrupt as it stands in the old copy, no one, I suppose, can doubt; emendation therefore in this and a few other places, is not a matter of choice but necessity. I have already more than once observed, that many corruptions have crept into the old copy, by the transcriber's ear deceiving him. MALONE.

⁸ Grize for step or degree. POPE.

⁹ i. e. seize, gripe. STEEVENS.

² No insincere or inconstant suppliant. Gold will not serve me instead of roots. JOHNSON.

³ This may mean either ye cloudless skies, or ye deities exempt from guilt. Shakspeare mentions the clearest gods in *King Lear*. STEEVENS.

⁴ Aristophanes, in his *Plutus*, Act V. sc. ii. makes the priest of Jupiter desert his service to live with Plutus. WARBURTON.

⁵ i. e. men who have strength yet remaining to struggle with their distemper. This alludes to an old custom of drawing away the pillow from under the heads of men in their last agonies, to make their departure the easier. But the Oxford editor; supposing stout to signify healthy, alters it to sick, and this he calls emending. WARBURTON.

And give them title, knee, and approbation,
 With senators of the bench : this is it,
 That makes the wappen'd widow wed again ;⁶
 She, whom the spital-house, and ulcerous sores

Would

⁶ *Waped* or *wappen'd* signifies both sorrowful and terrified, either for the loss of a good husband, or by the treatment of a bad. But gold, he says, can overcome both her affection and her fears. WARBURTON.

Of *wappened* I have found no example, nor know any meaning. To *awhape* is used by Spenser in his *Hubberd's Tale*, but I think not in either of the senses mentioned. I would read *wained*, for *decayed by time*.

JOHNSON.

Several contemporary writers would mean—*The widow whose curiosity and passions had been already gratified*. So, in *Hamlet*:

“ The instances that second marriage move,
 “ Are base respects of *thrift*, but none of *love*.”

And if the word *defunct*, in *Othello*, be explained according to its primitive meaning, the same sentiment may be discovered there. There may, however, be some corruption in the text. After all, I had rather read—*weeping* widow. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens has fully supported the text in my apprehension, nor do I suspect any corruption. *Unwapper'd* is used by Fletcher in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, for *fresh*, the opposite of *stale*; and perhaps we should read there *unwappen'd*.

Mr. Steevens's interpretation however, is, I think, not quite exact, because it appears to me likely to mislead the reader with respect to the general import of the passage. Shakspeare means not to account for the wappen'd widow's seeking a husband, (though “her *curiosity* has been gratified,”) but for her finding one. It is her gold, says he, that induces some one (more attentive to *thrift* than *love*) to accept in marriage the hand of the experienced and o'er-worn widow.—*Wed* is here used for *wedded*.

If *wed* is used as a verb, the words mean, *that effects or produces her second marriage*. MALONE.

I believe, *unwapper'd* means undebilitated by venery, i. e. not *balting* under crimes many and *stale*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Tyrwhitt explains *wap'd*, in the line cited from Chaucer, by *stupified*; a sense which accords with the other instances adduced by Mr. Steevens, as well as with Shakspeare. The *wappen'd* widow, is one who is no longer alive to those pleasures, the desire of which was her first inducement to marry. HENLEY.

I suspect that there is another error in this passage, which has escaped the notice of the editors, and that we should read—“*woo'd* again,” instead of “*wed* again.” That a woman should *wed* again, however wapper'd, [or wappen'd] is nothing extraordinary. The extraordinary circumstance is, that she should be *woo'd* again, and become an object of desire.

Would cast the gorge at,⁷ this embalms and spices
To the April day again.⁸ Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.⁹—[*March afar off.*] Ha! a drum?—

Thou'rt quick,²

But yet I'll bury thee: Thou'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:—
Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [Keeping some gold.

Enter ALCIBIADES, with drum and fife, in warlike manner;
PHRYNIA, and TYMANDRA.

Alcib.

What art thou there?

Speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
For showing me again the eyes of man!

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.

Alcib.

⁷ Surely we should read:

*She, whose ulcerous sores the spital-house
Would cast the gorge at:*

Or, should the first line be thought deficient in harmony,—

*She at whose ulcerous sores the spital-house
Would cast the gorge up,——.*

The old reading is nonsense. I must add, that Dr. Farmer joins with me
in suspecting this passage to be corrupt, and is satisfied with the emenda-
tion I have proposed. STEEVENS.

In *Antony and Cleopatra*, we have *honour and death*, for *honourable death*.
“The spital-house and ulcerous sores,” therefore may be used for *the*
contaminated spital-house; the spital-house replete with ulcerous sores.

MALONE.

⁸ That is, *to the wedding-day*, called by the poet, satirically, *April day*,
or *fool's day*. JOHNSON.

The *April day* does not relate to *the widow*, but to the other diseased
female, who is represented as the *outcast of an hospital*. She it is whom
gold embalms and spices to the *April day again*: i. e. gold restores her to
all the *freshness and sweetness* of youth. TOLLET.

⁹ Lie in the earth where nature laid thee. JOHNSON.

² Thou hast life and motion in thee. JOHNSON.

Alcib. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too; and more, than that I know thee,
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules;³
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiss thee;⁴ then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.

Alcib. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none: If
Thou wilt not promise,⁵ the gods plague thee, for
Thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee,
For thou'rt a man!

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessed time.⁶

Tim.

³ Might we not repair the defective metre of this line, by adopting a Shakspearian epithet, and reading,

—— gules, total gules;
as in the following passage in *Hamlet*?

“Now is he *total* gules.” STEEVENS.

⁴ This alludes to an opinion in former times, generally prevalent, that the venereal infection transmitted to another, left the infecter free. I will not, says Timon, take the rot from thy lips, by kissing thee.

⁵ That is, however thou may'st act, since thou art man, hated man, I wish thee evil. JOHNSON.

⁶ I suspect, from Timon's answer, that Shakspeare wrote—*thine* was a blessed time. MALONE.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Tyman. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Tymandra?

Tyman. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still! they love thee not, that use thee;
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves
For tubs, and baths;⁷ bring down rose-cheeked youth
To the tub-fast, and the diet.⁸

Tyman. Hang thee, monster!

Alcib.

I apprehend no corruption. *Now, and then,* were designedly opposed to each other. STEEVENS.

⁷ There is a slight transposition. I would read:

———— they love thee not that use thee,
Leaving with thee their lust; give them diseases,
Make use of thy salt hours, season the slaves
For tubs, and baths; ——. JOHNSON.

⁸ Old copy—*fub-fast*.] One might make a very long and vain search, yet not be able to meet with this preposterous word *fub-fast*, which has notwithstanding passed current with all the editors. We should read—*tub-fast*. The author is alluding to the lues venerea and its effects. At that time the cure of it was performed either by guaiacum, or mercurial unctions: and in both cases the patient was kept up very warm and close; that in the first application the sweat might be promoted; and lest, in the other, he should take cold, which was fatal. “The regimen for the course of guaiacum (says Dr. Freind, in his *History of Physick*, Vol. II. p. 380,) was at first strangely circumstantial; and so rigorous, that the patient was put into a dungeon in order to make him sweat; and in that manner, as Fallopius expresses it, the bones, and the very man himself was macerated.” Wiseman says, in England they used a *tub* for this purpose, as abroad, a cave, or oven, or dungeon. And as for the unction, it was sometimes continued for thirty-seven days (as he observes, p. 375.) and during this time there was necessarily an extraordinary *abstinence* required. Hence the term of the *tub-fast*. WARBURTON.

A passage in *Measure for Measure* fully supports the emendation.

“Truly, sir, she [the bawd] hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the *tub*.” MALONE.

In the Latin comedy of *Cornelianum Dolium*, which was probably written by T. Randolph, there is a frontispiece representing the sweating-tub, which from the name of the unfortunate patient, was afterwards called *Cornelius's tub*, as appears from the Dictionaries of Cotgrave and Howell. Some account of the sweating-tub with a cut of it may be seen in Ambrose Paræus's Works, by Johnson, p. 48, or in the *Recueil de Proverbes par Jacques Lagniet*. For another print of this tub, see *Holmes's Academy of Armory*. DOUCE.

Alcib. Pardon him sweet Tymandra; for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—

I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I have heard, and griev'd,
How curst Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—

Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.

Alcib. Why, fare thee well:
Here's some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep't, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all i' thy conquest; and
Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

Alcib. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That,
By killing villains, thou wast born to conquer
My country.
Put up thy gold; Go on,—here's gold,—go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air:⁶ Let not thy sword skip one:
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,
He's an usurer: Strike me the counterfeit matron?
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself's a bawd: Let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,⁷

Are

⁶ This is wonderfully sublime and picturesque. WARBURTON.

⁷ The virgin that shows her bosom through the lattice of her chamber.
JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation is almost confirmed by the following passage
in *Cymbeline*:

“ — or

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
 Set them down horrible traitors : Spare not the babe,
 Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy ;⁸
 Think it a bastard,⁹ whom the oracle
 Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,

And

“ ———or let her beauty
 “ *Look through a casement to allure false hearts,*
 “ And be false with them.”

Shakspeare at the same time might aim a stroke at this indecency in the wantons of his own time, which is also animadverted on by several contemporary dramatists. SEEEVENS.

I do not believe any particular satire was here intended. Lady Suffolk, Lady Somerset, and many of the celebrated beauties of the time of James I. are thus represented in their pictures ; nor were they, I imagine, thought more reprehensible than the ladies of the present day, who from the same extravagant pursuit of what is called fashion, run into an opposite extreme.

MALONE.

I have not hitherto met with any ancient portrait of a modest English woman, in which the *papillæ exertæ* were exhibited as described on the present occasion by Shakspeare ; for he alludes not only to what he has called in his celebrated song, the “ hills of snow,” but to the “ pinks that grow” upon their summits. STEEVENS.

I believe we should read nearly thus :

——nor those milk paps,
 That through the widow's barb bore at men's eyes,
 Are not within the leaf of pity writ.

The use of the doubled negative is so common in Shakspeare, that it is unnecessary to support it by instances. The *barbe*, I believe, was a kind of veil ; Cressida, in *Chaucer*, who appears as a widow, is described as wearing a *barbe*, *Troilus and Cressida*, Book II. v. 110. in which place Caxton's edition (as I learn from the Glossary) reads—*wimple*, which certainly signifies a veil, and was probably substituted as a synonymous word for *barbe*, the more antiquated reading of the manuscripts. *Unbarbed* is used by Shakspeare for *uncovered*, in *Coriolanus*, Act III. sc. v :

“ Must I go shew them my unbarbed sconce ?”

See also Leland's *Collectanea*, Vol. V. p. 317, new edit. where the ladies, mourning at the funeral of Queen Mary, are mentioned as having *their barbes above their chinnes*. TYRWHITT.

The folios read—*barne*, and not improperly ; *en* is a common termination of a Saxon plural, which we in numberless instances retain to this day. The word is to be explained by *bars*, but should not have been removed from the text. RITSON.

⁸ For *exhaust*, Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read—*extort* ; but *exhaust* here signifies literally to *draw forth*. JOHNSON.

⁹ An allusion to the tale of Oedipus. JOHNSON.

And mince it fans remorse : Swear against objects ;²
 Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes ;
 Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
 Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
 Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers :
 Make large confusion ; and, thy fury spent,
 Confounded be thyself ! Speak not, be gone..

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet ? I'll take the gold thou giv'st me,
 Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee !

Phr. and Tym. Give us some gold, good Timon : Hast
 thou more ?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
 And to make whores, a bawd.³ Hold up, you sluts,
 Your aprons mountant : You are not oathable, —
 Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
 Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,
 The immortal gods that hear you, — spare your oaths,
 I'll trust to your conditions :⁴ Be whores still ;
 And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
 Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up ;
 Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
 And be no turncoats :⁵ Yet may your pains, six months,
 Be quite contrary :⁶ And thatch your poor thin roofs⁷

With

² Perhaps *objects* is here used *provincially* for *abjects*. FARMER.

Against objects is, against objects of charity and compassion. M. MASON.

³ That is, enough to make a whore leave whoring, and a bawd leave making whores. JOHNSON.

⁴ You need not swear to continue whores, I will trust to your inclinations. JOHNSON.

⁵ By an old statute, those women who lived in a state of prostitution, were, among other articles concerning their dress, enjoined to wear their garments, with the *wrong-side outward*, on pain of forfeiting them. Perhaps there is in this passage a reference to it. HENLEY.

I do not perceive how this explanation of — *turncoat*, will accord with Timon's train of reasoning ; yet the antiquary may perhaps derive satisfaction from that which affords no assistance to the commentator. STEEVENS.

⁶ This is obscure, partly from the ambiguity of the word *pains*, and partly from the generality of the expression. The meaning is this : he had said before, follow constantly your trade of debauchery : that is (says he) for six months in the year. Let the other six be employed in quite contrary pains and labour, namely, in the severe discipline necessary for the repair

With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd,
No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore still;

Pain
repair of those disorders that your debaucheries occasion, in order to fit you
anew to the trade; and thus let the whole year be spent in these different
occupations. On this account he goes on, and says, *Make false hair, &c.*

WARBURTON.

The explanation is ingenious, but I think it very remote, and would
willingly bring the author and his readers to meet on easier terms. We
may read:

——Yet may your pains six months

Be quite contraried:——.

Timon is wishing ill to mankind, but is afraid lest the whores should
imagine that he wishes well to them; to obviate which he lets them know,
that he imprecates upon them influence enough to plague others, and
disappointments enough to plague themselves. He wishes that they may
do all possible mischief, and yet take *pains six months* of the year in
vain.

In this sense there is a connection of this line with the next. Finding
your pains contraried, try new expedients, *thatch your thin roofs*, and paint.

To *contrary* is an old verb. Latymer relates, that when he went to
court, he was advised not to *contrary* to the king. JOHNSON.

If Dr. Johnson's explanation be right, which I do not believe, the present
words appear to me to admit it, as well as the reading he would introduce.
Such unnecessary deviations from the text should ever be avoided. Dr.
Warburton's is a very natural interpretation, which cannot often be said
of the expositions of that commentator. The words that follow fully
support it: "And thatch your poor thin roofs," &c. i.e. after you have
lost the greater part of your hair by disease, and the medicines that for six
months you have been obliged to take, then procure an artificial covering,"
&c. MALONE.

I believe this means,—Yet for half the year at least, may you suffer
such punishment as is inflicted on harlots in houses of correction.

STEEVENS.

These words should be included in a parenthesis. Johnson wishes to
connect them with the following sentences, but that cannot be, as they
contain an imprecation, and the following lines contain an instruction.
Timon is giving instructions to those women; but, in the middle of his
instructions his misanthropy breaks forth in an imprecation against them.
I have no objection to the reading of *contraried*, instead of *contrary*, but it
does not seem to be necessary. M. MASON.

⁷ About the year 1595, when the fashion became general in England of
wearing a greater quantity of hair than was ever the produce of a single
head, it was dangerous for any child to wander, as nothing was more
common than for women to entice such as had fine locks into private pla-
ces, and there to cut them off. I have this information from Stubb's
Anatomy of Abuses, which I have often quoted on the article of dress. To
this

Paint till a horse may mire upon your face :

A pox of wrinkles !

Phr. and Tym. Well, more gold ;—What then ?—
Believ't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man ; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring.⁸ Crack the lawyer's voice,
'That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quilllets shrilly :⁹ hoar the flamen,²
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself : down with the nose,
Down with it flat ; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foresee,³

Smells

this fashion the writers of Shakspeare's age do not appear to have been reconciled. So, in *A mad world my Masters*, 1608: "——to wear perriwigs made of another's hair, is not this against kind?"

Warner, in his *Albion's England*, 1602, Book IX. ch. xlvii. is likewise very severe on this fashion. Stowe informs us, that "women's *periwigs* were first brought into England about the time of the massacre of Paris."

STEEVENS.

⁸ Sir T. Hanmer reads—*sparring*, properly enough, if there be any ancient example of the word. JOHNSON.

Spurring is certainly right. The disease that enfeebled their *shins* would have this effect. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Quilllets* are subtilties. STEEVENS:

Cole, in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, renders *quilllets*, *res frivola, recula*.

MALONE.

² Mr. Upton would read—*hoarse*, i. e. make hoarse ; for to be *hoary* claims reverence. "Add to this (says he) that *hoarse* is here most proper, as opposed to *scolds*. It may, however, mean,—Give the flamen the *hoary leprosy*." STEEVENS.

³ The metaphor is apparently incongruous, but the sense is good. To *foresee his particular*, is to provide for his private advantage, for which he leaves the right scent of publick good. In hunting, when hares have cross'd one another, it is common for some of the hounds to *smell from the general weal, and foresee their own particular*. Shakspeare, who seems to have been a skillfull sportsman, and has alluded often to falconry, perhaps alludes here to hunting. [Dr. Warburton would read—*forefend*, i. e. (as he interprets the word) provide for, secure.]

To the commentator's emendation it may be objected, that he uses *forefend* in the wrong meaning. To *forefend*, is, I think, never to provide for, but to provide against. The verbs compounded with *for* or *fore* have commonly either an evil or negative sense. JOHNSON.

Smells from the general weal : make curl'd-pate ruffians bald ;
 And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
 Derive some pain from you : Plague all ;
 That your activity may defeat and quell
 The source of all erection.—There's more gold :—
 Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
 And ditches grave you all !⁴

Pbr. and Tym. More counsel, with more money, bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first ; I have given you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens. Farewell, Timon ;

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.⁵

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm ?

Tim. Men daily find it such. Get thee away,
 And take thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him.—

Strike.

[*Drum beats.* Exeunt ALCIBIADES, PHRYNIA, and TYMANDRA.

Tim. That nature being sick of man's unkindness,
 Should yet be hungry !—Common mother, thou, [*Digging.*
 Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,⁶

Teems,

⁴ To *grave* is to entomb. The word is now obsolete, though sometimes used by Shakspeare and his contemporary authors. To *ungrave* was likewise to turn out of a grave. STEEVENS.

⁵ Shakspeare in this as in many other places, appears to allude to the sacred writings : “ Woe unto him of whom all men speak well ! ”

MALONE.

⁶ This image is taken from the ancient statues of Diana Ephesia Multimammia, called παναολος φύσις πάντωνι μήτηρ ; and is a very good comment on those extraordinary figures. See Montfaucon, *l'Antiquité expliquée*, Lib. III. ch. xv. Hesiod, alluding to the same representations calls the earth, ΓΑΙ'ΕΥΡΥΣΤΕΡΝΟΣ. WARBURTON.

Whose infinite breast means no more than *whose boundless surface*. Shakspeare probably knew nothing of the statue to which the commentator alludes. STEEVENS.

Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
 Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
 Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
 The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,⁷
 With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven⁸
 Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
 Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
 From forth thy plenteous bosom one poor root!
 Ensear thy fertile and conception's womb,
 Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!⁹
 Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
 Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
 Hath to the marbled mansion all above
 Never presented!—O, a root,—Dear thanks!
 Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;²
 Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
 And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
 That from it all consideration slips!

⁷ The serpent, which we, from the smallness of his eyes, call the *blind-worm*, and the Latins, *cæcilia*. JOHNSON.

⁸ We should read—*cript*, i. e. vaulted, from the Latin *crypta*, a vault. WARBURTON.

Mr. Upton declares for *crisp*, curled, bent, hollow. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakspeare means *curl'd*, from the appearance of the clouds.

STEEVENS.

⁹ It is plain that *bring out* is *bring forth*. JOHNSON.

Neither Dr. Warburton nor Dr. Johnson seem to have been aware of the import of this passage. It was the great boast of the Athenians that they were *αὐτοχθόνες*; *sprung from the soil on which they lived*; and it is in allusion to this, that the terms *common mother* and *bring out*, are applied to the ground. HENLEY.

Though Mr. Henley, as a scholar, could not be unacquainted with this Athenian boast, I fear that Shakspeare knew no more of it than of the many-breasted Diana of Ephesus, brought forward by Dr. Warburton in a preceding note. STEEVENS.

² The sense is this: *O nature! cease to produce men, ensear thy womb; but if thou wilt continue to produce them, at least cease to pamper them; dry up thy marrows, on which they fatten with unctuous morsels, thy vines, which give them liquorish draughts, and thy plow-torn leas. Here are effects corresponding with causes, liquorish draughts, with vines, and unctuous morsels with marrows, and the old reading literally preserved.* JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? plague! plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: Men report,
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate: Consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected;
A poor unmanly melancholy sprung
From change of fortune.³ Why this spade? this place?
'This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
Hug their diseas'd perfumes,⁴ and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.⁵
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent: Thou wast told thus;
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid welcome,
To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis most just,
That thou turn rascal; had'st thou wealth again,
Rascals should hav't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself;
A madman so long, now a fool: What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,

Will

³ The old copy reads *infected*, and *change of* future. Mr. Rowe made the emendation. MALONE.

⁴ i. e. their diseas'd perfumed mistresses. MALONE.

⁵ For the philosophy of a Cynic, of which sect Apemantus was; and therefore he concludes:

“——Do not assume my likeness.” WARBURTON.

Cunning here seems to signify *counterfeit appearance*. JOHNSON.

The *cunning of a carper*, is the insidious art of a critick. Shame not these woods, says Apemantus, by coming here to find fault. There is no apparent reason why Apemantus (according to Dr. Warburton's explanation) should ridicule his own sect. STEEVENS.

Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moss'd trees,⁶
 That have outliv'd the eagle,⁷ page thy heels,
 And skip when thou point'st out? will the cold brook,
 Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
 To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? call the creatures,—
 Whose naked natures live in all the spite
 Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused trunks,
 To the conflicting elements expos'd,
 Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee;
 O! thou shalt find——

Tim. A fool of thee: Depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not; but say, thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.

Dost please thyself in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too!⁸

Apem. If thou didst put this four-cold habit on

To

⁶ Old copy—*moist* trees,] Sir T. Hanmer reads very elegantly,
 —— moss'd trees. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare uses the same epithet in *As you like it*, Act IV:

“Under an oak, whose boughs were *moss'd* with age.” STEEVENS.

Moss'd is, I believe, the true reading. MALONE.

I have inserted this reading in the text, because there is less propriety in the epithet—*moist*; it being a known truth that trees become more and more *dry*, as they encrease in age. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Aquilæ Senectus* is a proverb. I learn from *Turberville's Book of Falconry*, 1575, that the great age of this bird has been ascertained from the circumstance of its always building its *eyrie*, or nest, in the same place. STEEVENS.

⁸ Timon had just called Apemantus *fool*, in consequence of what he had known of him by former acquaintance; but when Apemantus tells him, that he comes to *vex* him, Timon determines that to *vex* is either *the office of a villain or a fool*; that to *vex* by design is *villainy*, to *vex* without design is *folly*. He then properly asks Apemantus whether he takes delight in *vexing*, and when he answers, *yes*, Timon replies,—*What! a knave too?* I before only knew thee to be a *fool*, but now I find thee likewise a *knave*. JOHNSON.

To castigate thy pride, 'twere well ; but thou
 Dost it enforcedly ; thou'dst courtier be again,
 Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
 Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before :³
 The one is filling still, never complete ;
 The other, at high wish : Best state, contentless,
 Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
 Worse than the worst, content.⁴

Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath,⁵ that is more miserable.
 Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
 With favour never clasp'd ; but bred a dog.⁶
 Hadst thou, like us,⁷ from our first swath,⁸ proceeded

The

³ Arrives sooner at *high wish* ; that is, at the completion of its wishes.

JOHNSON.

⁴ Best states contentless have a wretched being, a being worse than that of the worst states that are content. JOHNSON.

⁵ It means, I believe, by his *counsel*, by his *direction*. JOHNSON.

By his *breath*, I believe, is meant his *sentence*. STEEVENS.

By his *breath* means in our author's language, by his *voice* or *speech*, and so in fact by his sentence. Shakspeare frequently uses the word in this sense. MALONE.

⁶ Alluding to the word *Cynick*, of which sect Apemantus was.

WARBURTON.

For the etymology of *Cynick* our author was not obliged to have recourse to the Greek language. The dictionaries of his time furnished him with it. After all, however, I believe Shakspeare only meant, thou wert born in a low state, and used from thy infancy to hardships.

MALONE.

⁷ There is in this speech a sullen haughtiness, and malignant dignity, suitable at once to the lord and the man-hater. The impatience with which he bears to have his luxury reproached by one that never had luxury within his reach, is natural and graceful.

There is in a letter, written by the Earl of Essex, just before his execution, to another nobleman, a passage somewhat resembling this, with which, I believe every reader will be pleased, though it is so serious and solemn that it can scarcely be inserted without irreverence :

“ God grant your lordship may quickly feel the comfort I now enjoy in my unfeigned conversion, but that you may never feel the torments I have suffered for my long delaying it. *I had none but deceivers to call upon me, to whom I said, if my ambition could have entered into their narrow breasts, they would not have been so humble ; or if my delights had been once tasted*

by

The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
 To such as may the passive drugs of it
 Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd thyself
 In general riot; melted down thy youth
 In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
 The icy precepts of respect,⁹ but follow'd
 The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,²
 Who had the world as my confectionary;
 The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
 At duty, more than I could frame employment;³

That

by them, they would not have been so precise. But your lordship hath one to call upon you, that knoweth what it is you now enjoy; and what the greatest fruit and end is of all contentment that this world can afford. Think, therefore, dear earl, that I have staked and buoyed all the ways of pleasure unto you, and left them as sea-marks for you to keep the channel of religious virtue. For shut your eyes never so long, they must be open at the last, and then you must say with me, there is no peace to the ungodly."

JOHNSON.

⁸ From infancy. *Swath* is the dress of a new-born child.

JOHNSON.

⁹ Of obedience to laws. JOHNSON.

Respect, I believe, means the *qu'en dira't on?* the regard of Athens, that strongest restraint on licentiousness: the *icy precepts*, i. e. that cool hot blood; what Mr. Burke, in his admirable *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, has emphatically styled "one of the greatest controuling powers on earth, the *sense of fame and estimation*." STEEVENS.

Timon cannot mean by the word *respect*, obedience to the laws, as Johnson supposes; for a poor man is more likely to be impressed with a reverence for the laws, than one in a station of nobility and affluence. *Respect* may possibly mean, as Steevens supposes, a *regard* to the opinion of the world: but I think it has a more enlarged signification, and implies a consideration of consequences, whatever they may be. M. MASON.

"The icy precepts of *respect*" mean the cold admonitions of *cautious prudence*, that deliberately weighs the consequences of every action.

MALONE.

² The connection here requires some attention. *But* is here used to denote opposition; but what immediately precedes is not opposed to that which follows. The adverbative particle refers to the two first lines:

Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm

With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.

————— *But myself,*

Who had the world as my confectionary; &c.

The intermediate lines are to be considered as a parenthesis of passion.

JOHNSON.

³ i. e. frame employment *for*. Shakspeare frequently writes thus.

MALONE.

That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
 Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
 Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
 For every storm that blows;—I, to bear this,
 That never knew but better, is some burden:
 Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
 Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate men?
 They never flatter'd thee: What hast thou given?
 If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag,⁴
 Must be thy subject; who in spite, put stuff
 To some she beggar, and compounded thee
 Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!—
 If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
 Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.⁵

Apem.

Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem.

I, that I was

No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now:

Were

⁴ If we read—*poor rogue*, it will correspond rather better to what follows. JOHNSON.

In *King Richard III.* Margaret calls Gloster *rag* of honour; in the same play, the overweening *rags* of France are mentioned; and John Florio speaks of a “*tara-rag* player.” STEEVENS.

We now use the word *ragamuffin* in the same sense. M. MASON.

The term is yet used. The lowest of the people are yet denominated—*Tag, rag, &c.* MALONE.

⁵ Dryden has quoted two verses of Virgil to show how well he could have written satires. Shakspeare has here given a specimen of the same power by a line bitter beyond all bitterness, in which Timon tells Apemantus, that he had not virtue enough for the vices which he condemns.

Dr. Warburton explains *worst* by *lowest*, which somewhat weakens the sense, and yet leaves it sufficiently vigorous.

I have heard Mr. Burke commend the subtilty of discrimination with which Shakspeare distinguishes the present character of Timon from that of Apemantus, whom to vulgar eyes he would now resemble.

JOHNSON.

Knave is here to be understood of a man who endeavours to recommend himself by a hypocritical appearance of attention, and superfluity of fawning officiousness; such a one as is called in *King Lear*, a *finical super-serviceable rogue*.—If he had had virtue enough to attain the profitable vices, he would have been profitably vicious. STEEVENS.

Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
That the whole life of Athens were in this!

Thus would I eat it.

[*Eating a root.*

Apem.

Here; I will mend thy feast.

[*Offering him something.*

Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What would'st thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold: look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best, and truest:
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me.
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where
I eat it.

Tim. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!

Apem. Where would'st thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the
extremity of both ends: When thou wast in thy gilt, and thy
perfume, they mock'd thee for too much curiosity;⁶ in thy
rags thou knowest none, but art despised for the contrary.
There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.⁷

Apem.

⁶ i. e. for too much finical delicacy. The Oxford editor alters it to
courtesy. WARBURTON.

⁷ Timon here supposes that an objection against hatred, which through
the whole tenor of the conversation appears an argument for it. One
would have expected him to have answered,

Yes, for it looks like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated medlers sooner, thou should'st have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What would'st thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Would'st thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accus'd by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dullness would torment thee; and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn,⁸ pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou would'st be kill'd by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou would'st be seiz'd by the leopard; wert thou

The old edition, which always gives the pronoun instead of the affirmative particle, has it,

I, though it look like thee.

Perhaps we should read,

I thought it look'd like thee. JOHNSON.

⁸ The account given of the unicorn is this: that he and the lion being enemies by nature, as soon as the lion sees the unicorn he betakes himself to a tree: the unicorn in his fury, and with all the swiftness of his course, running at him, sticks his horn fast in the tree, and then the lion falls upon him and kills him." *Gesner Hist. Animal.* HANMER.

thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion,⁹ and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion;² and thy defence, absence. What beast could'st thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that feelest not thy loss in transformation?

Apem. If thou could'st please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here: The commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet, and a painter: The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.³

Tim. 'Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy, but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.—

I'll beat thee,—but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would, my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;

I swoon to see thee.

Apem. 'Would thou would'st burst!

Tim.

Away,
Thou

⁹ This seems to be an allusion to Turkish policy:

“Bears, like the *Turk*, no brother near the throne.”—*Pope*.

STEEVENS.

² i. e. removal from place to place. STEEVENS.

Remotion means, I apprehend, not a frequent removal from place to place, but merely *remoteness*, the being placed at a distance from the lion.

MALONE.

³ The *top*, the *principal*. The remaining dialogue has more malignity than wit. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explication is, I think, right; but I believe our author had also the *fool's cap* in his thoughts. MALONE.

Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose
A stone by thee. *[Throws a stone at him.]*

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[APEMANTUS retreats backward, as going.]

I am sick of this false world; and will love nought
But even the mere necessities upon it.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[Looking on the gold.]

'Twixt natural son and fire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap!⁴ thou visible god,
That folder'ft close impossibilities,
And mak'ft them kifs! that speak'ft with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!⁵
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

Apem. 'Would 'twere so;—

But not till I am dead! —I'll say, thou hast gold:

Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim.

* The imagery is here exquisitely beautiful and sublime.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton might have said—Here is a very elegant turn given to a thought more coarsely expressed in *King Lear*;

“ ——— yon simpering dame,

“ Whose face *between her forks* presages snow.” STEEVENS.

⁵ Touch, for touchstone. STEEVENS.

Tim. Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.—

[*Exit* APEMANTUS.]

More things like men?⁶—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Thieves.

1. *Thief.* Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: The mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2. *Thief.* It is nois'd, he hath a mass of treasure.

3. *Thief.* Let us make the assay upon him; if he care not for't, he will supply us easily; If he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

2. *Thief.* True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

1. *Thief.* Is not this he?

Thieves. Where?

2. *Thief.* 'Tis his description.

3. *Thief.* He; I know him.

Thieves. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

Thieves. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

Thieves. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.⁷

Why

⁶ This line, in the old edition, is given to Apemantus, but it apparently belongs to Timon. Sir Thomas Hanmer has transposed the foregoing dialogue according to his own mind, not unskillfully, but with unwarrantable licence. JOHNSON.

I believe, as the name of Apemantus was prefixed to this line, instead of Timon, so the name of Timon was prefixed to the preceding line by a similar mistake. That line seems more proper in the mouth of Apemantus; and the words—*I am quit*, seem to mark his exit. MALONE.

The words—*I am quit*, in my opinion, belong to Timon, who means that he is quit or clear, has at last got rid of Apemantus; is delivered from his company. This phrase is yet current among the vulgar. STEEVENS.

⁷ Thus both the player and poetical editor have given us this passage; quite *sand-blind*, as honest Lancelot says, to our author's meaning. If these poor thieves wanted *meat*, what greater want could they be cursed with, as they could not live on grass, and berries, and water? but I dare warrant the poet wrote:

— you much want of meet.

i. e.

Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;⁸
 Within this mile break forth a hundred springs:
 The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips;
 The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush
 Lays her full mefs before you. Want? why want?

1. *Thief*. We cannot live on grafs, on berries, water,
 As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes;
 You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,⁹
 That you are thieves profess'd; that you work not
 In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
 In limited professions.² Rascal thieves,
 Here's gold: Go, suck the subtle blood of the grape,

Till

i. e. Much of what you *ought to be*; much of the qualities *befitting* you as human creatures. THEOBALD.

Such is Mr. Theobald's emendation, in which he is followed by Dr. Warburton. Sir T. Hanmer reads:

— you want much of men.

They have been all busy without necessity. Observe the series of the conversation. The thieves tell him, that they are *men that much do want*. Here is an ambiguity between *much want*, and *want of much*. Timon takes it on the wrong side, and tells them that their *greatest want* is, that, like other men, *they want much of meat*; then telling them where meat may be had, he asks, *Want? why want?* JOHNSON.

Perhaps we should read:

Your greatest want is, you want much of me.

Rejecting the two last letters of the word. The sense will then be—your greatest want is that you expect supplies of *me* from whom you can reasonably expect nothing. Your necessities are indeed desperate, when you apply for relief to one in my situation. Dr. Farmer, however, with no small probability, would point the passage as follows:

Your greatest want is, you want much. Of meat

Why should you want? Behold, &c. STEEVENS.

8 “Vile olus, & duris hærentia mora rubetis,

“Pugnantis stomachi composuere famem:

“Flumine vicino stultus fitit.”

I do not suppose these to be imitations, but only to be similar thoughts on similar occasions. JOHNSON.

9 To *con thanks* is a very common expression among our old dramatick writers. STEEVENS.

2 *Limited*, for legal. WARBURTON.

Regular, orderly, professions. MALONE.

Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,
 And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;
 His antidotes are poison, and he slays
 More than you rob: take wealth and lives together;
 Do villainy, do, since you profess to do't,
 Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:
 The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
 Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
 And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
 The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
 The moon into salt tears:³ the earth's a thief,

That

³ The *moon* is supposed to be humid, and perhaps a source of humidity, but cannot be *resolved* by the *surges* of the sea. Yet I think *moon* is the true reading. Here is a circulation of thievery described: The sun, moon, and sea all rob, and are robbed. JOHNSON.

He says simply, that the *sun*, the *moon*, and the *sea*, rob one another by turns, but the *earth* robs them all: the sea, i. e. *liquid surge*, by supplying the *moon* with moisture, robs her in turn of the *soft tears* of *dew* which the poets always fetch from this planet. *Soft* for *salt* is an easy change.

STEEVENS.

We are not to attend on such occasions merely to philosophical truth; we are to consider what might have been the received or vulgar notions of the time.—The populace, in the days of Shakspeare, might possibly have considered the waning of the moon as a gradual dissolution of it, and have attributed to this melting of the moon, the increase of the sea at the time she disappears. They might, it is true, be told, that there is a similar increase in the tides when the moon becomes full; but when popular notions are once established, the reasons urged against them are but little attended to. It may also be observed, that the moon, when viewed through a telescope, has a humid appearance, and seems to have drops of water suspended from the rim of it; to which circumstance Shakspeare probably alludes in *Macbeth*, where Hecate says:

“ Upon the corner of the moon

“ There hangs a *vaporous* drop,” &c. M. MASON.

Shakspeare knew that the moon was the cause of the tides; [See *The Tempest*;] and in that respect the liquid surge, that is, the waves of the sea, rising one upon another, in the progress of the tide, may be said to *resolve the moon into salt tears*; the moon, as the poet chooses to state the matter, losing some part of her humidity, and the accretion to the sea, in consequence of her tears, being the cause of the *liquid surge*. Add to this the popular notion, yet prevailing, of the moon's influence on the weather; which, together with what has been already stated, probably induced our author here and in other places to allude to the *watry* quality of that planet.

In

That feeds and breeds by a composture² stolen
From general excrement: each thing's a thief;

The

In *Romeo and Juliet*, he speaks of her "*watry beams*." Again, more appositely in *King Richard III*:

"That I, being govern'd by the watry moon,
"May bring forth plenteous tears, to drown the world."

Salt is so often applied by Shakspeare to *tears*, that there can be no doubt that the original reading is the true one: nor had the poet, as I conceive, *dew*, at all in his thoughts. Mr. Tollet idly conjectures, (for conjecture is always idle where there is little difficulty,) that we should read—*The main*, i. e. the main land or continent. So, in *King Henry IV. Part II. Act. III. sc. i*: "The continent melt itself into the sea." An observation made by this gentleman in *Love's Labour's Lost*, had he recollected it, might have prevented him from attempting to disturb the text here: "No alteration should be made in these lines that destroys the artificial structure of them."—In the first line the sun is the *thief*; in the second he is himself *plundered* by that thief, the moon. The moon is subjected to the same fate, and, from being a *plunderer*, is herself *robbed* of moisture (line 4th and 5th) by the sea. MALONE.

I cannot say for a certainty whether *Albumazar* or this play was first written, as *Timon* made its earliest appearance in the folio, 1623. Between *Albumazar* and *The Alchymist* there has been likewise a contest for the right of eldership. The original of *Albumazar* was an Italian comedy called *Lo Astrologo*, written by Battista Porta, the famous physiognomist of Naples, and printed at Venice in 1606. The translator is said to have been a Mr. Tomkis, of Trinity College, Cambridge. The *Alchymist* was brought on in 1610, which is four years before *Albumazar* was performed for the entertainment of King James; and Ben Jonson in his title-page boldly claims the merit of having introduced a new subject and new characters on the stage:

"—— petere inde coronam
"Unde prius nulli velarint tempora musæ."

The play of *Albumazar* was not entered on the books of the Stationers' Company till April 28, 1615. In *Albumazar*, however, such examples of thievery likewise occur:

"The world's a theatre of theft: Great rivers
"Rob smaller brooks; and them the ocean.
"And in this world of ours, this microcosm,
"Guts from the stomach steal; and what they spare
"The meseraicks filch, and lay't i'the liver;
"Where (lest it should be found) turn'd to red nectar,
"'Tis by a thousand thievish veins convey'd,
"And hid in flesh, nerves, bones, muscles, and sinews,
"In tendons, skin, and hair; so that the property
"Thus alter'd, the theft can never be discover'd.

The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
 Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away;
 Rob one another. There's more gold: Cut throats;
 All that you meet are thieves: To Athens, go,
 Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
 But thieves do lose it: Steal not less, for this
 I give you; and gold confound you howsoever!
 Amen.

[TIMON retires to his cave.

3. *Thief*. He has almost charm'd me from my profession,
 by persuading me to it.

1. *Thief*. 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus
 advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.³

2. *Thief*. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my
 trade.

1. *Thief*. Let us first see peace in Athens: There is no
 time so miserable, but a man may be true.⁴ [Exeunt Thieves.

Enter

“ Now all these pilferies, couch'd, and compass'd in order,
 “ Frame thee and me: Man's a quick mass of thievery.”

STEEVENS.

Puttenham, in his *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, quotes some one of a
 “ reasonable good facilitie in translation, who finding certaine of Anacron's
 Odes very well translated by Ronfard the French poet—comes our minion,
 and translates the same out of French into English:” and his strictures
 upon him evince the publication. Now this identical ode is to be met with
 in the Ronfard; and as his works are in few hands, I will take the
 liberty of transcribing it:

“ La terre les eaux va boivant;
 “ L'arbre la boit par sa racine,
 “ La mer salee boit le vent,
 “ Et le soleil boit la marine.
 “ Le soleil est beu de la lune,
 “ Tout boit soit en haut ou en bas:
 “ Suivant ceste reigle commune,
 “ Pourquoi donc ne boirons-nous pas?”

Edit. fol. p. 507.

FARMER.

The name of the wretched plagiarist stigmatized by Puttenham, was
John Southern, as appears from the only copy of his Poems that has
 hitherto been discovered. He is mentioned by Drayton in one of his
 Odes. See also the *European Magazine*, for June 1788. STEEVENS.

² i. e. composition, compost. STEEVENS.

³ The reason of his advice, says the thief, is *malice to mankind*, not any
 kindness to us, or desire to have us thrive in our mystery. JOHNSON.

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods!
Is yon despis'd and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honour has
Desperate want made!⁵
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
How rarely⁶ does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd to love his enemies:⁷
Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me, than those that do!⁸
He has caught me in his eye: I will present

My

4 [Dr. Warburton divides this line between the two thieves.] This and the concluding little speech have in all the editions been placed to one speaker: But, it is evident, the latter words ought to be put in the mouth of the *second* thief, who is repenting, and leaving off his trade.

WARBURTON.

The second thief has just said, he'll give over his trade. It is time enough for that, says the first thief: let us wait till Athens is at peace. There is no hour of a man's life so wretched, but he always has it in his power to become a *true*, i. e. an honest man. I have explained this easy passage, because it has, I think, been misunderstood.

Our author has made Mrs. Quickly utter nearly the same exhortation to the dying Falstaff. "—Now I bid him not think of God; *there was time enough* for that yet." MALONE.

⁵ *An alteration of honour*, is an alteration of an *honourable state* to a state of disgrace. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Rarely* for fitly; not for seldom. WARBURTON.

How curiously; how happily. MALONE.

⁷ We should read *will'd*. He forgets his Pagan system here again.

WARBURTON.

Wish'd is right. It means *recommended*. REED.

⁸ It is plain, that in this whole speech *friends* and *enemies* are taken only for those who *profess friendship* and *profess enmity*; for the *friend* is supposed not to be more kind, but more dangerous than the *enemy*. The sense is, *Let me rather woo or caress those that would mischief, that profess to mean me mischief, than those that really do me mischief, under false professions of kindness*. The Spaniards, I think, have this proverb: *Defend me from my friends, and from my enemies I will defend myself*. This proverb is a sufficient comment on the passage. JOHNSON.

My honest grief unto him ; and as my lord,
Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master !

TIMON comes forward from his cave.

Tim. Away ! what art thou ?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir ?

Tim. Why dost ask that ? I have forgot all men ;
Then, if thou grant'st thou'r't man, I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then

I know thee not : I ne'er had honest man
About me, I ; all that I kept were knaves,⁹
To serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witnesses,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep ?—Come nearer ;—then I love
thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind ; whose eyes do never give,
But thorough lust, and laughter. Pity's sleeping ;²
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping !

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward so true, so just, and now
So comfortable ? It almost turns
My dangerous nature wild.³ Let me behold

Thy

⁹ *Knave* is here in the compound sense of a *servant* and a *rascal*.

JOHNSON.

² I do not know that any correction is necessary, but I think we might read :

—— eyes do never give,

But thorough lust and laughter, pity sleeping :——.

Eyes never flow (to *give* is to dissolve, as saline bodies in moist weather,) but by lust or laughter, undisturb'd by emotions of pity. JOHNSON.

³ i. e. It almost turns my dangerous nature to a dangerous nature ; for, by *dangerous nature* is meant *wildness*. Shakspeare wrote :

It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.

i. e. It almost reconciles me again to mankind. For fear of that, he puts in a caution immediately after, that he makes an exception but for one man. To which the Oxford editor says, *rectè*. WARBURTON.

This

Thy face.—Surely, this man was born of woman.—
 Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
 Perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
 One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one;
 No more, I pray,—and he is a steward.—
 How fain would I have hated all mankind,
 And thou redeem'st thyself; But all, save thee,
 I fell with curses.

Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise;
 For, by oppressing and betraying me,
 Thou might'st have sooner got another service:
 For many so arrive at second masters,
 Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,
 (For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,)
 Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
 If not a usuring⁴ kindness; and as rich men deal gifts,

Expecting

This emendation is specious, but even this may be controverted. To turn wild is to distract. An appearance so unexpected, says Timon, almost turns my savageness to distraction. Accordingly he examines with nicety lest his phrenzy should deceive him:

“——— Let me behold

“Thy face.—Surely, this man was born of woman.—”

And to this suspected disorder of mind he alludes:

“Perpetual-sober gods!”

Ye powers whose intellects are out of the reach of perturbation. JOHNSON.

He who is so much disturbed as to have no command over his actions, and to be dangerous to all around him, is already distracted, and therefore it would be idle to talk of turning such “a dangerous nature wild:” it is wild already. Besides; the baseness and ingratitude of the world might very properly be mentioned as driving Timon into frenzy. But surely the kindness and fidelity of his steward was more likely to soften and compose him; that is, to render his dangerous nature mild. I therefore strongly incline to Dr. Warburton's emendation. MALONE.

⁴ If not seems to have slipped in here, by an error of the press, from the preceding line. Both the sense and the metre would be better without it.

TYRWHITT.

I do not see any need of change. Timon asks—Has not thy kindness some covert design? Is it not proposed with a view to gain some equivalent in return, or rather to gain a great deal more than thou offerest? Is it not at least the offspring of avarice, if not of something worse, of usury? In this there appears to me no difficulty. MALONE.

My opinion most perfectly coincides with that of Mr. Tyrwhitt. The sense of the line, with or without the contested words, is nearly the same; yet, by the omission of them, the metre would become sufficiently regular. STEEVENS.

Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master, in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late :
You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast :
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living : and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish, That you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so !—Thou singly honest man,
Here, take :—the gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy :
But thus condition'd ; Thou shalt build from men ;⁵
Hate all, curse all : show charity to none ;
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar : give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men ; let prisons swallow them,
Debts wither them : Be men like blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods !
And so, farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay,
And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hat'st
Curse, stay not ; fly, whilst thou'rt bless'd and free :
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

⁵ Away from human habitations. JOHNSON.

ACT V. SCENE I.

*The same. Before Timon's Cave.**Enter Poet and Painter;⁶ TIMON behind, unseen.*

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet.

⁶ The Poet and the Painter were within view when Apemantus parted from Timon, and might then have seen Timon, since Apemantus, standing by him could see them: But the scenes of the thieves and steward have passed before their arrival, and yet passed, as the drama is now conducted, within their view. It might be suspected, that some scenes are transposed, for all these difficulties would be removed by introducing the Poet and Painter first, and the thieves in this place. Yet I am afraid the scenes must keep their present order, for the Painter alludes to the thieves when he says, *be likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity.* This impropriety is now heightened by placing the thieves in one act, and the Poet and Painter in another: but it must be remembered, that in the original edition this play is not divided into separate acts, so that the present distribution is arbitrary, and may be changed if any convenience can be gained, or impropriety obviated by alteration. JOHNSON.

In the immediately preceding scene, Flavius, Timon's steward, has a conference with his master, and receives gold from him. Between this and the present scene, a single minute cannot be supposed to pass; and yet the Painter tells his companion:—*'Tis said he gave his steward a mighty sum.*—Where was it said? Why in Athens, whence, it must therefore seem, they are but newly come. Here then should be fixed the commencement of the fifth Act, in order to allow time for Flavius to return to the city, and for Rumour to publish his adventure with Timon. But how are we in this case to account for Apemantus's announcing the approach of the Poet and Painter in the last scene of the preceding act, and before the thieves appear? It is possible, that when this play was abridged for representation, all between this passage, and the entrance of the Poet and Painter, may have been omitted by the players, and these words put into the mouth of Apemantus to introduce them; and that when it was published at large, the interpolation was unnoticed. Or, if we allow the Poet and the Painter to see Apemantus, it may be conjectured that they did not think his presence necessary at their interview with Timon, and had therefore returned back into the city. RITSON.

I am afraid, many of the difficulties which the commentators on our author have employed their abilities to remove, arise from the negligence of Shakspeare himself, who appears to have been less attentive to the connection of his scenes, than a less hasty writer may be supposed to have been

Poet. What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true, that he is so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Tymandra had gold of him: he likewise enrich'd poor straggling soldiers with great quantity: 'Tis said, he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish⁷ with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain.

been. On the present occasion I have changed the beginning of the act, as I conceive some impropriety is obviated by the alteration. It is but justice to observe, that the same regulation has already been adopted by Mr. Capell. REED.

I perceive no difficulty. It is easy to suppose that the Poet and Painter, after having been seen at a distance by Apemantus, have wandered about the woods separately in search of Timon's habitation. The Painter might have heard of Timon's having given gold to Alcibiades, &c. before the Poet joined him; for it does not appear that they set out from Athens together; and his intelligence concerning the *Thieves* and the *Steward* might have been gain'd in his rambles: Or, having searched for Timon's habitation in vain, they might, after having been descried by Apemantus, have returned again to Athens, and the Painter alone have heard the particulars of Timon's bounty.—But Shakspeare was not very attentive to these minute particulars; and if *he* and the *audience* knew of the several persons who had partaken of Timon's wealth, he would not scruple to impart this knowledge to persons who perhaps had not yet an opportunity of acquiring it.

The news of the Steward's having been enriched by Timon, though that event happened only in the end of the preceding scene, has, we here find, reached the Painter; and therefore here undoubtedly the fifth Act ought to begin, that a proper interval may be supposed to have elapsed between this and the last. MALONE.

⁷ This allusion is scriptural, and occurs in *Psalms* xcii. 11: "The righteous shall flourish like a palm-tree." STEEVENS.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use.⁸ To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will, or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgement that makes it.

Tim. Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him: It must be a personating of himself:⁹ a satire against the softness of prosperity; with a discovery of the infinite flatteries, that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,²
Find that thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple,

Than

⁸ The doing of that which we have said we would do, the accomplishment and performance of our promise, is, except among the lower classes of mankind, quite out of use. MALONE.

⁹ Personating, for representing simply. For the subject of this projected satire was Timon's case, not his person. WARBURTON.

² An anonymous correspondent sent me this observation: "As the shadow of the earth's body, which is round, must be necessarily conical over the hemisphere which is opposite to the sun, should we not read *black-coned*? See *Paradise Lost*, Book IV."

To this observation I might add a sentence from Philemon Holland's translation of Pliny's *Natural History*, B. II: "Neither is the night any thing else but the shade of the earth. Now the figure of this shadow resembleth a pyramid pointed forward, or a top turned upside down."

I believe, nevertheless, that Shakspeare, by this expression, meant only Night which is as obscure as a dark corner. In *Measure for Measure*, Lucio calls the Duke, "a duke of dark corners." Mr. M. Mason proposes to read, "black-crown'd night;" another correspondent, "black-cover'd night."

Than where swine feed!

'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the foam;
Settlest admired reverence in a slave:

To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!

'Fit I do meet them.

[*Advancing.*]

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain.

Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir,

Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you!

Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I'm rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better:
You, that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen, and known.

Pain.

He, and myself,

Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim.

Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men: Why, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. You are honest men: You have heard that I have
gold;

I am sure, you have: speak truth: you are honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest men:—Thou draw'st a counterfeit³
Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain.

³ It has been already observed, that a *portrait* was so called in our author's time. STEEVENS.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. Even so, fir, as I say:—And, for thy fiction,
[*To the Poet.*

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,

That thou art even natural in thine art.—

But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,

I must needs say, you have a little fault:

Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither with I,

You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour,
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assur'd,
That he's a made-up villain.⁴

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.⁵

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,⁶
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim.

⁴ That is, a villain that adopts qualities and characters not properly belonging to him; a hypocrite. JOHNSON.

A made-up villain, may mean a complete, a finished villain. M. MASON.

⁵ As it may be supposed (perhaps I am repeating a remark already made on a similar occasion) that our author designed his Poet's address to be not less respectful than that of his Painter, he might originally have finished this defective verse, by writing:

Nor I, my lord. STEEVENS.

⁶ That is, in the jakes. JOHNSON.

Tim. You that way, and you this, but two in company :⁷—
Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,

[*To the Painter.*

Come not near him.—If thou would'st not reside

[*To the Poet.*

But where one villain is, then him abandon.—

Hence! pack! there's gold, ye came for gold, ye slaves:

You have done work for me, there's payment: Hence!

You are an alchymist, make gold of that:—

Out, rascal dogs!

[*Exit, beating and driving them out.*

SCENE II.

The same.

Enter FLAVIUS, and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;
For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing, but himself, which looks like man,

Is

⁷ This is an imperfect sentence, and is to be supplied thus, *But two in company* spoils all. *WARBURTON.*

This passage is obscure. I think the meaning is this: *but two in company*, that is, stand apart, *let only two be together*; for even when each stands single there are two, he himself and a villain. *JOHNSON.*

There are not two words more frequently mistaken for each other, in the printing of these plays, than *but* and *not*. I have no doubt but that mistake obtains in this passage, and that we should read it thus:

—— not *two in company* :

Each man apart,——. *M. MASON.*

The first of these lines has been rendered obscure by false pointing; that is, by connecting the words, “but two in company,” with the subsequent line, instead of connecting them with the preceding hemistick. The second and third line are put in apposition with the first line, and are merely an illustration of the assertion contained in it. Do you (says Timon) go that way, and you this, and yet still *each* of you will have *two* in your company: each of you, though single and alone, will be *accompanied* by an arch-villain. Each man, being himself a villain, will *take a villain along with him*, and so each of you will have two in company. It is a mere quibble founded on the word *company*. See the former speech, in which Timon exhorts *each* of them to “hang or stab *the villain* in his *company*,” i. e. himself. The passage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *Promos and Cassandra*, puts the meaning beyond a doubt. *MALONE.*

Is friendly with him.

1. *Sen.* Bring us to his cave:
It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,
To speak with Timon.

2. *Sen.* At all times alike
Men are not still the same: 'Twas time, and griefs,
That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
'The former man may make him: Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave.—
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends: The Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!—Speak, and be
hang'd:
For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a caut'rizing² to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

1. *Sen.* Worthy Timon,—

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

2. *Sen.* The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them; and would send them back the
plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1. *Sen.* O, forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators, with one consent of love,³

Entreat

² The old copy reads—*cantherizing*; the poet might have written, *can-
cering*. STEEVENS.

To *cauterize* was a word of our author's time; being found in Bullo-
kar's *English Expository*, octavo, 1616, where it is explained, "To burn
to a sore." It is the word of the old copy, with the *u* changed to an *n*,
which has happened in almost every one of these plays. MALONE.

³ With one united voice of affection. So, in Sternhold's translation of
the 100th *Psalms*:

"With

Entreat thee back to Athens ; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

2. *Sen.*

They confess,

Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, gross :
Which now the publick body,⁴—which doth seldom
Play the recanter,—feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of its own fall,⁵ restraining aid to Timon ;⁶
And send forth us, to make theirorrowed render,⁷
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram ;⁸

Ay,

“ With one *consent* let all the earth.”

All our old writers spell the word improperly, *consent*, without regard to its etymology, *concentus*. MALONE.

This sense of the word *consent*, or *concent*, was originally pointed out and ascertained in a note on the first scene of the first part of *King Henry VI*. STEEVENS.

⁴ Thus the old copy, ungrammatically certainly ; but our author frequently thus begins a sentence, and concludes it without attending to what has gone before : for which perhaps the carelessness and ardour of colloquial language may be an apology. MALONE.

⁵ The Athenians *had sense*, that is, felt the danger of *their own fall*, by the arms of Alcibiades. JOHNSON.

I once suspected that our author wrote—Of its own *fail*, i. e. failure. But a subsequent passage fully supports the reading of the text.

MALONE.

⁶ I think it should be *refraining* aid, that is, with-holding aid that should have been given to Timon. JOHNSON.

Where is the difference ? To *restrain*, and to *refrain*, both mean to with-hold. M. MASON.

⁷ Thus the old copy. *Render* is *confession*. The modern editors read—*tender*. STEEVENS.

⁸ This, which was in the former editions, can scarcely be right, and yet I know not whether my reading will be thought to rectify it. I take the meaning to be, We will give thee a recompense that our offences cannot outweigh, *beats of wealth down by the dram*, or delivered according to the exactest measure. A little disorder may perhaps have happened in transcribing, which may be reformed by reading :

——— Ay, ev'n such heaps,
And sums of love and wealth, down by the dram,
As shall to thee —. JOHNSON.

The

Ay, even such heaps and fums of love and wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim.

You witch me in it;

Surprize me to the very brink of tears;
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy senators.

1. *Sen.* Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens (thine, and ours) to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power,⁹ and thy good name
Live with authority:—so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up²
His country's peace.

2. *Sen.*

And shakes his threat'ning sword

Against the walls of Athens.

1. *Sen.*

Therefore, Timon,—

Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore I will, sir; Thus,—
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That—Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;
Then, let him know,—and, tell him, Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged, and our youth,

I can—

The speaker means, a recompence that shall more than counterpoise
their offences, though weighed with the most scrupulous exactness.

M. MASON.

A recompence so large, that the offence they have committed, though
every dram of that offence should be put into the scale, cannot counterpoise
it. The recompence will outweigh the offence, which, instead of
weighing down the scale in which it is placed, will kick the beam.

MALONE.

⁹ *Allowed* is *licensed, privileged, uncontrolled*. So of a buffoon, in *Love's
Labour's Lost*, it is said, that he is *allowed*, that is, at liberty to say what
he will, a privileged scoffer. JOHNSON.

² This image might have been caught from *Psalms* lxxx. 13: "The
wild boar out of the wood doth root it up," &c. STEEVENS.

I cannot choose but tell him, that—I care not,
 And let him tak't at worst; for their knives care not,
 While you have throats to answer; for myself,
 There's not a whittle in the unruly camp,³
 But I do prize it at my love, before
 The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
 To the protection of the prosperous gods,⁴
 As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
 It will be seen to-morrow; My long sickness⁵
 Of health, and living, now begins to mend,
 And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
 Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
 And last so long enough!

1. Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not
 One that rejoices in the common wreck,
 As common bruit⁶ doth put it.

1. Sen. That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

1. Sen. These words become your lips as they pass
 through them.

2. Sen. And enter in our ears, like great triumphers
 In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them;
 And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,

Their

³ A *whittle* is still in the midland counties the common name for a pocket clasp knife, such as children use. Chaucer speaks of a “*Sheffield thwittell*.” STEEVENS.

⁴ I believe *prosperous* is used here with our poet's usual laxity, in an active, instead of a passive, sense: *the gods who are the authors of the prosperity of mankind*. I leave you, says Timon, to the protection of the gods, the great distributors of prosperity, that they may *so* keep and guard you, as sailors do thieves; i. e. for final punishment. MALONE.

I do not see why the epithet—*prosperous*, may not be employed here with its common signification, and mean—the gods who are *prosperous in all their undertakings*. Our author, elsewhere, has *blessed* gods, *clear* gods, &c.; nay, Euripides, in a chorus to his *Medea*, has not scrupled to style these men of Athens—ΘΕΩΝ παῖδες ΜΑΚΑΡΩΝ. STEEVENS.

⁵ The disease of life begins to promise me a period. JOHNSON.

⁶ i. e. report, rumour. STEEVENS.

Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
 Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
 That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
 In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them :⁷
 I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2. *Sen.* I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
 That mine own use invites me to cut down,
 And shortly must I fell it ; Tell my friends,
 Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,⁸
 From high to low throughout, that who so please
 To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
 Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
 And hang himself :—I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again ; but say to Athens,
 Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
 Upon the beached verge of the salt flood ;
 Which once a day with his embossed froth⁹
 The turbulent surge shall cover ; thither come,
 And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—
 Lips, let four words go by, and language end :
 What is amiss, plague and infection mend !
 Graves only be men's works ; and death, their gain !
 Sun, hide thy beams ! Timon hath done his reign.

[Exit TIMON.]

1. *Sen.* His discontents are unremoveably
 Coupled to nature.

2. *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead : let us return,

And

⁷ i. e. I will do them some kindness ; for such, elliptically considered, will be the sense of these words, independent of the supplemental—*do them*, which only serves to derange the metre, and is, I think, a certain interpolation. STEEVENS.

⁸ Methodically, from highest to lowest. JOHNSON.

⁹ When a deer was run hard and foamed at the mouth, he was said to be *emboss'd*. STEEVENS.

Embossed froth, is swollen froth ; from *basse*, Fr. a tumour. The term *embossed*, when applied to deer, is from *emboçar*, Span. to cast out of the mouth. MALONE.

And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.²

2. *Sen.*

It requires swift foot.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Walls of Athens.

Enter two Senators, and a Messenger.

1. *Sen.* Thou hast painfully discover'd; are his files
As full as thy report?

Mes.

I have spoke the least:

Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2. *Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

Mess. I met a courier,³ one mine ancient friend;⁴—

Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends:⁵—this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported

His

² So the folios, and rightly. The Oxford editor alters *dear* to *dread*, not knowing that *dear*, in the language of that time, signified *dread*, and is so used by Shakspeare in numberless places. **WARBURTON.**

Dear, in Shakspeare's language, is *dire, dreadful*. **MALONE.**

Dear may, in the present instance, signify *immediate*, or *imminent*. It is an enforcing epithet with not always a distinct meaning. To enumerate each of the seemingly various senses in which it may be supposed to have been used by our author, would at once fatigue the reader and myself.

STEEVENS.

³ The players read—a *currier*. **STEEVENS.**

⁴ Mr. Upton would read—*once* mine ancient friend. **STEEVENS.**

⁵ Our author, hurried away by strong conceptions, and little attentive to minute accuracy, takes great liberties in the construction of sentences. Here he means, *Whom*, though we were on opposite sides in the publick cause, yet the force of our old affection wrought so much *upon*, as to make *him speak to me* as a friend. **MALONE.**

I am fully convinced that this and many other passages of our author to which similar remarks are annexed, have been irretrievably corrupted by transcribers or printers, and could not have proceeded, in their present state, from the pen of Shakspeare; for what we cannot understand in the closet, must have been wholly useless on the stage.—The awkward repetition of the verb—*made*, very strongly countenances my present observation.

STEEVENS.

His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter Senators from Timon.

1. *Sen.* Here come our brothers.

3. *Sen.* No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust: In, and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Woods. Timon's Cave, and a tomb-stone seen.

Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.

Sol. By all description this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath out-stretch'd his span:
Some beast rear'd this; there does not live a man.⁶

Dead;

⁶ Old copy—*read* this.} Some beast *read* what? The soldier had yet only seen the rude pile of earth heap'd up for Timon's grave, and not the *inscription* upon it. We should read:

Some beast rear'd this; —

The soldier seeking, by order, for Timon, sees such an irregular mole, as he concludes must have been the workmanship of some beast inhabiting the woods; and such a cavity as must either have been so over-arched, or happened by the casual falling in of the ground. WARBURTON.

“The soldier (says Theobald) had yet only seen the rude pile of earth heap'd up for Timon's grave, and not the *inscription* upon it.” In support of his emendation, which was suggested to him by Dr. Warburton, he quotes these lines from Fletcher's *Cupid's Revenge*:

“Here is no food, nor beds; nor any *house*

“Built by a better architect than *beasts*.” MALONE.

Notwithstanding this remark, I believe the old reading to be the right. *The soldier had only seen the rude heap of earth.* He had evidently seen something that told him *Timon was dead*; and what could tell that but his tomb? The tomb he sees, and the inscription upon it, which not being able to read, and finding none to read it for him, he exclaims peevishly, *some beast read this*, for it must be read, and in this place it cannot be read by man.

There

Dead, sure; and this his grave.—

What's on this Tomb I cannot read; the character
I'll take with wax:

Our captain hath in every figure skill;

An ag'd interpreter, though young in days:

Before proud Athens he's set down by this,

Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [Exit.

There is something elaborately unskilful in the contrivance of sending a soldier, who cannot read, to take the epitaph in wax, only that it may close the play by being read with more solemnity in the last scene.

JOHNSON.

It is evident, that the soldier, when he first sees the heap of earth, does not know it to be a tomb. He concludes Timon must be dead, because he receives *no answer*. It is likewise evident, that when he utters the words *some beast*, &c. he has *not* seen the inscription. And Dr. Warburton's emendation is therefore, not only just and happy, but absolutely necessary. *What can this heap of earth be?* says the soldier; *Timon is certainly dead: some beast must have erected this, for here does not live a man to do it. Yes, he is dead, sure enough, and this must be his grave. What is this writing upon it?* RITSON.

I am now convinced that the emendation made by Mr. Theobald is right, and that it ought to be admitted into the text:—Some beast *rear'd* this. Our poet certainly would not make the soldier call on a beast to read the inscription, *before* he had informed the audience that he could not read it himself; which he does *afterwards*.

Besides; from the time he asks, "What is this?" [i. e. what is this cave, tomb, &c. not what is this *inscription*?] to the words, "What's on this tomb,"—the observation evidently relates to Timon himself, and his grave; whereas, by the erroneous reading of the old copy, "Some beast *read* this,"—the soldier is first made to call on a beast to read the inscription, without assigning any reason for so extraordinary a requisition;—then to talk of Timon's death and of his grave; and at last, to inform the audience that he cannot read the inscription. Let me add, that a beast being as unable to read as the soldier, it would be absurd to call on one for assistance; whilst on the other hand, if a den or cave, or any rude heap of earth resembling a tomb, be found where *there does not live a man*, it is manifest that it must have been formed by a beast.

MALONE.

The foregoing observations are acute in the extreme, and I have not scrupled to adopt the reading they recommend. STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE V.

*Before the Walls of Athens.**Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES, and Forces.*

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. *[A parley sounded.]*

Enter Senators on the Walls.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms,⁷ and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush,⁸
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries, of itself, *No more*:⁹ now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And purfy insolence shall break his wind,
With fear, and horrid flight.

1. Sen. Noble, and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves.

*Above*⁷ Arms across. JOHNSON.⁸ A bird is *flush* when his feathers are grown, and he can leave the nest. *Flush* is *mature*. JOHNSON.⁹ The marrow was supposed to be the original of strength. The image is from a camel kneeling to take up his load, who rises immediately when he finds he has as much laid on as he can bear. WARBURTON.

Pliny says, that the camel will not carry more than his accustomed and usual load. Holland's translation, B. VIII. c. xviii. REED.

The image may as justly be said to be taken from a porter or coal-heaver, who when there is as much laid upon his shoulders as he can bear, will certainly cry, *no more*. MALONE.

I wish the reader may not find himself affected in the same manner by our commentaries, and often concur in a similar exclamation.

STEEVENS.

Above their quantity.²

2. *Sen.* So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble message, and by promis'd means ;³
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1. *Sen.* These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs : nor are they such,
That these great towers, trophies, and schools should fall
For private faults in them.⁴

2. *Sen.* Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you first went out ;⁵
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts.⁶ March, noble lord,

Into

2 *Their* refers to *rages*. WARBURTON.

3 *Promis'd means* must import the recruiting of his sunk fortunes ; but this is not all. The senate had wooed him with humble message, and promise of general reparation. This seems included in the slight change which I have made :

———— and by *promis'd mends*. THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton agrees with Mr. Theobald, but the old reading may well stand. JOHNSON.

By *promis'd means*, is by promising him a competent subsistence.

MALONE.

4 That is, in the persons from whom you have received your griefs.

MALONE.

5 i. e. those who made the motion for your exile. STEEVENS.

6 Shame in excess (i. e. extremity of shame) that they wanted cunning (i. e. that they were not wise enough not to banish you) hath broke their hearts. THEOBALD.

I have no wish to disturb the manes of Theobald, yet think some emendation may be offered that will make the construction less harsh, and the sentence more serious. I read :

*Shame that they wanted, coming in excess,
Hath broke their hearts.*

Shame which they had so long wanted, at last coming in its utmost excess.

JOHNSON.

I think that Theobald has, on this occasion, the advantage of Johnson. When the old reading is clear and intelligible, we should not have recourse to correction. — *Cunning* was not, in Shakspeare's time, confined to a bad sense, but was used to express knowledge or understanding.

M. MASON.

Into our city with thy banners spread:
 By decimation, and a tithed death,
 (If thy revenges hunger for that food,
 Which nature loaths,) take thou the destin'd tenth;
 And by the hazard of the spotted die,
 Let die the spotted.

1. *Sen.* All have not offended;
 For those that were, it is not square,⁷ to take,
 On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
 Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
 Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
 Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,
 Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
 With those that have offended: like a shepherd,
 Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
 But kill not all together.⁸

2. *Sen.* What thou wilt,
 Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
 Than hew to't with thy sword.

1. *Sen.* Set but thy foot
 Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope;
 So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
 To say, thou'lt enter friendly.

2. *Sen.* Throw thy glove,
 Or any token of thine honour else,
 That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
 And not as our confusion, all thy powers
 Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
 Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there's my glove;
 Descend, and open your uncharged ports:⁹
 Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
 Whom

⁷ Not regular, not equitable. JOHNSON.

⁸ The old copy reads—*altogether*. Mr. M. Mason suggested the correction I have made. STEEVENS.

⁹ That is, *unguarded* gates. JOHNSON.

Uncharged means *unattacked*, not *unguarded*. M. MASON.

Mr. M. Mason is right. So, in Shakspeare's 70th Sonnet:

“Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,

“Either not assail'd, or victor, being *charg'd*.” MALONE.

Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
 Fall, and no more: and,—to atone your fears
 With my more noble meaning,²—not a man
 Shall pass his quarter,³ or offend the stream
 Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
 But shall be remedied,⁴ to your publick laws
 At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

The Senators descend, and open the gates.

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. My noble general, Timon is dead;
 Entomb'd upon the very hem o'the sea:
 And, on his grave-stone, this insculpture; which
 With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
 Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [Reads.] *Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul
 bereft:*

Seek not my name: A plague consume you wicked caitiffs left!
Here

² i. e. to reconcile them to it. So, in *Cymbeline*: "I was glad I did atone my countryman and you." STEEVENS.

³ Not a soldier shall quit his station, or be let loose upon you; and, if any commits violence, he shall answer it regularly to the law.

⁴ The construction is, But he shall be remedied; but Shakspeare means, that his offence shall be remedied, the word offence being included in offend in a former line. The editor of the second folio, for *to*, in the last line but one of this speech, substituted *by*, which all the subsequent editors adopted. MALONE.

I profess my inability to extract any determinate sense from these words as they stand, and rather suppose the reading in the second folio to be the true one. To be remedied *by*, affords a glimpse of meaning: to be remedied *to*, is "the blanket of the dark." STEEVENS.

⁵ This epitaph is found in sir T. North's translation of Plutarch, with the difference of one word only, viz. *wretches* instead of *caitiffs*.

STEEVENS.

This epitaph is formed out of two distinct epitaphs which Shakspeare found in Plutarch. The first couplet is said by Plutarch to have been composed by Timon himself as his epitaph; the second to have been written by the poet Callimachus.

Perhaps

Here lie I Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
 Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here thy gait.
 These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
 Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
 Scorn'dst our brain's flow,⁶ and those our droplets which
 From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
 Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
 On thy low grave, on faults forgiven.⁷ Dead

Is

Perhaps the slight variation mentioned by Mr. Steevens, arose from our author's having another epitaph before him, which is found in Kendal's *Flowers of Epigrammes*, 1577, and in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, Vol. I. Nov. 28:

TIMON HIS EPITAPHE.

" My wretched *caitiff's* daies expired now and past,
 " My carren corps enterred here, is graspt in ground,
 " In weltring waves of swelling seas by sourses caste;
 " My name if thou desire, the gods thee doe confound!"

MALONE:

⁶ Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton read—*brine's flow*. *Our brain's flow* is *our tears*; but we may read, *our brine's flow*, *our salt tears*. Either will serve. JOHNSON.

Our brain's flow is right. STEEVENS.

⁷ Alcibiades's whole speech is in breaks, betwixt his reflections on Timon's death, and his addresses to the Athenian senators; and as soon as he has commented on the place of Timon's grave, he bids the senate set forward; tells 'em, he has forgiven their faults; and promises to use them with mercy. THEOBALD.

I suspect that we ought to read:

————— One fault's forgiven.—Dead
 Is noble Timon; &c.

One fault (*viz.* the ingratitude of the Athenians to Timon) is forgiven, *i. e.* exempted from punishment by the death of the injured person.

TYRWHITT.

The old reading and punctuation appear to me sufficiently intelligible. Mr. Theobald asks, "why should Neptune weep over Timon's faults, or indeed what fault had he committed?" The faults that Timon committed, were, 1. that boundless prodigality which his Steward so forcibly describes and laments; and 2. his becoming a *Misanthrope*, and abjuring the society of all men for the crimes of a few.—Theobald supposes that Alcibiades bids the senate set forward, assuring them at the same time that he forgives the wrongs they have done him. *On:—Faults forgiven*. But how unlikely is it, that he should desert the subject immediately before him, and enter upon another quite different subject, in these three words; and then return to Timon again? to say nothing of the strangeness of the phrase—*faults forgiven*, for "faults are forgiven." MALONE.

Is noble Timon ; of whose memory
 Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
 And I will use the olive with my sword :
 Make war breed peace ; make peace stint war ;⁸ make each
 Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.⁹—
 Let our drums strike. [Exeunt.²

⁸ i. e. stop it. STEEVENS.

⁹ — leech.] i. e. physician. STEEVENS.

² The play of *Timon* is a domestick tragedy, and therefore strongly fastens on the attention of the reader. In the plan there is not much art, but the incidents are natural, and the characters various and exact. The catastrophe affords a very powerful warning against that ostentatious liberality, which scatters bounty, but confers no benefits, and buys flattery, but not friendship.

In this tragedy, are many passages perplexed, obscure, and probably corrupt, which I have endeavoured to rectify, or explain with due diligence ; but having only one copy, cannot promise myself that my endeavours shall be much applauded. JOHNSON.

This play was altered by Shadwell, and brought upon the stage in 1678. In the modest title-page he calls it *Timon of Athens, or the Mambater, as it is acted at the Duke's Theatre, made into a Play.* STEEVENS.

CORIOLANUS.

CORIOLANUS.

СЪЮЗЪ

COROLANDS

PERSONS REPRESENTED

Caius Marcius Coriolanus, a noble Roman.

Titus Lartius, Consul, and Volscian Captain. {
Gentilius, his Son. }

Menenius Agrippa, Friend to Coriolanus.

Sicinius Velutus, Tribune of the Plebs. {
Junius Brutus, his Son. }

Young Martius, Son to Coriolanus. {
A Roman Herald. }

Tullus Aufidius, Governor of the Volscians, and
Enemy to Aufidius.

Confederates with Aufidius.

A Captain of a Band.

*** This play I conjecture to have been written in the year 1609. See
An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays.

It comprehends a period of about four years, commencing with the
secession to the *Mons Sacer* in the year of Rome 262, and ending with the
death of Coriolanus, A. U. C. 266. MALONE.

The whole history is exactly followed, and many of the principal speeches
exactly copied from the *Life of Coriolanus* in *Plutarch*. FORD.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Plebeians, &c.

Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Attendants to Aufidius, and others.

Attendants, &c. &c. &c.

SCENE, partly in Rome, and partly in the Territories of the

Volscians and Aufidius.

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome.

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

MEN. Agrippa.

Agrippa.

Agrippa.

Agrippa.

Agrippa.

Agrippa.

Agrippa.

Agrippa.

Agrippa.

Agrippa.

Agrippa.

Agrippa.

PERSONS

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Caius Marcius Coriolanus, *a noble Roman.*

Titus Lartius, } *Generals against the Volscians,*
Cominius, }

Menenius Agrippa, *friend to Coriolanus.*

Sicinius Velutus, } *Tribunes of the People.*
Junius Brutus, }

Young Marcius, *Son to Coriolanus.*

A Roman Herald.

Tullus Aufidius, *General of the Volscians.*

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Conspirators with Aufidius.

A Citizen of Antium.

Two Volscian Guards.

Volumnia, *Mother to Coriolanus.*

Virgilia, *Wife to Coriolanus.*

Valeria, *Friend to Virgilia.*

Gentlewoman, attending Virgilia.

*Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Licors,
Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, and other
Attendants.*

SCENE, *partly in Rome; and partly in the Territories of the
Volscians and Antiates.*

CORIOLANUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rome. *A Street.*

Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

1. *Cit.* Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

Cit. Speak, speak. [*several speaking at once.*]

1. *Cit.* You are all resolv'd rather to die, than to famish?

Cit. Resolv'd, resolv'd.

1. *Cit.* First, you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

Cit. We know't, we know't.

1. *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

Cit. No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away.

2. *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1. *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good:² What authority surfeits on, would relieve us: If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess, they relieved us humanely; but they think, we are too dear:³ the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a pain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes,⁴ ere we become rakes: for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2. *Cit.*

² *Good* is here used in the *mercantile* sense. So, *Touchstone* in *Eastward Hoe*:

“ ——— known good men, well monied.” FARMER.

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“ Antonio's a good man.” MALONE.

³ They think that the charge of maintaining us is more than we are worth. JOHNSON.

⁴ It was Shakspeare's design to make this fellow quibble all the way. But time, who has done greater things, has here stifled a miserable joke; which

2. *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

Cit. Against him first; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2. *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1. *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2. *Cit.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1. *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienc'd men can be content to say, it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2. *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: You must in no way say, he is covetous.

1. *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o'the city is risen: Why stay we prating here? to the Capitol.

Cit.

which was then the same as if it had been now wrote, *Let us now revenge this with forks, ere we become rakes*: for *pikes* then signified the same as *forks* do now. So Jewel in his own translation of his *Apology*, turns *Christianos ad furcas condemnare*, to—*To condemn Christians to the pikes*. But the Oxford editor, without knowing any thing of this, has with great sagacity found out the joke, and reads on his own authority, *pitch-forks*.

WAREBURTON.

It is plain that, in our author's time, we had the proverb, *as lean as a rake*. Of this proverb the original is obscure. *Rake* now signifies a *dissolute man*, a man worn out with disease and debauchery. But the signification is, I think, much more modern than the proverb. *Rækel*, in *Islandick*, is said to mean a *cur-dog*, and this was probably the first use among us of the word *rake*, *as lean as a rake* is, therefore, as lean as a dog too worthless to be fed. JOHNSON.

It may be so: and yet I believe the proverb, *as lean as a rake*, owes its origin simply to the thin taper form of the instrument made use of by hay-makers. Chaucer has this simile in his description of the *clerk's* horse in the prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 288:

“As lene was his hors as is a rake.” STEEVENS.

3 This speech is in the old play, as here, given to a body of the citizens speaking at once. I believe, it ought to be assigned to the first citizen.

MALONE.

Cit. Come, come.

1. *Cit.* Soft; who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2. *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1. *Cit.* He's one honest enough; 'Would all the rest were so!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you

With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

1. *Cit.* Our business⁶ is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know, we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves?

1. *Cit.* We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them Against the Roman state; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong link asunder, than can ever Appear in your impediment: For the dearth, The gods, not the patricians, make it; and Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack, You are transported by calamity Thither where more attends you; and you slander The helms o'the state, who care for you like fathers, When you curse them as enemies.

1. *Cit.* Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses cramm'd

⁶ This and all the subsequent plebeian speeches in this scene are given in the old copy to the *second* citizen. But the dialogue at the opening of the play shews that it must have been a mistake, and that they ought to be attributed to the *first* citizen. The second is rather friendly to Coriolanus.

cramm'd with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers: repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accused of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To scale 't a little more.⁷

1. *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale:⁸ but, an't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the mid'st o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where the other instruments⁹
Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate,² did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

1. *Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs,³ but even thus,
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile,⁴
As well as speak,) it tauntingly reply'd
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts

That

⁷ To *scale* is to *disperse*. The word is still used in the North. The sense of the old reading is, 'Though some of you have heard the story, I will spread it yet wider, and diffuse it among the rest.'

A measure of wine spilt, is called—"a *scal'd* pottle of wine" in Decker's comedy of *The Honest Whore*, 1604. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Disgraces* are *hardships*, injuries. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Where* for *whereas*. JOHNSON.

² Here means *participant*, or *participating*. MALONE.

³ With a smile not indicating pleasure, but contempt. JOHNSON.

⁴ "And so the belly, all this notwithstanding, *laughed* at their folly, and *sayed*," &c. North's Translation of Plutarch, p. 240, edit. 1579.

MALONE.

That envy'd his receipt; even so most fitly⁵
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.⁶

1. *Cit.* Your belly's answer: What!
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart,⁷ the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabrick, if that they—

Men. What then?—
'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?

1. *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body,—

Men. Well, what then?
1. *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you;—
If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little,)
Patience, a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

1. *Cit.* You are long about it.
Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd.
True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body: But if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the brain;⁸

And,

⁵ i. e. exactly. WARBURTON.

⁶ I suppose we should read—*They are not as you.* So, in St. Luke, xviii. 11. “God, I thank thee, I am not as this publican.” The pronoun—*such*, only disorders the measure. STEEVENS.

⁷ The heart was anciently esteemed the seat of prudence. *Homo cordatus* is a prudent man. JOHNSON.

The heart was considered by Shakspeare as the seat of the *understanding*. See the next note. MALONE.

⁸ ————*to the seat o' the brain;*] seems to be a very languid expression. I believe we should read, with the omission of a particle:

Even to the court, the heart, *to the seat, the brain.*

*And, through the cranks and offices of man,⁹
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live : And though that all at once,
You, my good friends, (this says the belly,) mark me,—*

1. Cit. Ay, fir; well, well.

Men.

*Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each;
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flower of all,
And leave me but the bran.* What say you to't?

1. Cit. It was an answer : How apply you this?

Men.

He uses *seat* for *throne*, the *royal seat*, which the first editors probably not apprehending, corrupted the passage. It is thus used in *Richard II.* Act III. sc. iv :

“ Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills

“ Against thy *seat*.”——

It should be observed too, that one of the *Citizens* had just before characterised these principal parts of the human fabrick by similar metaphors :

“ The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,

“ The counsellor heart,——.” TYRWHITT.

I have too great respect for even the conjectures of my respectable and very judicious friend, to suppress his note, though it appears to me erroneous. In the present instance I have not the smallest doubt, being clearly of opinion that the text is right. *Brain* is here used for *reason* or understanding. Shakspeare seems to have had Camden as well as Plutarch before him; the former of whom has told a similar story in his *Remains*, 1605, and has likewise made the *heart* the *seat* of the *brain*, or understanding: “ Hereupon they all agreed to pine away their lasie and publicke enemy. One day passed over, the second followed very tedious, but the third day was so grievous to them, that they called a common counsel. The eyes waxed dime, the feete could not support the body, the armes waxed lazie, the tongue faltered, and could not lay open the matter. Therefore they all with one accord desired the *advice* of the *heart*. There REASON laid open before them,” &c. *Remains*, p. 109. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, in which a circumstance is noticed, that shews our author had read Camden as well as Plutarch.

I agree, however, entirely with Mr. Tyrwhitt, in thinking that *seat* means here the *royal seat*, the *throne*. *The seat of the brain*, is put in opposition with *the heart*, and is descriptive of it. “ I send it, (says the belly,) through the blood, even to the *royal residence*, the *heart*, in which the kingly-crowned understanding sits enthroned. MALONE.

⁹ *Cranks* are the meandrous ducts of the human body. STEEVENS.

Cranks are windings. MALONE.

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: For examine
Their counsels, and their cares; digest things rightly,
Touching the weal o' the common; you shall find,
No public benefit, which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourselves.—What do you think?
You, the great toe of this assembly?—

1. *Cit.* I the great toe? why the great toe?

Men. For that being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to run
Lead'st first, to win some vantage.²—
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs;

Rome

² I think, we may better read, by an easy change,

'Thou rascal that art worst in blood, to ruin

Lead'st first, to win, &c.

Thou that art the meanest by birth, art the foremost to lead thy fellows
to ruin, in hope of some advantage. The meaning, however, is perhaps
only this, Thou that art a hound, or running dog of the lowest breed,
lead'st the pack, when any thing is to be gotten. JOHNSON.

Worst in blood may be the true reading. In *King Henry VI.* P. I:

“If we be English deer, be then in blood,”

i. e. high spirits, in vigour.

Mr. M. Mason judiciously observes that *blood*, in all these passages, is
applied to *deer*, for a lean *deer* is called a rascal; and that “worst in blood,”
is *least in vigour*. STEEVENS.

Both *rascal* and *in blood* are terms of the forest. *Rascal* meant a lean
deer, and is here used equivocally. The phrase *in blood* has been proved
in a former note to be a phrase of the forest.

Our author seldom is careful that his comparisons should answer on
both sides. He seems to mean here, thou, worthless scoundrel, though,
like a deer not in blood, thou art in the worst condition for running of all
the herd of Plebians, takest the lead in this tumult, in order to obtain
some private advantage to yourself. What advantage the foremost of a
herd of deer could obtain, is not easy to point out, nor did Shakspeare, I
believe, consider. Perhaps indeed he only uses *rascal* in its ordinary sense.
So afterwards—

“From *rascals* worse than they.”

Dr. Johnson's interpretation appears to me inadmissible; as the term,
though it is applicable both in its original and metaphorical sense to a man,
cannot, I think, be applied to a dog; nor have I found any instance of the
term *in blood* being applied to the canine species. MALONE.

Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,
The one side must have bale.³—Hail, noble Marcius!

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious
rogues,
That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

1. Cit. We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud.⁴ He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it.⁵ Who deserves greatness,
Deserves your hate: and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in these several places of the city

You

³ *Bale* is an old Saxon word, for *misery* or *calamity*:

“For light she hated as the deadly *bale*.”

Spenser's Faery Queen.

Mr. M. Mason observes that “*bale*, as well as *bane*, signified *poison* in Shakspeare's days. STEEVENS.

This word was antiquated in Shakspeare's time, being marked as obsolete by Bullokar, in his *English Expositor*, 1616. MALONE.

⁴ Coriolanus does not use these two sentences consequentially, but first reproaches them with unsteadiness, then with their own occasional vices.

JOHNSON.

⁵ Your virtue is to speak well of him whom his own offences have subjected to justice; and to rail at those laws by which he whom you praise was punished. STEEVENS.

You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—What's their seeking?²

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,
The city is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say? They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i'the Capitol: who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines:³ side factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there's grain enough?
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,⁴
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands⁵ of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance.⁶

Men.

² *Seeking* is here used substantively.—The answer is, “‘Their seeking’ or *suit*, (to use the language of the time,) is *for* corn.” MALONE.

³ The words—*who thrives*, which destroy the metre, appear to be an evident and tasteless interpolation. They are omitted by Sir T. Hanmer. STEEVENS.

⁴ i. e. their pity, compassion. Fairfax and Spenser often use the word. Hence the adjective—*ruthless*, which is still current. STEEVENS.

⁵ Why a quarry? I suppose, not because he would pile them square, but because he would give them for carrion to the birds of prey.

JOHNSON.

In a note on this last passage, Steevens asserts, that *quarry* means game pursued or killed, and supports that opinion by a passage in Massinger's *Guardian*; and thence I suppose the word was used to express a heap of slaughtered persons.

In the concluding scene of *Hamlet*, when Fortinbras sees so many lying dead, he says

“This quarry cries, on havock!” M. MASON.

Bullokar in his *English Expositor*, 8vo. 1616, says that “a quarry among hunters signifieth the reward given to hounds after they have hunted, or the venison which is taken by hunting.” This sufficiently explains the word of Coriolanus. MALONE.

⁶ And so the word [*pitch*] is still pronounced in Staffordshire, where they say—*picke* me such a thing, that is, *pitch* or throw any thing that the demander wants. TOLLET.

The word is again used in *King Henry VIII.* with only a slight variation in the spelling: “I'll *peck* you o'er the pales else.” MALONE.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded ;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. — But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolv'd : Hang 'em !
They said, they were an-hungry ; sigh'd forth proverbs ; —
That, hunger broke stone walls ; that, dogs must eat ;
That, meat was made for mouths ; that, the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only : — With these shreds
They vented their complainings ; which being answer'd,
And a petition granted them, a strange one,
(To break the heart of generosity,⁷
And make bold power look pale,) they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o'the moon,
Shouting their emulation.⁸

Men. What is granted them ?

Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice : One's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not — 's death !
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me : it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.⁹

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments !

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's Caius Marcius ?

Mar. Here : What's the matter ?

Mes. The news is, sir, the Volces are in arms.

Mar.

⁷ To give the final blow to the nobles. *Generosity is high birth.*

JOHNSON.

⁸ Each of them striving to shout louder than the rest. MALONE.

Emulation, in the present instance, I believe, signifies *faction*. *Shouting their emulation*, may mean, *expressing the triumph of their faction by shouts*.

Emulation, in our author, is sometimes used in an unfavourable sense, and not to imply an honest contest for superior excellence.

STEEVENS.

⁹ For insurgents to debate upon. MALONE.

Mar. I am glad on't; then we shall have means to vent
Our musty superfluity:—See, our best elders.

Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Senators;
JUNIUS BRUTUS, and SICINIUS VELUTUS.

1. Sen. Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately told us;
The Volces are in arms.²

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I sin in envying his nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1. Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant.³—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face:
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius;
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true bred!

1. Sen. Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on:—
Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy you priority.⁴

Com.

² Coriolanus had been just told himself that *the Volces were in arms*. The meaning is, *The intelligence which you gave us some little time ago of the designs of the Volces is now verified; they are in arms.* JOHNSON.

³ i. e. immoveable in my resolution. STEEVENS.

⁴ You being right worthy of precedence. MALONE.

Mr. M. Mason would read—*your priority.* STEEVENS.]

Com. Noble Lartius!⁵

1. Sen. Hence! To your homes, be gone.

[To the Citizens.

Mar. Nay, let them follow:

The Volces have much corn; take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners:—Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth:⁶ pray, follow.

[Exeunt Senators, COM. MAR. TIT. and MENEN.
Citizens steal away.

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird⁷ the gods.

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him: he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.⁸

Sic.

⁵ Old copy—*Martius*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. I am not sure that the emendation is necessary. Perhaps Lartius in the latter part of the preceding speech addresses *Marcius*. MALONE.

⁶ That is, You have in this mutiny shown fair blossoms of valour.

JOHNSON.

⁷ To sneer, to gibe. So Falstaff uses the noun, when he says, *every man has a gird at me*. JOHNSON.

Again, in *The Taming of a Shrew*:

“I thank thee for that *gird*, good Tranio.”

Many instances of the use of this word, might be added.

STEEVENS.

To *gird*, as an anonymous correspondent observes to me, “in some parts of England means to *push vehemently*. So, when a ram pushes at any thing with his head, they say he *girds* at it.” To *gird* likewise signified, to pluck or twinge. Hence probably it was metaphorically used in the sense of to taunt, or annoy by a *stroke* of sarcasm. Cotgrave makes *gird*, *rip*, and *twinge*, synonymous. MALONE.

⁸ Mr. Theobald says, *This is obscurely expressed*, but that the poet's meaning must certainly be, that *Marcius* is so conscious of, and so elate upon the notion of his own valour, that he is eaten up with pride, &c. According to this critick then, we must conclude, that when Shakspeare had a mind to say, *A man was eaten up with pride*, he was so great a blunderer in expression, as to say, *He was eaten up with war*. But our poet wrote at another rate, and the blunder is his critick's. *The present wars devour him,*

Sic. Such a nature,
 Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
 Which he treads on at noon: But I do wonder,
 His insolence can brook to be commanded
 Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,—
 In whom already he is well grac'd,—cannot
 Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
 A place below the first: for what miscarries
 Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
 To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
 Will then cry out of Marcius, O, if he
 Had borne the business!

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
 Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
 Of his demerits rob Cominius.⁹

Bru. Come;
 Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
 Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults

To

him, is an imprecation, and should be so pointed. As much as to say,
May he fall in those wars! The reason of the curse is subjoined, for (says
 the speaker) having so much pride with so much valour, his life, with
 increase of honours, is dangerous to the republick. WARBURTON.

I am by no means convinced that Dr. Warburton's punctuation, or ex-
 planation, is right. The sense may be, that *the present wars annihilate his*
gentler qualities. To eat up, and consequently to devour, has this mean-
 ing. To be eat up with pride, is still a phrase in common and vulgar
 use.

He is grown too proud to be so valiant, may signify, his pride is such
 as not to deserve the accompaniment of so much valour. STEEVENS.

I concur with Mr. Steevens. "The present wars," Shakspeare uses
 to express the pride of Coriolanus grounded on his military prowess;
 which kind of pride Brutus says *devours* him. Perhaps the meaning of
 the latter member of the sentence is, "he is grown too proud of being so
 valiant, to be endured." MALONE.

⁹ *Merits* and *Demerits* had anciently the same meaning: So, in
Othello:

" — and my demerits

" May speak," &c.

Again, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, Cardinal Wolsey says to his servants,
 " — I have not promoted, preferred, and advanced you all according to
 your demerits." STEEVENS.

To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.

Sic.

Let's hence, and hear
How the despatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity,² he goes
Upon this present action.

Bru.

Let's along.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Corioli. *The Senate-House.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, and certain Senators.

r. Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf.

Is it not yours?

What ever hath been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone,³
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think,
I have the letter here; yes, here it is:

[*reads.*]

*They have press'd a power,⁴ but it is not known
Whether for east, or west: The dearth is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,*

Cominius,

² We will learn what he is to do, besides going himself; what are his powers, and what is his appointment. JOHNSON.

Perhaps, the word *singularity* implies a sarcasm on Coriolanus, and the speaker means to say—after what fashion, *beside that in which his own singularity of disposition invests him*, he goes into the field. STEEVENS.

³ i. e. four days past. STEEVENS.

⁴ *They have press'd a power,*] Thus the modern editors. The old copy reads—*They have prest a power*; which may signify have a power ready; from *pret. Fr.* So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“And I am *prest* unto it.” STEEVENS.

The spelling of the old copy proves nothing, for participles were generally so *spelt* in Shakspeare's time: so *distrest*, *blest*, &c. I believe *press'd* in its usual sense is right. It appears to have been used in Shakspeare's time in the sense of *impress'd*. So, in Plutarch's life of Coriolanus, translated by Sir T. North, 1579: “—the common people—would not appeare when the consuls called their names by a bill, to *press* them for the warres.” MALONE.

Cominius, Marcius *your old enemy,*
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,)
 And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
 These three lead on this preparation
 Whither 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:
 Consider of it.

1. Sen. Our army's in the field:
 We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
 To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
 To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when
 They needs must show themselves; which in the hatching,
 It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
 We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,
 To take in many towns,⁴ ere, almost, Rome
 Should know we were afoot.

2. Sen. Noble Aufidius,
 Take your commission; hie you to your bands;
 Let us alone to guard Corioli:
 If they set down before us, for the remove
 Bring up your army;⁵ but, I think, you'll find
 They have not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that;
 I speak from certainties. Nay, more,⁶
 Some parcels of their powers are forth already,
 And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
 If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
 'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
 Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf.

⁴ *To take in* is here, as in many other places, *to subdue*. MALONE.

⁵ Says the senator to Aufidius, *Go to your troops, we will garrison Corioli*. If the Romans besiege us, bring up your army to remove them. If any change should be made, I would read:

— *for their remove*. JOHNSON.

The remove and *their remove* are so near in sound, that the transcriber's ear might easily have deceived him. But it is always dangerous to let conjecture loose where there is no difficulty. MALONE.

⁶ Sir Thomas Hanmer completes this line by reading—

I speak from very certainties, &c. STEEVENS.

Auf. And keep your honours safe !

1. *Sen.*

Farewell.

2. *Sen.*

Farewell.

All. Farewell.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.

Rome. *An Apartment in Marcius' house.*

Enter VOLUMNIA, and VIRGILIA: They sit down on two low stools, and sew.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort: If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-body'd, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness pluck'd all gaze his way;⁷ when, for a day of kings' entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I,—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he return'd, his brows bound with oak.⁸ I tell thee, daughter,—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely: Had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

⁷ i. e. attracted the attention of every one towards him. DOUCE.

⁸ The crown given by the Romans to him that saved the life of a citizen, which was accounted more honourable than any other.

JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.⁹

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum;

See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;

As children from a bear, the Volces shunning him;

Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—

Come on, you cowards; you were got in fear,

Though you were born in Rome: His bloody brow

With his mail'd hand then wiping,² forth he goes;

Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow

Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,

Than gilt his trophy:³ The breasts of Hecuba,

When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier

Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood

At Grecian fwords' contending.—Tell Valeria,⁴

We are fit to bid her welcome.

[*Exit.*]

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,

And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA and her Usher.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam,—

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers.
What,

⁹ This verb active (signifying to *withdraw*) has already occurred in *The Tempest*:

“ — I will thence

“ *Retire me to my Milan —.*” STEEVENS.

² i. e. his hand cover'd or arm'd with mail. DOUCE.

³ *Gilt* means a superficial display of gold, a word now obsolete.

STEEVENS.

⁴ The accuracy of the first folio may be ascertained from the manner in which this line is printed:

At Grecian sword. Contemning, tell Valeria. STEEVENS.

What, are you sewing here? A fine spot,⁵ in good faith.—
How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his school-master.

Val. O, my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O, my troth, I look'd upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirm'd countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catch'd it again: or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammock'd it!⁶

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.⁷

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle hufwife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably: Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would, your cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir.

⁵ This expression (whatever may be the precise meaning of it) is still in use among the vulgar; "You have made a *fine spot* of work of it," being a common phrase of reproach to those who have brought themselves into a scrape. STEEVENS.

⁶ To *mammock* is to cut in pieces, or to tear. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Crack* signifies a *boy child*. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note on the second part of *King Henry IV.* STEEVENS.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think, she would:—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnity out o'door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Before Corioli.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers, and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news:—A wager, they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mes. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart.

Lart. No, I'll not sell, nor give him: lend you him, I will,
For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mef. Within this mile and half.³

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.
Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work:
'That we with smoaking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends!⁴—Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a parley. Enter on the walls, some Senators and Others.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

i. Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That's lesser than a little.⁵ Hark, our drums

[*Alarums afar off.*
Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off;

[*Other Alarums.*
There is Aufidius: list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar.

³ The two last words, which disturb the measure, should be omitted; as we are told in p. 54, that—" 'Tis not a mile" between the two armies.

STEEVENS.

⁴ i. e. our friends who are in the field of battle. STEEVENS.

⁵ The sense requires it to be read:

— nor a man that fears you more than he;

Or, more probably:

— nor a man but fears you less than he,

That's lesser than a little. — JOHNSON.

The text, I am confident, is right, our author almost always entangling himself when he uses *less* and *more*. *Lesser* in the next line shows that *less* in that preceding was the author's word, and it is extremely improbable that he should have written—*but* fears you less, &c. MALONE.

Dr. Johnson's note appears to me unnecessary, nor do I think with Mr. Malone that Shakspeare has here *entangled* himself; but on the contrary that he could not have expressed himself better. The sense is "*however little* Tullus Aufidius fears you, there is not a man within the walls that fears you *less*." DOUCE.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!

The Volces enter and pass over the Stage.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance, brave
Titus:

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on, my
fellows;

He that retires, I'll take him for a Volce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

*Alarum, and exeunt Romans and Volces, fighting. The
Romans are beaten back to their trenches. Re-enter
MARCIVS.⁶*

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues⁷
Plaster you o'er: that you may be abhorr'd
Further than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile? You souls of geese,

That

⁶ The old copy reads—Enter Marcius *curfing*. STEEVENS.

⁷ This passage, like almost every other abrupt sentence in these plays, was rendered unintelligible in the old copy by inaccurate punctuation. For the present regulation I am answerable. “You herd of cowards!” Marcius would say, but his rage prevents him.

In a former passage he is equally impetuous and abrupt:

“—one's Junius Brutus,

“Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—’sdeath,

“The rabble should have first,” &c.

Speaking of the people in a subsequent scene, he uses the same expression:

“—Are these your *berd*?

“Must these have voices, &c.”

Again: “More of your conversation would infect my brain, being the *berdsman* of the beastly plebeians.”

In Mr. Rowe's edition *berds* was printed instead of *berd*, the reading of the old copy; and the passage has been exhibited thus in the modern editions:

“You shames of Rome, you! *Herd*s of boils and plagues

“Plaster you o'er!” MALONE.

That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
 From slaves that apes would beat? Pluto and hell!
 All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
 With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,
 Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
 And make my wars on you; look to't: Come on;
 If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
 As they us to our trenches followed.

Another Alarum. The Volces and Romans re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The Volces retire into Corioli, and MARCIUS follows them to the gates.

So, now the gates are ope:—Now prove good seconds:
 'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
 Not for the fliers: Mark me, and do the like.

[He enters the gates, and is shut in.]

1. *Sol.* Fool-hardiness; not I.

2. *Sol.* Nor I.

3. *Sol.* See, they

Have shut him in. *[Alarum continues.]*

All. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless,

1. *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,
 With them he enters: who, upon the sudden,
 Clapp'd-to their gates; he is himself alone,
 To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!
 Who, sensible, outdares^s his senseless sword,

And,

^s The old editions read:

Who sensibly out-dares—

Thirlby reads:

Who sensible, outdoes his senseless sword.

He is followed by the later editors, but I have taken only his correction.

JOHNSON.

Sensible is here, having *sensation*. So before: "I would, your cambrick were *sensible* as your finger." Though Coriolanus has the feeling of pain like other men, he is more hardy in daring exploits than his *senseless* sword, for *after* it is bent, he yet stands firm in the field. MALONE.

And, when it bows, stands up! Thou art left, Marcius:
 A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
 Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
 Even to Cato's wish: not fierce and terrible
 Only in strokes;⁹ but, with thy grim looks, and
 The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
 Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
 Were feverous, and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

I. Sol.

Look, sir.

Lart.

'Tis Marcius:

Let's

⁹ In the old editions it was:

—Calvus' wish:

Plutarch, in the *Life of Coriolanus*, relates this as the opinion of Cato the Elder, that a great soldier should carry terrour in his looks and tone of voice; and the poet, hereby following the historian, is fallen into a great chronological impropriety. THEOBALD.

The old copy reads—*Calves* with. The correction made by Theobald is fully justified by the passage in Plutarch, which Shakspeare had in view: "Martius, being there [before Corioli] at that time, running out of the campe with a few men with him, he slue the first enemies he met withall, and made the rest of them staye upon a sodaine; crying out to the Romaines that had turned their backes, and calling them againe to fight with a lowde voyce. For he was even such another as Cato would have a souldier and a captaine to be; not only terrible and fierce to lay about him, but to make the enemy afeard with the sounde of his voyce and grimmes of his countenance." North's Translation of Plutarch, 1579, p. 240.

Mr. M. Mason supposes that Shakspeare, to avoid the chronological impropriety, put this saying of the elder Cato "into the mouth of a certain Calvus, who might have lived at any time." Had Shakspeare known that Cato was not contemporary with Coriolanus, (for there is nothing in the foregoing passage to make him even *suspect* that was the case,) and in consequence made this alteration, he would have attended in this particular instance to a point, of which almost every page of his works shows that he was totally negligent; a supposition which is so improbable, that I have no doubt the correction that has been adopted by the modern editors, is right. In the first act of this play, we have *Lucius* and *Marcus* printed instead of *Lartius*, in the original and only authentick ancient copy. The substitution of *Calves*, instead of *Cato's* is easily accounted for. Shakspeare wrote, according to the mode of his time, *Catoes* wish; omitting to draw a line across the *t*, and writing the *o* inaccurately, the transcriber or printer gave us *Calves*. MALONE.

Let's fetch him off, or make remain ² alike.

[*They fight, and all enter the city.*]

SCENE V.

Within the town. A Street.

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

1. *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.

2. *Rom.* And I this.

3. *Rom.* A murrain on't! I took this for silver.

[*Alarum continues still afar off.*]

Enter MARCIUS, and TITUS LARTIUS, with a trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours³
At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them,⁴ these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up:—Down with them.—
And hark, what noise the general makes!—To him:—
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: Then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent for
A second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not:
My work hath yet not warm'd me: Fare you well.

The

² ———[*make remain*] is an old manner of speaking, which means no more than *remain*. HANMER.

³ Mr. Pope arbitrarily changed the word *hours* to *honours*, and Dr. Johnson, too hastily I think, approves of the alteration. Every page of Mr. Pope's edition abounds with similar innovations. MALONE.

A modern editor, who had made such an improvement, would have spent half a page in ostentation of his sagacity. JOHNSON.

Coriolanus blames the Roman soldiers only for wasting *their time* in packing up trifles of such small value. STEEVENS.

⁴ Instead of taking them as their lawful perquisite. MALONE.

The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius!— [Exit MARCIUS,
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind: Away. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

Near the Camp of Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS and forces, retreating.

Com. Breathe you, my friends; well fought: we are
come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard
The charges of our friends:—The Roman gods,^s
Lead their successes as we wish our own;
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encount'ring,

Enter a Messenger.

May give you thankful sacrifice!—Thy news?

Mes. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle;
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?

Mes. Above an hour, my lord.

^s i. e. May the Roman gods, &c. MALONE,

Com.

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their drums :
How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,⁶
And bring thy news so late ?

Mef. Spies of the Volces
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about ; else had I, fir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were slay'd ? O gods !
He has the stamp of Marcius ; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late ?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the found of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man's.⁷

Mar. Come I too late ?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O ! let me clip you
In arms as found, as when I woo'd ; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius ?

Mar.

⁶ *Confound* is here used not in its common acceptation, but in the sense of—to expend. *Conterere tempus.* MALONE.

⁷ Old copy—meaner *man*.] That is, from *that* of every meaner man. This kind of phraseology is found in many places in these plays ; and as the peculiarities of our author, or rather the language of his age, ought to be scrupulously attended to, Hanmer and the subsequent editors who read here—every meaner *man's*, ought not in my apprehension to be followed, though we should now write so. MALONE.

When I am certified that this, and many corresponding offences against grammar, were common to the writers of our author's age, I shall not persevere in correcting them. But while I suspect (as in the present instance) that such irregularities were the gibberish of a theatre, or the blunders of a transcriber, I shall forbear to set nonsense before my readers ; especially when it can be avoided by the insertion of a single letter ; which indeed might have dropped out at the press. STEEVENS.

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees :
 Condemning some to death, and some to exile ;
 Ransoming him, or pitying,⁸ threat'ning the other ;
 Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
 Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
 To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave,
 Which told me they had beat you to your trenches ?
 Where is he ? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,
 He did inform the truth : But for our gentlemen,
 The common file, (A plague !—Tribunes for them !)
 The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
 From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you ?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell ? I do not think—
 Where is the enemy ? Are you lords o' the field ?
 If not, why cease you till you are so ?

Com. *Marcus,*
 We have at disadvantage fought, and did
 Retire, to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle ? Know you on which side
 They have plac'd their men of trust ?

Com. As I guess, *Marcus,*
 Their bands i' the vaward are the Antiates,⁹
 Of their best trust : o'er them Aufidius,
 Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
 By all the battles wherein we have fought,
 By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
 We have made to endure friends, that you directly
 Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates :

And

⁸ i. e. remitting his ransom. JOHNSON.

⁹ The old copy reads—*Antients*, which might mean *veterans*; but a following line, as well as the previous quotation, seems to prove *Antiates* to be the proper reading :

“ Set me against Aufidius and his *Antiates*.”

Our author employs—*Antiates* as a trisyllable, as if it had been written—*Antiats*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope made the correction. MALONE.

And that you not delay the present ;² but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd,³ and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking ; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing : — If any such be here,
(As it were sin to doubt,) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd ; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report ;⁴
If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself ;
Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,
Wave thus, [*waving his hand.*] to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius.

[*They all shout, and wave their swords ; take him
up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*]

O me alone ! Make you a sword of me ?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volces ? None of you, but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select : the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march ;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.⁵

Com.

² *Delay*, for let slip. WARBURTON.

³ That is, swords lifted high. JOHNSON.

⁴ The old copy has *lessen*. If the present reading, which was introduced by Mr. Steevens, be right, *his person* must mean his *personal danger*. — If any one less fears personal danger than an ill name, &c. If the fears of any man are less *for* his person, than they are from an apprehension of being esteemed a coward, &c.

In this play we have already had *lessen* for *less*. MALONE.

⁵ I cannot but suspect this passage of corruption. Why should they *march*, that *four* might select those that were *best inclin'd* ? How would their inclinations

Com. March on, my fellows :
 Make good this ostentation, and you shall
 Divide in all with us.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

The Gates of Corioli.

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a guard upon Corioli, going with a drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Caius Marcius, enters with a lieutenant, a party of soldiers and a scout.*

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded : keep your duties,
 As I have let them down. If I do send, despatch
 Those centuries ⁶ to our aid ; the rest will serve
 For a thort holding : If we lose the field,

We

inclinations be known ? Who were the *four* that should select them ?
 Perhaps, we may read :

— *Please you to march ;
 And fear shall quickly draw out of my command,
 Which men are least inclin'd.*

It is easy to conceive that, by a little negligence, *fear* might be changed to *four*, and *least* to *best*. Let us march, and that fear which incites desertion will free my army from cowards. JOHNSON.

Mr. Heath thinks the poet wrote :

“ And so I shall quickly draw out,” &c.

Some sense, however, may be extorted from the ancient reading. Coriolanus may mean, that as *all* the soldiers have offered to attend him on this expedition, and he wants only a *part* of them, he will submit the selection to *four* indifferent persons, that he himself may escape the charge of partiality. If this be the drift of Shakspeare, he has expressed it with uncommon obscurity. The old translation of *Plutarch* only says, “ Wherefore, with those that willingly offered themselves to followe him, he went out of the cittie.” STEEVENS.

Coriolanus means only to say, that he would appoint four persons to select for his particular command *or party*, those who were best inclined ; and in order to save time, he proposes to have this choice made, while the army is marching forward. They all march towards the enemy, and on the way he chooses those who are to go on that particular service. M. MASON.

⁶ i. e. companies consisting each of a hundred men. Our author sometimes uses this word to express simply—a *hundred* ; as in *Cymbeline* :

“ And on it said a *century* of prayers.” STEEVENS.

We cannot keep the town.

Lieu.

Fear not our care, fir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—

Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

A field of battle between the Roman and Volcian Camps.

Alarum. Enter MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf.

We hate alike;

Not Africk owns a serpent, I abhor

More than thy fame and envy:⁷ Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!

Auf.

If I fly, Marcius,

Halloo me like a hare.

Mar.

Within these three hours, Tullus,

Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,⁸

And made what work I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood,

Wherein thou seest me mask'd; for thy revenge,

Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf.

Wert thou the Hector,

That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,⁹

Thou

⁷ *Envy* here as in many other places, means, *malice*. MALONE.

The phrase—*death and honour*, being allowed, in our author's language, to signify no more than—*honourable death*, so *fame and envy*, may only mean—*detested or odious fame*. The verb—to *envy*, in ancient language, signifies to *bate*. Or the construction may be—*Not Africk owns a serpent I more abhor and envy, than thy fame*. STEEVENS.

⁸ If the name of *Tullus* be omitted, the metre will become regular.

STEEVENS.

⁹ The Romans boasted themselves descended from the Trojans; how then was Hector the *whip of their progeny*? It must mean the whip with which the Trojans scourged the Greeks, which cannot be but by a very unusual construction, or the author must have forgotten the original of the Romans: unless *whip* has some meaning which includes *advantage* or *superiority*, as we say, *he has the whip-hand, for he has the advantage*.

JOHNSON.

Dr.

Thou should'st not scape me here.—

[*They fight, and certain Volces come to the aid of Aufidius.*
 Officious, and not valiant—you have sham'd me
 In your condemned seconds.³

[*Exeunt fighting, driven in by Marcius.*

SCENE IX.

The Roman Camp.

Alarum. A Retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter at one side, COMINIUS, and Romans; at the other side, MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf, and other Romans.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
 Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
 Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
 Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
 I' the end, admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
 And, gladly quak'd,⁴ hear more; where the dull Tribunes,
 That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
 Shall say, against their hearts—*We thank the gods,*
Our Rome hath such a soldier!—
 Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,

Having

Dr. Johnson considers this as a very unusual construction, but it appears to me only such as every page of these plays furnishes; and the foregoing interpretation is in my opinion undoubtedly the true one. An anonymous correspondent justly observes, that the words mean, “the whip that your bragg'd progeny was possess'd of.” MALONE.

Whip might anciently be used, as *crack* is now, to denote any thing peculiarly boasted of; as—the *crack* house in the country,—the *crack* boy of a school, &c. Modern phraseology, perhaps, has only passed from the *whip*, to the *crack* of it. STEEVENS.

³ For *condemned*, we may read *contemned*. You have, to my shame, sent me help *which I despise*. JOHNSON.

Why may we not as well be contented with the old reading, and explain it, *You have, to my shame, sent me help, which I must condemn as intrusive, instead of applauding it as necessary?* Mr. M. Mason proposes to read *second* instead of *seconds*; but the latter is right. So King Lear: “No *seconds*? all myself?” STEEVENS.

We have had the same phrase in the fourth scene of this play: “Now prove good *seconds*!” MALONE.

⁴ i. e. thrown into grateful trepidation. STEEVENS.

Having fully din'd before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, *with his power, from the pursuit.*

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison :⁵
Hadst thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more : my mother,
Who has a charter to extol⁶ her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done,
As you have done ; that's what I can ; induc'd
As you have been ; that's for my country :
He, that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.⁷

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving ; Rome must know
The value of her own : 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings ; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest : Therefore, I beseech you,
(In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done,) before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,⁸
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store,) of all
The treasure, in this field achiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth ; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general ;
But cannot make my heart consent to take

A bribe,

⁵ This is an odd encomium. The meaning is, *this man performed the action, and we only filled up the show.* JOHNSON.

⁶ A privilege to praise her own son. JOHNSON.

⁷ That is, has done as much as I have done, inasmuch as my ardour to serve the state is such that I have never been able to effect all that I wish'd. MALONE.

⁸ That is, *not be remembered.* JOHNSON.

A bribe, to pay my sword; I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[A long flourish. They all cry, Marcus! Marcus! cast
up their caps and lances: COMINIUS and LARTIUS,
stand bare.

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall⁹

I' the

⁹ In the old copy :

— when drums and trumpets shall
I' the field, prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing.
When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk,
Let him be made an overture for the wars :—

All here is miserably corrupt and disjointed. We should read the
whole thus :

— when drums and trumpets shall
I' th' field prove flatterers, let camps, as cities,
Be made of false-fac'd soothing ! When steel grows
Soft as the parasite's silk, let hymns be made
An overture for the wars !—

The thought is this, If one thing changes its usual nature to a thing
most opposite, there is no reason but that all the rest which depend on it
should do so too. [If drums and trumpets prove flatterers, let the *camp*
bear the false face of the city.] And if another changes its usual nature,
that its opposite should do so too [When steel softens to the condition of
the parasite's silk, the peaceful *hymns* of devotion should be employed to
excite to the charge.] Now, in the first instance, the thought, in the
common reading, was entirely lost by putting in *courts* for *camps*; and
the latter miserably involved in nonsense, by blundering *hymns* into *bim*.

WARBURTON.

The first part of the passage has been altered, in my opinion, unneces-
sarily by Dr. Warburton; and the latter not so happily, I think, as he
often conjectures. In the latter part, which only I mean to consider,
instead of, *bim*, (an evident corruption) he substitutes *hymns*; which per-
haps may palliate, but certainly has not cured, the wounds of the sentence.
I would propose an alteration of two words :

“ ——— when steel grows
“ Soft as the parasite's silk, let *this* [i. e. silk] be made
“ A *coverture* for the wars !”

The sense will then be apt and complete. *When steel grows soft as
silk, let armour be made of silk instead of steel.* TYRWHITT.

It should be remembered, that the personal *bim*, is not unfrequently
used by our author, and other writers of his age, instead of *it*, the neuter;
and that *overture*, in its musical sense, is not so ancient as the age of Shak-

I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
 Made all of false-fac'd soothing ! When steel grows
 Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made
 An overture for the wars ! No more, I say ;
 For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
 Or foil'd some debile wretch,—which, without note,
 Here's many else have done,—you shout me forth
 In acclamations hyperbolical ;
 As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
 In praises fauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you ;
 More cruel to your good report, than grateful
 To us that give you truly ; by your patience,
 If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you
 (Like one that means his proper harm,) in manacles,
 Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it known,
 As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
 Wears this war's garland : in token of the which,
 My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
 With all his trim belonging ; and, from this time,
 For what he did before Corioli, call him,
 With all the applause and clamour of the host,
 Caius Marcius Coriolanus.—Bear
 The addition nobly ever !

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*]

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus !

Cor. I will go wash ;
 And when my face is fair, you shall perceive

Whether

speare. What Martial has said of Mutius Scaevola, may however be applied to Dr. Warburton's proposed emendation :—

Si non errasset, fecerat ille minus. STEEVENS.

Bullokar in his *English Expofitor*, 8vo. 1616, interprets the word *Overture* thus: “ An overturning ; a sudden change.” The latter sense fuits the present passage fufficiently well, understanding the word *him* to mean *it*, as Mr. Steevens has very properly explained it. When steel grows soft as silk, let silk be *fuddenly converted* to the ufe of war. We have many expreffions equally licentious in thefe plays. By *steel* Marcius means a coat of mail.

Overture, I have obferved fince this note was written, was ufed by the writers of Shakfpeare's time in the fenfe of *prelude* or *preparation*.

MALONE.

Whether I blush or no : Howbeit, I thank you :—
 I mean to stride your steed ; and, at all times,
 To undercrest your good addition,
 To the fairness of my power.²

Com. So, to our tent :
 Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
 To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,
 Must to Corioli back : send us to Rome
 The best,³ with whom we may articulate,⁴
 For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I that now
 Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
 Of my lord general.

Com. Take it : 'tis yours.—What is't ?

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
 At a poor man's house ; he us'd me kindly :
 He cry'd to me ; I saw him prisoner ;
 But then Aufidius was within my view,
 And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity : I request you
 To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd !
 Were he the butcher of my son, he should
 Be free, as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name ?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot :—
 I am weary ; yea, my memory is tir'd.—

Have

² A phrase from heraldry, signifying, that he would endeavour to support his good opinion of him. WARBURTON.

I understand the meaning to be, to illustrate this honourable distinction you have conferred on me by fresh deservings to the extent of my power. To *undercrest*, I should guess, signifies properly, to wear beneath the crest as a part of a coat of arms. The name or title now given seems to be considered as the crest ; the promised future achievements as the future additions to that coat. HEATH.

When two engage on *equal* terms, we say it is *fair* ; *fairness* may therefore be *equality* ; in *proportion equal to my power*. JOHNSON.

“ To the fairness of my power ”—is, as fairly as I can. M. MASON.

³ The chief men of Corioli. JOHNSON.

⁴ i. e. enter into articles. STEEVENS.

Have we no wine here ?

Com.

Go we to our tent :

The blood upon your visage dries : 'tis time

It should be look'd to : come.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E X.

The Camp of the Volces.

A flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS bloody, with two or three soldiers.

Auf. The town is ta'en !

1. *Sol.* 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition ?—

I would, I were a Roman ; for I cannot,

Being a Volce, be that I am.⁵—Condition !

What good condition can a treaty find

I' the part that is at mercy ? Five times, Marcius,

I have fought with thee ; so often hast thou beat me ;

And would'st do so, I think, should we encounter

As often as we eat.—By the elements,

If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,

He is mine, or I am his : Mine emulation

Hath not that honour in't, it had ; for where⁶

I thought to crush him in an equal force,

(True sword to sword,) I'll potch at him some way ;⁷

Or

⁵ It may be just observed, that Shakspeare calls the *Volci*, *Volces*, which the modern editors have changed to the modern termination [*Volcian*.] I mention it here, because here the change has spoiled the measure :

Being a Volce, be that I am.—Condition! JOHNSON.

The *Volci* are called *Volces* in Sir Thomas North's *Plutarch*, and so I have printed the word throughout this tragedy. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Where* is used here, as in many other places, for *whereas*.

MALONE.

⁷ Mr. Heath reads—*poach* ; but *potch*, to which the objection is made as no English word, is used in the midland counties for a rough, violent push. STEEVENS.

Cole in his *DICTIONARY*, 1679, renders “to *poche*,” *fundum explorare*. The modern word *poke* is only a hard pronunciation of this word. So to *eke* was formerly written to *ech*. MALONE.

In Carew's *Survey of Cornwall*, the word *potch* is used in almost the same sense, p. 31: “They use also to *potche* them (fish) with an instrument somewhat like a salmon speare.” TOLLET.

Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

I. Sol.

He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle: My valour's poison'd,⁸
With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself:⁹ nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick; nor fane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements of all fury,² shall lift up
'Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Martius: where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard,³ even there
Against the hospitable canon, would I

Wash

⁸ The construction of this passage would be clearer, if it were written thus:

—— my valour, *poison'd*
With only suffering stain by him, for him
Shall fly out of itself. TYRWHITT.

The amendment proposed by Tyrwhitt would make the construction clear; but I think the passage will run better thus, and with as little deviation from the text:

—— my valour's *poison'd*;
Which only suffering stain by him, for him
Shall fly out of itself. M. MASON.

⁹ To mischief him, my valour should *deviate* from its own native generosity. JOHNSON.

² The word, in the old copy, is spelt *embarquements*, and, as Cotgrave says, meant not only an *embarkation*, but an *embargoing*. *The rotten privilege and custom* that follow, seem to favour this explanation, and therefore the old reading may well enough stand, as an *embargo* is undoubtedly an *impediment*. STEEVENS.

In Sherwood's English and French Dictionary at the end of Cotgrave's, we find:

“ To imbark, to imbargue. *Embarquer.*
“ An imbarking, an imbarguing. *Embarquement.*”

Cole in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, has “to *imbargue*, or lay an *imbargo* upon.” There can be no doubt therefore that the old copy is right. — If we derive the word from the Spanish, *embargar*, perhaps we ought to write *embargement*; but Shakspeare's word certainly came to us from the French, and therefore is more properly written *embarquements*, or *embarkments*. MALONE.

³ In my own house, with my brother posted to protect him.

JOHNSON.

Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the city;
Learn, how 'tis held; and what they are, that must
Be hostages for Rome.

1. Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended⁴ at the cypress grove:
I pray you,
('Tis south the city mills,⁵) bring me word thither
How the world goes; that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

1. Sol.

I shall, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Rome. *A publick Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Men. The augurer tells me, we shall have news to-night.

Bru.

⁴ i. e. waited for. STEEVENS.

⁵ But where could Shakspeare have heard of these *mills* at Antium?
I believe we should read:

('Tis south the city a mile.)

The old edition reads *mils*. TYRWHITT.

Shakspeare is seldom careful about such little improprieties.

Coriolanus speaks of *our divines*, and *Menenius* of *graves in the holy church-yard*. It is said afterwards, that *Coriolanus* talks like a *knell*; and *drums*, and *Hob* and *Dick*, are with as little attention to time or place, introduced in this tragedy. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare frequently introduces those minute local descriptions, probably to give an air of truth to his pieces. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ ——— underneath the grove of sycamore,
“ That westward rooteth from the city's side.”

Again:

“ It was the nightingale and not the lark——
“ ——— Nigh by she sings on yon pom granate tree.”

Mr. Tyrwhitt's question, “where could Shakspeare have heard of these mills at Antium?” may be answered by another question: Where could Lydgate hear of the mills near Troy?

“ And as I ride upon this flode,
“ On eche syde many a mylle flode,
“ When nede was their graine and corne to grinde,” &c.

Auncient Historie, &c. 1555. MALONE.

Bru. Good, or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?⁶

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both Trib. Well, fir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor,⁷ that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all.

Sic. Especially, in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? Do you?

Both Trib. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?

Both Trib. Well, well, fir, well.

Men.

⁶ When the tribune, in reply to Mènenius's remark, on the people's hate of Coriolanus, had observed that even *beasts know their friends*, Mènenius asks, *whom does the wolf love?* implying that there are beasts which love nobody, and that among those beasts are the people. JOHNSON.

⁷ Old copy—*poor in.*] Here we have another of our author's peculiar modes of phraseology; which, however, the modern editors have not suffered him to retain; having dismissed the redundant *in* at the end of this part of the sentence. MALONE.

I shall continue to dismiss it, till such peculiarities can, by authority, be discriminated from the corruptions of the stage, the transcriber, or the printer.

It is scarce credible, that, in the expression of a common idea, in prose, our modest Shakspeare should have advanced a phraseology of his own, in equal defiance of customary language, and established grammar.

As, on the present occasion, the word—*in* might have stood with propriety at either end of the question, it has been casually, or ignorantly, inserted at both. STEEVENS.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your disposition the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many; or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks,⁸ and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias, fools,) as any in Rome.⁹

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't; said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint; hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night,² than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath: Meeting two such weals-men as you are, (I cannot call you Lycurguses) if the drink you give me, touch my palate adversely, I make
a crooked

⁸ With allusion to the fable, which says, that every man has a bag hanging before him, in which he puts his neighbour's faults, and another behind him, in which he stows his own. JOHNSON.

⁹ This was the phraseology of Shakspeare's age, of which I have met with many instances in the books of that time. Mr. Pope, as usual, reduced the passage to the modern standard, by reading—a brace of *as* unmeriting, &c. as any in Rome; and all the subsequent editors have adopted his emendation. MALONE.

² Rather a late-lier down than an early riser. JOHNSON.

So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: "It is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion, in the *posteriors* of *this day*; which the rude multitude call, the afternoon."

Again, in *King Henry IV. P. II*:

"—Thou art a summer bird,
"Which ever in the *baunch* of winter sings
"The lifting up of day." MALONE.

a crooked face at it. I cannot say, your worships have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men; yet they lie deadly, that tell, you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it, that I am known well enough too? What harm can your biffon³ conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs; ⁴ you wear out a good wholesome forenoon, ⁵ in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller; and then rejourn the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the cholick, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience ⁶ and, in roaring for a chamberpot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause, is, calling both the parties knaves: You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary benchman in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entomb'd in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucalion; though, peradventure, some of the best of them

were

³ *Biffon*, blind, in the old copies, is *beesome*, restored by Mr. Theobald. JOHNSON.

⁴ That is, for their obeisance showed by bowing to you. To make a leg was the phrase of our author's time for a bow. MALONE.

⁵ It appears from this whole speech that Shakspeare mistook the office of *præfectus urbis* for the tribune's office. WARBURTON.

⁶ That is, declare war against patience. There is not wit enough in this satire to recompense its grossness. JOHNSON.

were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en to your worships; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians:⁸ I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[BRUTUS and SICINIUS retire.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA, &c.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:⁹—Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Two Ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to night:—A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time, I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen² is but empiricutick,³ and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir.

⁸ As kings are called *πολύμενες λαών*. JOHNSON.

⁹ Dr. Warburton proposed to read, *Take my cup, Jupiter*.—REED. Shakspeare so often mentions throwing up caps in this play, that Menenius may be well enough supposed to throw up his cap in thanks to Jupiter. JOHNSON.

² An anachronism of near 650 years. Menenius flourished anno U. C. 260, about 492 years before the birth of our Saviour.—Galen was born in the year of our Lord 130, flourished about the year 155 or 160, and lived to the year 200. GREY.

³ The old copies—*empirickutique*. “The most sovereign prescription in Galen (says Menenius) is to this news but *empiricutic*: an adjective evidently formed by the author from *empiric* (*empir que*, F.) a quack.”

RITSON.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much:—Brings 'a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, Menenius:⁴ he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius foundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidius'd for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possess'd of this?⁵

Vol. Good ladies, let's go:—Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous? ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir.

⁴ Mr. M. Mason proposes that there should be a comma placed after Menenius; On's brows, Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland, "for," says the commentator, "it was the oaken garland, not the wounds, that Volumnia says he had on his brows." In *Julius Cæsar* we find a dialogue exactly similar:

"*Cæs.* No, it is Casca; one incorporate

"To our attempts.—Am I not staid for, Cinna?

"*Cin.* I am glad on't.

i. e. I am glad that Casca is incorporate, &c.

But he appears to me to have misapprehended the passage. Volumnia answers Menenius, without taking notice of his last words,—“The wounds become him.” Menenius had asked—Brings he victory in his pocket? He brings it, says Volumnia, on his *brows*, for he comes the third time home *brow-bound* with the oaken garland, the emblem of victory. So, afterwards:

“He prov'd best man o'the field, and for his meed,

“Was *brow-bound* with the oak.”

If these words did not admit of so clear an explanation, (in which the conceit is truly Shaksperian,) the arrangement proposed by Mr. M. Mason might perhaps be admitted, though it is extremely harsh, and the inversion of the natural order of the words not much in our author's manner in his prose writings. MALONE.

⁵ *Possess'd*, in our author's language, is fully informed. JOHNSON.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow, wow

Men. True? I'll be sworn they are true:—Where is he wounded?—God save your good worships! [*To the Tribunes.*] Marcius is coming home; he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm: There will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One in the neck, and two in the thigh,—there's nine that I know.⁶

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave: [*A shout, and flourish.*] Hark, the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him. He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears; Death, that dark spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie; Which being advanc'd, declines;⁷ and then men die.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and TITUS LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANS, crown'd with an oaken garland; with captains and soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight. Within Corioli' gates: where he hath won, With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these

In

⁶ Old copy—seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh;—there's nine that I know. Seven,—one,—and two, and these make but nine? Surely, we may safely assist Menenius in his arithmetick. This is a stupid blunder; but wherever we can account by a probable reason for the cause of it, that directs the emendation. Here it was easy for a negligent transcriber to omit the second *one*, as a needless repetition of the first, and to make a numeral word of *too*. *WARBURTON.*

The old man, agreeable to his character, is minutely particular: *Seven wounds? let me see; one in the neck, two in the thigh—Nay, I am sure there are more; there are nine that I know of.* *UPTON.*

⁷ *Volumnia*, in her boasting strain, says, that her son to kill his enemy, has nothing to do but to lift his hand up and let it fall. *JOHNSON.*

In honour follows, Coriolanus:—

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! [Flourish.

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart;

Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, fir, your mother,—

Cor. O!

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods

For my prosperity. [Kneels,

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up;

My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and

By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,

What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee?

But O, thy wife—

Cor. My gracious silence, hail!⁸

Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,

That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,

Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,

And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon.

[To Valeria.

Vol. I know not where to turn:—O welcome home;

And welcome general;—And you are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,

And

⁸ The epithet to *silence* shows it not to proceed from reserve or sullenness, but to be the effect of a virtuous mind possessing itself in peace. The expression is extremely sublime; and the sense of it conveys the finest praise that can be given to a good woman. WARBURTON.

By *my gracious silence*, I believe, the poet meant, *thou whose silent tears are more eloquent and grateful to me, than the clamorous applause of the rest!* So, Crashaw:

“Sententious show'rs! O! let them fall!

“Their cadence is rhetorical.”

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*:

“You shall see sweet *silent rhetoric*, and *dumb eloquence* speaking in her eye.” STEEVENS.

I believe “*My gracious silence*,” only means “*My beauteous silence*,” or “*my silent Grace*.” *Gracious* seems to have had the same meaning formerly that *graceful* has at this day. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“But being season'd with a *gracious* voice.”

Again, in *King John*:

“There was not such a *gracious* creature born.”

And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy: Welcome:
 A curse begin at very root of his heart,
 That is not glad to see thee!—You are three,
 That Rome should dote on: yet by the faith of men,
 We have some old crab-trees here at home, that will not
 Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors:
 We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
 The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.⁹

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours:
 [To his wife and mother.

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
 The good patricians must be visited;
 From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
 But with them change of honours.²

Vol. I have liv'd

To see inherited my very wishes,
 And the buildings of my fancy: only there
 Is one thing wanting, which I doubt not, but
 Our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,
 I had rather be their servant in my way,
 Than sway with them in theirs.

Com.

⁹ Rather, I think:

Com. Ever right Menenius.

Cor. Ever, ever.

Cominius means to say, that—Menenius is *always the same*;—retains his old humour. So, in *Julius Cæsar*, Act V. sc. i, upon a speech from Cassius, Antony only says,—*Old Cassius still*. TYRWHITT.

By these words, as they stand in the old copy, I believe, Coriolanus means to say—Menenius is still the same affectionate friend as formerly. So, in *Julius Cæsar*: “—for *always* I am Cæsar.” MALONE.

² So all the editions read. But Mr. Theobald has *ventured* (as he expresses it) to *substitute* change. For *change*, he thinks, is a *very poor expression*, and communicates but a *very poor idea*. He had better have told the plain truth, and confessed that it *communicated* none at all to him. However, it has a very good one in itself; and signifies *variety of honours*; as *change of rayment*, among the writers of that time, signified *variety of rayment*. WARBURTON.

Change of raiment is a phrase that occurs not unfrequently in the *Old Testament*. STEEVENS.

Com.

On, to the Capitol.

[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before.*
The Tribunes come forward.

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
 Are spectacled to see him: Your prattling nurse
 Into a rapture³ lets her baby cry,
 While she chats him: the kitchen malkin⁴ pins

Her

³ *Rapture*, a common term at that time used for a fit, simply. So, *to be rap'd*, signified, *to be in a fit*. WARBURTON.

If the explanation of Bishop Warburton be allowed, a *rapture* means a fit; but it does not appear from the note where the word is used in that sense. The right word is in all probability *rupture*, to which children are liable from excessive fits of crying. This emendation was the property of a very ingenious scholar long before I had any claim to it. S. W.

That a child will “cry itself into fits,” is still a common phrase among nurses. STEEVENS.

In *Troilus and Cressida*, *raptures* signifies *ravings*;

“—her brainfick *raptures*

“Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel.”

I have not met with the word *rapture* in the sense of a *fit* in any book of our author's age, nor found it in any dictionary previous to Cole's Latin Dictionary, 1679. He renders the word by the Latin *ecstasis*, which he interprets a *trance*. However, the rule—*de non apparentibus et de non existentibus eadem est ratio*—certainly does not hold, when applied to the use of words. Had we all the books of our author's age, and had we read them all, it then might be urged.—Drayton speaking of Marlowe, says his *raptures* were “all air and fire.” MALONE.

⁴ A *maukin*, or *malkin*, is a kind of mop made of clouts for the use of sweeping ovens: thence a frightful figure of clouts dressed up: thence a dirty wench. HANMER.

Maukin in some parts of England signifies a figure of clouts set up to fright birds in gardens: a scare-crow. P.

Malkin is properly the diminutive of *Mal* (Mary); as *Wilkin*, *Tomkin*, &c. In Scotland, pronounced *Maukin*, it signifies a *bare*. *Grey malkin* (corruptly *grimalkin*) is a *cat*. The *kitchen malkin* is just the same as the *kitchen Madge* or *Bess*: the scullion. RITSON.

Minsheu gives the same explanation of this term, as Sir T. Hanmer has done, calling it “an instrument to clean an oven,—now made of old clowtes.” The etymology which Dr. Johnson has given in his dictionary—“*MALKIN*, from *Mal* or *Mary*, and *kin*, the diminutive termination,”—is, I apprehend, erroneous. The kitchen-wench very naturally takes her name from this word, as *scullion*, another of her titles, is in like manner derived from *escouillon*, the French term for the utensil called a *malkin*.

MALONE.

After

Her richest lockram⁵ 'bout her reechy neck,⁶
 Clambering the walls to eye him: Stalls, bulks, windows,
 Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
 With variable complexions; all agreeing
 In earnestness to see him: feld-shown flamens⁷
 Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
 To win a vulgar station:⁸ our veil'd dames
 Commit the war of white and damask, in
 Their nicely-gawded cheeks,⁹ to the wanton spoil
 Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,
 As if that whatsoever god,² who leads him,

Were

After the morris-dance degenerated into a piece of coarse buffoonery, and *Maid Marian* was personated by a clown, this once elegant queen of May obtained the name of *Malkin*. To this Beaumont and Fletcher allude in *Monsieur Thomas*:

“ Put on the shape of order and humanity,
 “ Or you must marry *Malkyn, the May Lady*.”

Maux, a corruption of *malkin*, is a low term, still current in several counties, and always indicative of a coarse vulgar wench. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Lockram* was some kind of cheap linen. Greene, in his *Vision*, describing the dress of a man, says:

“ His ruffe was of fine *lockeram*, stitched very faire with Coventry blue.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *Reechy* is greasy, sweaty. So, in *Hamlet*: “——a pair of *reechy* kisses.” Laneham, speaking of “three pretty puzels” in a morris-dance, says they were “as bright as a *breast of bacon*,” that is, bacon hung in the chimney: and hence *reechy*, which in its primitive signification is *smoky*, came to imply *greasy*. RITSON.

⁷ i. e. priests who *seldom* exhibit themselves to public view. *Seld* is often used by ancient writers for *seldom*. STEEVENS.

⁸ A station among the rabble. MALONE.

A *vulgar station*, I believe, signifies only a common standing-place, such as is distinguished by no particular convenience. STEEVENS.

⁹ Dr. Warburton, for *war*, absurdly reads—*ware*. MALONE.

Has the commentator never heard of roses contending with lilies for the empire of a lady's cheek? The *opposition* of colours, though not the *commixture*, may be called a war. JOHNSON.

So, in Shakspeare's *Tarquin and Lucrece*:

“ The silent *war* of lilies and of roses,
 “ Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field.”

Cleiveland introduces this, according to his quaint manner:

“ ——her cheeks,
 “ Where roses mix: no civil war
 “ Between her York and Lancaster.” FARMER.

² That is, as if that god who leads him, whatsoever god he be.

JOHNSON.

Were flily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin, and end;³ but will
Lose those that he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not, the commoners, for whom we stand,
But they, upon their ancient malice, will
Forget, with the least cause, these his new honours;
Which that he'll give them, make I as little question
As he is proud to do't.⁴

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i'the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture⁵ of humility;
Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word: O, he would miss it, rather
Than carry it, but by the suit o' the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better,
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like, he will.

Sic.

³ Perhaps it should be read:

From where he should begin to an end. — JOHNSON.

Our author means, though he has expressed himself most licentiously, he cannot carry his honours temperately from where he should begin to where he should end. The word *transport* includes the ending as well as the beginning. He cannot begin to carry his honours, and conclude his journey, from the spot where he should begin, and to the spot where he should end. I have no doubt that the text is right. MALONE.

⁴ *Proud to do*, is the same as, *proud of doing*. JOHNSON.

As means here, *as that*. MALONE.

⁵ The players read—the *Naples*, — STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. By *napless* Shakspeare means *bread-bare*. MALONE.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wills;
A sure destruction.⁶

Brut. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people,⁷ in what natured
He still hath held them; that, to his power,⁸ he would
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
Disproperty'd their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in their war;⁹ who have their provand²
Only for bearing burdens, and fore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall teach the people,³ (which time shall not want,

If

⁶ This should be written *will's*, for *will is*. TYRWHITT.

It shall be to him of the same nature as our dispositions towards him;
deadly. MALONE.

⁷ i. e. *prompt*, them. The verb—to *suggest*, has, in our author, many
different shades of meaning. STEEVENS.

⁸ i. e. as far as his power goes, to the utmost of it. STEEVENS.

⁹ In what war? Camels are mere beasts of burthen, and are never used
in war.—We should certainly read,

As camels in their *way*. M. MASON.

I am far from certain that this amendment is necessary. Brutus means
to say that Coriolanus thought the people as useless expletives in the world,
as camels would be in *the* war. I would read *the* instead of *their*. *Their*,
however, may stand, and signify the war undertaken for the sake of the
people. STEEVENS.

Their war may certainly mean, the wars in which the Roman people
engaged with various nations; but I suspect Shakspeare wrote—in *the* war.

MALONE.

² So the old copy, and rightly, though all the modern editors read
provender. The following instances may serve to establish the ancient
reading. Thus, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, edit. 1615, p. 737: "——the
provaunte was cut off, and every soldier had half a crowne a weeke."
Again: "The horsmenne had foure shillings the weeke loane, to find
them and their horse, which was better than the *provaunt*."

The word appears to be derived from the French, *provende*, provender.

STEEVENS.

³ Thus the old copy. "When his soaring insolence shall *teach* the
people," may mean,—When he with the insolence of a proud patrician

shall

If he be put upon't; and that's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire⁴
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mes. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,
That Marcius shall be consul: I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak: The matrons flung their gloves,⁵
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue; and the commons made
A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and shouts:
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,⁶
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

shall instruct the people in their duty to their rulers. Mr. Theobald reads, I think without necessity, shall *teach* the people, and his emendation was adopted by all the subsequent editors. MALONE.

The word—*teach*, though left in the text, is hardly sense, unless it means—instruct the people in favour of our purposes.

I strongly incline to the emendation of Mr. Theobald. STEEVENS.

⁴ Will be a fire lighted by himself, Perhaps the author wrote—as fire. There is, however, no need of change. MALONE.

⁵ Here our author has attributed some of the customs of his own age to a people who were wholly unacquainted with them. Few men of fashion in his time appeared at a tournament without a lady's favour upon his arm: and sometimes when a nobleman had tilted with uncommon grace and agility some of the fair spectators used to *fling a scarf or glove* “upon him as he pass'd.” MALONE.

⁶ That is, let us observe what passes, but keep our hearts fixed on our design of crushing Coriolanus. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE II.

*The same. The Capitol.**Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.*

1. *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here: How many stand for consulships?

2. *Off.* Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1. *Off.* That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2. *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love, or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness, let's them plainly see't.

1. *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love, or no, he waved² indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite.³ Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

1. *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country: And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those,⁴ who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted,⁵ without any

² That is, *he would have waved indifferently.* JOHNSON.

³ That is, their adversary. MALONE.

⁴ That is, as the ascent of those. MALONE.

⁵ *Bonnetter*, Fr. is to pull off one's cap. See Cotgrave.

So, in the academic style, to *cap* a fellow, is to take off the cap to him. M. MASON.

I have adhered to the original copy in printing this very obscure passage, because it appears to me at least as intelligible, as what has been substituted in its room. Mr. Rowe, for *having*, reads *have*, and Mr. Pope, for *have* in a subsequent part of the sentence, reads *beave*. *Bonnetted*, is, I ap-

any further deed to heave them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1. *Off.* No more of him; he is a worthy man: Make way, they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter, with Liſtors before them, COMINIUS the Consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, many other Senators, SICINIUS and BRUTUS. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.

Men. Having determin'd of the Volces, and To send for Titus Lartius, it remains, As the main point of this our after-meeting, To gratify his noble service, that Hath thus stood for his country: Therefore, please you, Most reverend and grave elders, to desire The present consul, and last general In our well-found successes, to report A little of that worthy work perform'd By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom We meet here, both to thank,⁶ and to remember With honours like himself.

1. *Sen.*

I apprehend, a verb, not a participle, here. They humbly took off their bonnets, without any further deed whatsoever done in order to *have* them, that is, to insinuate themselves into the good opinion of the people. To *have* them, for to have *themselves* or to wind themselves into,—is certainly very harsh; but to *heave* themselves, &c. is not much less so.

MALONE.

I continue to read—*heave*. *Have*, in *King Henry VIII.* was likewise printed instead of *heave*, in the first folio, though corrected in the second. The phrase in question occurs in Hayward: “The Scots *beaved* up into high hope of victory,” &c. Many instances of Shakspeare’s attachment to the verb *heave*, might be added on this occasion. STEEVENS.

⁶ The construction, I think, is, whom to thank, &c. (or, for the purpose of thanking whom) we met or assembled here. MALONE.

1. Sen. Speak, good Cominius :
 Leave nothing out for length ; and make us think,
 Rather our state's defective for requital,
 Than we to stretch it out.⁷ Masters o' the people,
 We do request your kindest ears ; and, after,
 Your loving motion toward the common body,⁸
 To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
 Upon a pleasing treaty ; and have hearts
 Inclunable to honour and advance
 The theme of our assembly.⁹

Bru. Which the rather
 We shall be blest'd to do, if he remember
 A kinder value of the people, than
 He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off ;²
 I would you rather had been silent ; Please you
 To hear Cominius speak ?

Bru.

⁷ I once thought the meaning was, And make us imagine that the state rather wants inclination or ability to requite his services, than that we are blameable for expanding and expatiating upon them. A more simple explication, however, is perhaps the true one. And make us think that the republick is rather too niggard than too liberal in rewarding his services.

MALONE.

The plain sense, I believe, is :—Rather say that our means are too defective to afford an adequate reward for his services, than suppose our wishes to stretch out those means are defective. STEEVENS.

⁸ Your kind interposition with the common people. JOHNSON.

⁹ Here is a fault in the expression : And had it affected our author's knowledge of nature, I should have adjudged it to his transcribers or editors ; but as it affects only his knowledge of history, I suppose it to be his own. He should have said *your* assembly. For till the *Lex Attinia*, (the author of which is supposed by Sigonius, [*De vetere Italiae Jure*] to have been contemporary with Quintus Metellus Macedonicus) the tribunes had not the privilege of entering the senate, but had seats placed for them near the door on the outside of the house. WARBURTON.

Though I was formerly of a different opinion, I am now convinced that Shakspeare, had he been aware of the circumstance pointed out by Dr. Warburton, might have conducted this scene without violence to Roman usage. The presence of Brutus and Sicinius being necessary, it would not have been difficult to exhibit both the outside and inside of the Senate-house in a manner sufficiently consonant to theatrical probability.

STEEVENS.

² That is, that is nothing to the purpose. JOHNSON.

Bru. Most willingly :
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people ;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.

[CORIOLANUS rises, and offers to go away.]

1. Sen. Sit, Coriolanus ; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon ;
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope,
My words dis-bench'd you not.

Cor. No, sir ; yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not :³ But, your people,
I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun,
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [Exit CORIOLANUS.]

Men. Masters o' the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,⁴
(That's thousand to one good one,) when you now see,
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of his ears to hear it ?—Proceed, Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice : the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver : if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,

When
³ You did not flatter me, and therefore did not offend me.—Hurt is
commonly used by our author for *hurted*. Mr. Pope, not perceiving this,
for *sooth'd* reads *sooth*, which was adopted by the subsequent editors.

MALONE ;

⁴ The reasoning of Menenius is this : How can he be expected to
practise flattery to others, who abhors it so much, that he cannot hear it
even when offered to himself? JOHNSON.

When Tarquin made a head for Rome,⁵ he fought
 Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
 Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
 When with his Amazonian chin⁶ he drove
 The bristled lips before him: he bestrid
 An o'er-press'd Roman,⁷ and i' the consul's view
 Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
 And struck him on his knee:⁸ in that day's feats,
 When he might act the woman in the scene,⁹

He

⁵ When Tarquin who had been expelled, raised a power to recover Rome. JOHNSON.

We learn from one of Cicero's letters, that the consular age in his time was *forty three*. If Coriolanus was but sixteen when Tarquin endeavoured to recover Rome, he could not now, A. U. C. 263, have been much more than twenty one years of age, and should therefore seem to be incapable of standing for the consulship. But perhaps the rule mentioned by Cicero, as subsisting in his time, was not established at this early period of the republick. MALONE.

⁶ i. e. his chin on which there was no beard. The players read, *shinne*. STEEVENS.

⁷ This was an act of singular friendship in our old English armies: but there is no proof that any such practice prevailed among the legionary soldiers of Rome, nor did our author give himself any trouble on that subject. He was led into the error by North's translation of Plutarch, where he found these words: "The Roman souldier being thrown unto the ground even hard by him, Martius straight *bestrid* him, and slew the enemy." The translation ought to have been, "Martius hastened to his assistance, and *standing before him*, slew his assailant." See the next note, where there is a similar inaccuracy. MALONE.

Shakspeare may, on this occasion, be vindicated by higher authority than that of books. Is it probable that any Roman soldier was so far divested of humanity as not to protect his friend who had fallen in battle? Our author (if unacquainted with the Grecian *Hyperaspists*) was too well read in the volume of nature to need any apology for the introduction of the present incident, which must have been as familiar to Roman as to British warfare. STEEVENS.

⁸ This does not mean that he gave Tarquin a blow on the knee, but gave him such a blow as occasioned him to *fall on his knee*:

— *ad terram duplicato poplite Turnus*. STEEVENS.

⁹ It has been more than once mentioned, that the parts of women were, in Shakspeare's time, represented by the most smooth-faced young men to be found among the players. STEEVENS.

Here is a great anachronism. There were no theatres at Rome for the exhibition of plays for above two hundred and fifty years after the death of Coriolanus. MALONE.

He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed
 Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
 Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
 And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,²
 He lurch'd all swords o' the garland.³ For this last,
 Before and in Corioli, let me say,
 I cannot speak him home: He stopp'd the fliers;
 And, by his rare example, made the coward
 Turn terror into sport: as waves before
 A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
 And fell below his stem:⁴ his sword (death's stamp)

Where

² The number *seventeen*, for which there is no authority, was suggested to Shakspeare by North's translation of Plutarch: "Now Martius followed this custome, showed many woundes and cutts upon his bodie, which he had received in *seventene* yeeres service at the warres, and in many sundry battells." So also the original Greek; but it is undoubtedly erroneous; for from Coriolanus's first campaign to his death, was only a period of *eight* years. MALONE.

³ Ben Jonson has the same expression in *The Silent Woman*: "— you have *lurch'd* your friends of the better half of the garland." STEEVENS.

To *lurch* is properly to *purloin*; hence Shakspeare uses it in the sense of to *deprive*.

I suspect, however, I have not rightly traced the origin of this phrase. To *lurch* in Shakspeare's time signified to win a maiden set at cards, &c. See Florio's Italian Dict. 1598: "*Gioco marxo*. A maiden set, or *lurch*, at any game." See also Cole's Latin Dict. 1679: "A lurch, *Duplex palma, facilis victoria*."

"To lurch all swords of the garland," therefore, was, to gain from all other warriors the wreath of victory, with ease, and incontestable superiority. MALONE.

⁴ *As waves before*

—— below his stem:

First folio—*weeds*. The editor of the second folio, for *weeds* substituted *waves*, and this capricious alteration has been adopted in all the subsequent editions. In the same page of that copy, which has been the source of at least one half of the corruptions that have been introduced in our author's works, we find *defamy* for *destiny*, *sir* Coriolanus, for "*sit*, Coriolanus," *trim'd* for *tim'd*, and *painting* for *panting*: but luckily none of the latter sophistications have found admission into any of the modern editions, except Mr. Rowe's. *Rushes* falling below a vessel passing over them is an image as expressive of the prowess of Coriolanus as well can be conceived. MALONE.

Waves, the reading of the second folio, I regard as no trivial evidence in favour of the copy from which it was printed. *Weeds*, instead of

Where it did mark, it took ; from face to foot
 He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
 Was tim'd with dying cries :⁵ alone he enter'd
 The mortal gate⁶ o' the city, which he painted
 With shunless destiny ;⁷ aidless came off,
 And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
 Corioli, like a planet : Now all's his :
 When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
 His ready sense : then straight his doubled spirit
 Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
 And to the battle came he ; where he did
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
 'Twere a perpetual spoil : and, till we call'd

Both

falling below a vessel under sail, cling fast about the *stem* of it. The justice of my remark every sailor or waterman will confirm.

But were not this the truth, by conflict with a mean adversary, valour would be depreciated. The submersion of *weeds* resembles a Frenchman's triumph over a *soup aux herbes* ; but to rise above the threatening billow, or force a way through the watry bulwark, is a conquest worthy of a ship, and furnishes a comparison suitable to the exploits of Coriolanus.

If Shakspeare originally wrote *weeds*, on finding such an image less apposite and dignified than that of *waves*, he might have introduced the correction which Mr. Malone has excluded from his text.

The *stem* is that end of the ship which leads. From *stem* to *stern* is an expression used by Dryden in his translation of *Virgil* :

“ Orontes' bark——

“ From *stem* to *stern* by waves was overborne.” STEEVENS.

⁵ Old copy—

—— His sword, death's stamp,

Where it did mark, it took from face to foot.

He was a thing of blood, whose every motion

Was tim'd with dying cries.

This passage should be pointed thus :

—— His sword (death's stamp)

Where it did mark, it took ; from face to foot

He was a thing of blood, &c. TYRWHITT.

I have followed the punctuation recommended. STEEVENS.

The cries of the slaughter'd regularly followed his motion, as musick and a dancer accompany each other. JOHNSON.

⁶ The gate that was made the scene of death. JOHNSON.

⁷ The second folio reads, whether by accident or choice :

With shunless *defamy*.

Defamie is an old French word signifying *infamy*. TYRWHITT.

Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

1. *Sen.* He cannot but with measure fit the honours⁸
Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at;
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o' the world: he covets less
Than misery itself would give;⁹ rewards
His deeds with doing them; and is content
To spend the time, to end it.²

Men. He's right noble;
Let him be call'd for.

1. *Sen.* Call for Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life, and services.

Men. It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.³

Cor.

⁸ That is, no honour will be too great for him; he will show a mind equal to any elevation. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Misery* for avarice; because a *miser* signifies an avaricious.

WARBURTON.

² I know not whether my conceit will be approved, but I cannot forbear to think that our author wrote thus:

— he rewards

His deeds with doing them, and is content

To spend his time, to spend it.

To do great acts, for the sake of doing them; to spend his life, for the sake of spending it. JOHNSON.

I think the words afford this meaning, without any alteration.

MALONE.

³ Coriolanus was banished U. C. 262. But till the time of Manlius Torquatus, U. C. 393, the senate chose *both* the consuls; And then the people, assisted by the seditious temper of the tribunes, got the choice of one. But if Shakspeare makes Rome a democracy, which at this time

was

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'er-leap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you,
That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't:—
Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.⁴

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them,—Thus I did, and thus;—
Show them the unaking scars which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only:—

Men. Do not stand upon't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,

Our

was a perfect aristocracy; he sets the balance even in his *Timon*, and turns Athens, which was a perfect democracy, into an aristocracy. But it would be unjust to attribute this entirely to his ignorance; it sometimes proceeded from the too powerful blaze of his imagination, which, when once lighted up, made all acquired knowledge fade and disappear before it. For sometimes again we find him, when occasion serves, not only writing up to the truth of history, but fitting his sentiments to the nicest manners of his peculiar subject, as well to the *dignity* of his characters, or the *dictates* of nature in general. WARBURTON.

The inaccuracy is to be attributed, not to our author, but to Plutarch, who expressly says, in his life of Coriolanus, that “it was the custom of Rome at that time, that such as dyd sue for any office, should for certain dayes before be in the market-place, only with a poor gowne on their backes, and without any coate underneath, to praye the people to remember them at the day of election.” North’s translation, p. 244. MALONE.

⁴ I believe we should read “Your honour with *the* form.”—That is, the usual form. M. MASON.

Your form, may mean the form which custom prescribes to you.

STEEVENS.

Our purpose to them;⁵—and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

[*Flourish. Then Exeunt Senators.*]

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive's intent! He will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

The same. The Forum.

Enter several Citizens.

1. *Cit.* Once,⁶ if he do require our voices, we ought not
to deny him.

2. *Cit.* We may, fir, if we will.

3. *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a
power that we have no power to do:⁷ for if he show us his
wounds,

⁵ We entreat you, tribunes of the people, to recommend and enforce
to the plebeians, what we propose to them for their approbation; namely
the appointment of Coriolanus to the consulship. MALONE.

This passage is rendered almost unintelligible by the false punctuation.
It should evidently be pointed thus, and then the sense will be clear:—

We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,

Our purpose;—to them, and to our noble consul,

Wish we all joy and honour.

To them, means to the people, whom Menenius artfully joins to the
consul, in the good wishes of the senate. M. MASON.

⁶ Once here means the same as when we say, once for all.

WARBURTON.

This use of the word *once* is found in *The Supposes* by Gascoigne:

“Once, twenty-four ducattes he cost me.” FARMER.

I doubt whether *once* here signifies *once for all*. I believe, it means,
“if he do but so much as require our voices;” as in the following passage
in Holinshed's *Chronicle*: “—they left many of their servants and men
of war behind them, and some of them would not *once* stay for their
standards. MALONE.

⁷ Power first signifies *natural power* or *force*, and then *moral power* or
right. Davies has used the same word with great variety of meaning:

Use

wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1. *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once, when we stood up about the corn,⁷ he himself stuck not to call us—the many-headed multitude.⁸

3. *Cit.* We have been call'd so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn,⁹ some bald, but that our wits are so diversly colour'd: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull,² they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

2. *Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3. *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedg'd up in a block-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2. *Cit.*

*Use all thy powers that heavenly power to praise,
That gave thee power to do. — JOHNSON.*

⁷ Old copy—once *we stood up*] That is, *as soon as ever* we stood up. This word is still used in nearly the same sense, in familiar or rather vulgar language, such as Shakspeare wished to allot to the Roman populace. "Once the will of the monarch is the only law, the constitution is destroyed." Mr. Rowe and all the subsequent editors read—for once, *when we stood up*, &c. MALONE.

As no decisive evidence is brought to prove that the adverb *once* has at any time signified—as *soon as ever*, I have not rejected the word introduced by Mr. Rowe, which, in my judgment, is necessary to the speaker's meaning. STEEVENS.

⁸ Hanmer reads, *many beaded* monster, but without necessity. To be *many-beaded* includes *monstrousness*. JOHNSON.

⁹ The folio reads, some *Abram*. I should unwillingly suppose this to be the true reading; but we have already heard of *Cain* and *Abram*-coloured beards. STEEVENS.

² Meaning though our having but one interest was most apparent, yet our wishes and projects would be infinitely discordant. WARBURTON.

To suppose all their wits to issue from one skull, and that their common consent and agreement to go all one way, should end in their flying to every point of the compass, is a just description of the variety and inconsistency of the opinions, wishes, and actions of the multitude.

M. MASON.

2. *Cit.* Why that way?

3. *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2. *Cit.* You are never without your tricks;—You may, you may.³

3. *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay altogether, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.

[*Exeunt.*]

Men. O sir, you are not right: have you not known The worthiest men have done't?

Cor.

What must I say?—

I pray, sir,—Plague upon't! I cannot bring My tongue to such a pace:—Look, sir;—my wounds;— I got them in my country's service, when Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran From the noise of our own drums.

Men.

O me, the gods!

You must not speak of that; you must desire them To think upon you.

Cor.

Think upon me? Hang 'em!

I would they would forget me, like the virtues Which our divines lose by them.⁴

Men.

³ This colloquial phrase, which seems to signify—*You may divert yourself, as you please, at my expence*,—has occurred already in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“*Hel.* By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

“*Pan.* Ay, you may, you may.” STEEVENS.

⁴ i. e. I wish they would forget me as they do those virtuous precepts, which the divines preach up to them, and lose by them, as it were, by their neglecting the practice. THEOBALD.

Men. You'll mar all;
I'll leave you: Pray you, speak to them, I pray you,
In wholesome manner. [Exit.]

Enter two Citizens.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace.
You know the cause, fir, of my standing here.

1. *Cit.* We do, fir; tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2. *Cit.* Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not
Mine own desire.⁸

1. *Cit.* How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, fir:
'Twas never my desire yet, to trouble
The poor with begging.

1. *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing,
We hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

1. *Cit.* The price is, fir, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly!
Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to show you,
Which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice, fir;
What say you?

2. *Cit.* You shall have it, worthy fir.

Cor. A match, fir:—
There is in all two worthy voices begg'd:—
I have your alms; adieu.

1. *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2. *Cit.* An 'twere to give again,—But 'tis no matter.

[Exeunt two Citizens.]

Enter

⁸ The old copy—*but* mine own desire. If *but* be the true reading, it must signify, as in the North—*without*. STEEVENS.

But is only the reading of the first folio: *Not* is the true reading.

RITSON.

The answer of the citizen fully supports the correction, which was made by the editor of the third folio. *But* and *not* are often confounded in those plays. MALONE.

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

1. *Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

1. *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practice the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitedly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

2. *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1. *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge⁹ with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily. [*Exeunt.*

Cor. Most sweet voices!—

Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolvish gown² should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,

Their

⁹ I will not strengthen or compleat your knowledge. The seal is that which gives authenticity to a writing. JOHNSON.

² Signifies this rough hirsute gown. JOHNSON.

The first folio reads—*this woolvish* tongue. *Gown* is the reading of the second folio, and, I believe, the true one.

Let us try, however, to extract some meaning from the word exhibited in the elder copy.

The

Their needfuls vouches ?³ Custom calls me to't :—
What custom wills, in all things should we do't,

The

The white robe worn by a candidate was made, I think, of white lamb-skins. How comes it then to be called *woolvish*, unless in allusion to the fable of the *wolf in sheep's cloathing* ? Perhaps the poet meant only, *Why do I stand with a tongue deceitful as that of the wolf, and seem to flatter those whom I would wish to treat with my usual ferocity* ? We might perhaps more distinctly read :

— *with this woolvish tongue,*
unless *tongue* be used for *tone* or *accent*. *Tongue* might, indeed, be only a typographical mistake, and the word designed be *toge*, which is used in *Othello*. Yet, it is as probable, if Shakspeare originally wrote—*toge*, that he afterwards exchanged it for—*gown*, a word more intelligible to his audience. Our author, however, does not appear to have known what the *toga hirsuta* was, because he has just before called it the *napless gown* of humility.

Since the foregoing note was written, I met with the following passage in “A Merye Jest of a Man called *Howleglas*,” bl. l. no date. *Howleglas* hired himself to a taylor, who “caste unto him a husbände mans gown, and bad him take a *wolfe*, and make it up.—Then cut *Howleglas* the husbandmans gowne and made thereof a *woulfe* with the head and feete, &c. Then sayd the maister, I ment that you should have made up the ruffet gown, for a husbandman's gowne is here called a *wolfe*.” By a *wolvish* gown, therefore, Shakspeare might have meant *Coriolanus* to compare the dress of a Roman candidate to the coarse frock of a ploughman, who exposed himself to solicit the votes of his fellow rusticks. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens has in his note on this passage cited the romance of *Howleglas* to show that a husbandman's gown was called a *wolf*; but quære if it be called so in this country ? it must be remembered that *Howleglas* is literally translated from the *French* where the word “*loup*” certainly occurs, but I believe it has not the same signification in that language. The French copy also may be *literally* rendered from the *German*. DOUCE.

Mr. Steevens, however, is clearly right, in supposing the allusion to be to the “*wolf in sheep's cloathing* ;” not indeed that *Coriolanus* means to call himself a wolf; but merely to say, “*Why should I stand here playing the hypocrite, and simulating the humility which is not in my nature* ?”

RITSON.

Why in this woolvish gown should I stand here,] I suppose the meaning is, *Why should I stand in this gown of humility, which is little expressive of my feelings towards the people ; as far from being an emblem of my real character, as the sheep's cloathing on a wolf is expressive of his disposition*. I believe *woolvish* was used by our author for false or deceitful, and that the phrase was suggested to him, as Mr. Steevens seems to think, by the common expression,—“*a wolf in sheep's cloathing*.” Mr. Mason says, that this is “*a ludicrous idea, and ought to be treated as such*.” I have paid due attention to many of the ingenious commentator's remarks in

The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
 And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
 For truth to over-peer.—Rather than fool it so,
 Let the high office and the honour go
 To one that would do thus.—I am half through;
 The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three other Citizens.

Here come more voices,—

Your voices : for your voices I have fought;
 Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
 Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice fix⁴

I have

in the present edition, and therefore I am sure he will pardon me when I observe that speculative criticism on these plays will ever be liable to error, unless we add to it an intimate acquaintance with the language and writings of the predecessors and contemporaries of Shakspeare. If Mr. Mason had read the following line in Churchyard's legend of Cardinal Wolsey, *Mirror for Magistrates*, 1587, instead of considering this as a ludicrous interpretation, he would probably have admitted it to be a natural and just explication of the epithet before us:

“O fye on *wolves*, that march in *masking clothes*.”

The *woolvish* [gown or] *toge* is a gown of humility, in which Coriolanus thinks he should appear in *masquerade*; not in his real and natural character.

Woolvish cannot mean *rough*, *hirsute*, as Dr. Johnson interprets it, because the gown Coriolanus wore has already been described as *napless*.

The old copy has *tongue*; which was a very natural error for the compositor at the press to fall into, who almost always substitutes a familiar English word for one derived from the Latin, which he does not understand. The very same mistake has happened in *Othello*, where we find “*tongued* consuls,” for *toged* consuls.—The particle *in* shows that *tongue* cannot be right. The editor of the second folio solved the difficulty as usual, by substituting *gown*, without any regard to the word in the original copy. MALONE.

³ Why stand I here,—to beg of Hob and Dick, and such others as *make their appearance* here, their unnecessary *voices*? JOHNSON.

By strange inattention our poet has here given the names (as in many other places he has attributed the customs) of England, to ancient Rome. It appears from Minshew's DICTIONARY, 1617, in v. QUINTAINE, that these were some of the most common names among the people in Shakspeare's time. “A QUINTAINE or QUINTELLE, a game in request at marriages, where Jac and Tom, *Dic*, *Hob*, and Will, strive for the gay garland.” MALONE.

⁴ Coriolanus seems now, in earnest, to petition for the consulate: perhaps we may better read:

—battles

I have seen, and heard of; for your voices, have
Done many things, some less, some more: your voices:
Indeed, I would be consul.

1. *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any
honest man's voice.

2. *Cit.* Therefore let him be consul: The gods give him
joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen.—

God save thee, noble consul! [Exeunt Citizens.

Cor.

Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS, and SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice: Remains,
That, in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd:
The people do admit you; and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I then change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,
Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.

[Exeunt CORIOL. and MENEN.

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at his heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds: Will you disservice the people?

— battles thrice six

I've seen, and you have heard of; for your voices
Done many things, &c. FARMER.

Re-enter

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters? have you chose this man?

1. *Cit.* He has our voices, fir.

Bru. We pray the gods, he may deserve your loves.

2. *Cit.* Amen, fir: To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3. *Cit.* Certainly,
He flouted us down-right.

1. *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us.

2. *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,
He us'd us scornfully: he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

Cit. No; no man saw 'em.

[*Several speak.*]

3. *Cit.* He said, he had wounds, which he could show in
private;

And with his hat thus waving it in scorn,
*I would be consul, says he: aged custom,*⁵
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices, therefore: When we granted that,
Here was,—I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—
Your most sweet voices:—now you have left your voices,
I have no further with you:—Was not this mockery?

Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to see't?⁶

Or,

⁵ This was a strange inattention. The Romans at this time had but lately changed the regal for the consular government: for Coriolanus was banished the eighteenth year after the expulsion of the kings.

WARBURTON.

Perhaps our author meant by *aged custom*, that Coriolanus should say, the custom which requires the consul to be of a certain prescribed age, will not permit that I should be elected, unless by the voice of the people that rule should be broken through. This would meet with the objection made in p. 484, n. 5; but I doubt much whether Shakspeare knew the precise consular age even in Tully's time, and therefore think it more probable that the words *aged custom* were used by our author in their ordinary sense, however inconsistent with the recent establishment of consular government at Rome. Plutarch had led him into an error concerning this *aged custom*. MALONE.

⁶ Were you ignorant to see it, is, did you want knowledge to discern it?

JOHNSON.

Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd, — When he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy; ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving
At place of potency, and sway o'the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves? You should have said,
That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for; so his gracious nature
Would think upon you⁷ for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,
And try'd his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
He did solicit you in free contempt,⁸
When he did need your loves; and do you think,
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? Or had you tongues, to cry
Against the rectorship of judgement?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, deny'd the asker? and, now again,
On him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow

Your

⁷ Would retain a grateful remembrance of you, &c. MALONE.

⁸ That is, with contempt open and unrestrained. JOHNSON.

Your su'd-for tongues?⁹

3. *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2. *Cit.* And will deny him:

I'll have five hundred voices of that found.

1. *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell those friends,—
They have chose a consul, that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic.

Let them assemble;

And on a safer judgement, all revoke

Your ignorant election: Enforce his pride,²

And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not

With what contempt he wore the humble weed;

How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,

Thinking upon his services, took from you

The apprehension of his present portance,³

Which gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion

After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru.

Lay

A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd,

(No impediment between) but that you must

Cast your election on him.

Sic.

Say, you chose him

More after our commandment, than as guided

By your own true affections: and that, your minds

Pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do

Than what you should, made you against the grain

To voice him consul: Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to you,

How youngly he began to serve his country,

How long continued: and what stock he springs of,

The

⁹ Your voices that hitherto have been solicited. STEEVENS.

Your voices, not solicited, by verbal application, but sued for by this man's merely standing forth as a candidate.—*Your sued-for tongues*, however, may mean, your voices, to obtain which *so many* make suit to you; and perhaps the latter is the more just interpretation. MALONE.

² Object his pride, and enforce the objection. JOHNSON.

³ i. e. carriage. STEEVENS.

The noble house o'the Marcians; from whence came
 That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
 Who, after great Hostilius, here was king:
 Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
 That our best water brought by conduits hither;
 And Censorinus, darling of the people,³
 And nobly nam'd so, being censor twice,
 Was his great ancestor.⁴

Sic. One thus descended,
 That hath beside well in his person wrought
 To be set high in place, we did commend

To

³ This verse I have supplied; a line having been certainly left out in this place, as will appear to any one who consults the beginning of Plutarch's *Life of Coriolanus*, from whence this passage is directly translated. POPE.

The passage in North's translation, 1579, runs thus: "The house of the Martians at Rome was of the number of the patricians, out of which hath sprung many noble personages: whereof Ancus Martius was one, king Numa's daughter's sonne, who was king of Rome after Tullus Hostilius. Of the *same house* were Publius and Quintus, who brought to Rome their best water they had by conduits. Censorinus also *came of that familie*, that was so surnamed because the people had chosen him censor twice."—Publius and Quintus and Censorinus were not the ancestors of Coriolanus, but his descendants. Caius Martius Rutilius did not obtain the name of Censorinus till the year of Rome 487; and the Marcian waters were not brought to that city by aqueducts till the year 613, near 350 years after the death of Coriolanus.

Can it be supposed, that he who would disregard such anachronisms, or rather he to whom they were not known, should have changed *Cato*, which he found in his Plutarch, to *Calves*, from a regard to chronology? See a former note, p. 401. MALONE.

⁴ Now the first censor was created U. C. 314, and Coriolanus was banished U. C. 262. The truth is this: the passage, as Mr. Pope observes above, was taken from Plutarch's *Life of Coriolanus*; who, speaking of the house of Coriolanus, takes notice both of his *ancestors* and of his *posterity*, which our author's haste not giving him leave to observe, has here confounded one with the other. Another instance of his inadvertency, from the same cause, we have in the first part of *Henry IV.* where an account is given of the prisoners took on the plains of Holmedon:

*Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldest son
 To beaten Douglas—*

But the earl of Fife was not son to Douglas, but to Robert duke of Albany, governor of Scotland. He took his account from *Holinshed*, whose words are, *And of prisoners amongst others were these, Mordack earl of Fife, son to the governor Arkimbald, earl Douglas, &c.* And he imagined that the governor and earl Douglas were one and the same person. WARBURTON.

To your remembrances; but you have found;
Scaling his present bearing with his past,⁵
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done't,
(Harp on that still,) but by our putting on:⁶
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

Cit. We will so: almost all [*several speak.*
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Bru. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in a rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.⁷

Sic. To the Capitol:
Come; we'll be there before the stream o' the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The same. A Street.

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS,
TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, and Patricians.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was, which caus'd
Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volces stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon's again.

Com.

⁵ That is *weighing* his past and present behaviour. JOHNSON.

⁶ i. e. incitation. STEEVENS.

⁷ Mark, catch, and improve the opportunity, which his hasty anger
will afford us. JOHNSON. 6

Com. They are worn, lord consul,⁸ so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On safe-guard he came to me;⁹ and did curse
Against the Volces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? what?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword:
That, of all things upon the earth, he hated
Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home. [*To Lartius.*]

Enter SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise them;
For they do prank them in authority,²
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous to

Go on: no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the nobles and the commons?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor.

⁸ Shakspeare has here, as in other places, attributed the usage of England to Rome. In his time the title of *lord* was given to many officers of state who were not peers; thus, *lords* of the council, *lord* ambassador, *lord* general, &c. MALONE.

⁹ i. e. with a convoy, a guard appointed to protect him. STEEVENS.

² *Plume, deck, dignify* themselves. JOHNSON.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

1. Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?—

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are your
offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?³
Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:—
Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call't not a plot;

The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;
Scandal'd the suppliant for the people; call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them since?

Bru. How! I inform them!

Cor. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours.⁴

Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yon clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.

Sic. You show too much of that,

For which the people stir: If you will pass

To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,

Which

³ The metaphor is from men's setting a bull-dog or mastiff upon any one. *WARBURTON.*

⁴ i. e. likely to provide better for the security of the commonwealth than you (whose *business* it is) will do. To which the reply is pertinent:—

“Why then should I be consul?” *WARBURTON.*

Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men.

Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd:—Set on.—This palt'ring
Becomes not Rome;⁵ nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely⁶
I' the plain way of his merit.

Cor.

Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak't again;—

Men. Not now, not now.

i. Sen.

Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:

For the mutable, rank-scented many,⁷ let them

Regard me as I do not flatter, and

Therein behold themselves:⁸ I say again,

In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate

The cockle⁹ of rebellion, insolence, sedition,²

Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and scatter'd,

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;

Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that

Which they have given to beggars.

Men.

Well, no more.

i. Sen.

⁵ That is, this trick of dissimulation; this shuffling:

“And by these juggling fiends no more believ'd,

“That *palter* with us in a double sense.” *Macbeth*.

JOHNSON.

⁶ *Falsely for treacherously.* JOHNSON.

The metaphor is from the bowling-green. MALONE.

⁷ i. e. the populace. The Greeks used *πολλος* exactly in the same sense. HOLT WHITE.

⁸ Let them look in the mirror which I hold up to them, a mirror which does not flatter, and see themselves. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Cockle* is a weed which grows up with the corn. The thought is from Sir Thomas North's translation of *Plutarch*, where it is given as follows: “Moreover, he said, that they nourished against themselves the naughty feed and *cockle* of insolency and sedition, which had been sowed and scattered abroad among the people,” &c. STEEVENS.

² Here are three syllables too many. We might read, as in North's *Plutarch*:

“The cockle of insolency and sedition.” RITSON.

I. Sen. No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How ! no more?

As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay, against those meazels,³
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well,
We let the people know't.

Men. What, what ? his choler ?

Cor. Choler !
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind,
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain !—
Hear you this Triton of the minnows ?⁴ mark you
His absolute *shall* ?

Com. 'Twas from the canon.⁵

Cor. *Shall* !
O good, but most unwise patricians,⁶ why,

You

³ *Mesell* is used in *Pierce Plowman's Vision* for a leper. STEEVENS.

⁴ i. e. small fry. WARBURTON.

A *minnow* is one of the smallest river fish, called in some counties a *pink*. JOHNSON.

⁵ Was contrary to the established rule ; it was a form of speech to which he has no right. JOHNSON.

These words appear to me to imply the verse. Cominius means to say, “ that what Sicinius had said, was according to the rule,” alluding to the absolute *veto* of the Tribunes, the power of putting a stop to every proceeding :—and, accordingly, Coriolanus, instead of disputing this power of the Tribunes, proceeds to argue against the power itself, and to inveigh against the Patricians for having granted it. M. MASON.

⁶ The old copy has—O *God*, but, &c. Mr. Theobald made the correction. Mr. Steevens asks, “ when the only authentick ancient copy makes sense, why should we depart from it ? ”—No one can be more thoroughly convinced of the general propriety of adhering to the old copy than

You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus
 Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
 That with his peremptory *shall*, being but
 The horn and noise ⁷ o'the monsters, wants not spirit
 To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
 And make your channel his? If he have power,
 Then vail your ignorance: ⁸ if none, awake
 Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
 Be not as common fools; if you are not,
 Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
 If they be senators: and they are no less,
 When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste
 Must palates theirs. ⁹ They choose their magistrate;

And

than I am; and I trust I have given abundant proofs of my attention to it, by restoring and establishing many ancient readings in every one of these plays, which had been displaced for modern innovations: and if in the passage before us the ancient copy had afforded sense, I should have been very unwilling to disturb it. But it does not; for it reads, not "*O Gods*," as Mr. Steevens supposed, but *O God*, an adjuration surely not proper in the mouth of a heathen. Add to this, that the word *but* is exhibited with a small initial letter, in the only authentick copy; and the words "*good but unwise*" here appear to be the counterpart of *grave* and *reckless* in the subsequent line. On a re-consideration of this passage therefore, I am confident that even my learned predecessor will approve of the emendation now adopted. MALONE.

I have not displaced Mr. Malone's reading, though it may be observed, that an improper mention of the Supreme Being of the Christians will not appear decisive on this occasion to the reader who recollects that in *Troilus and Cressida* the Trojan Pandarus swears, "*by God's lid*," the Greek Therfites exclaims—"*God-a-mercy*;" and that, in *The Midsummer-Night's Dream*, our author has put "*God shield us!*" into the mouth of Bottom, an Athenian weaver. STEEVENS.

⁷ Alluding to his having called him *Triton* before. WARBURTON.

⁸ *If this man has power, let the ignorance that gave it him vail or bow down before him.* JOHNSON.

⁹ These lines may, I think, be made more intelligible by a very slight correction:

— they no less [*than senators*]

When, both your voices blended, the greatest taste

Must palate theirs.

When the *taste* of the great, the patricians, must *palate*, must *please* [or must *try*] that of the plebeians. JOHNSON.

The plain meaning is, *that senators and plebeians are equal, when the highest taste is best pleased with that which pleases the lowest.* STEEVENS.

J

And such a one as he, who puts his *ball*,
 His popular *ball*, against a graver bench
 Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,
 It makes the consuls base: and my soul akes,²
 To know, when two authorities are up,
 Neither supreme, how soon confusion
 May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
 The one by t'other.

Com. Well,—on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
 The corn o'the storehouse gratis, as 'twas us'd
 Sometime in Greece,—

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. (Though there the people had more absolute power,)
 I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
 The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why shall the people give
 One, that speaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
 More worthier than their voices. They know, the corn
 Was not our recompense; resting well assur'd
 They ne'er did service for't: Being press'd to the war,
 Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
 They would not thread the gates:³ this kind of service
 Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' the war,
 Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
 Most valour, spoke not for them: The accusation
 Which they have often made against the senate,
 All cause unborn, could never be the native⁴
 Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?

How

I think the meaning is, the plebeians are no less than senators, when, the voices of the senate and the people being blended together, the predominant taste of the compound smacks more of the populace than the senate. MALONE.

² The mischief and absurdity of what is called *Imperium in imperio*, is here finely expressed. WARBURTON.

³ That is, *pass* them. We yet say, to *thread* an alley. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Native* for natural birth. WARBURTON.

Native is here not natural birth, but *natural parent*, or *cause of birth*.

JOHNSON.

How shall this bosom multiplied⁵ digest
 The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
 What's like to be their words;—*We did request it ;*
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands :—Thus we debase
 The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
 Call our cares, fears : which will in time break open
 The locks o'the senate, and bring in the crows
 To peck the eagles.—

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more :

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
 Seal what I end withal !—This double worship,⁶—
 Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
 Insult without all reason ; where gentry, title, wisdom
 Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
 Of general ignorance,—it must omit
 Real necessities, and give way the while
 To unstable flightness : purpose so barr'd, it follows,
 Nothing is done to purpose : Therefore, beseech you,—
 You that will be less fearful than discreet ;
 That love the fundamental part of state,
 More than you doubt the change of't ;⁷ that prefer
 A noble life before a long, and wish
 To jump a body⁸ with a dangerous physick

That

⁵ This *multitudinous* bosom ; the bosom of that great monster, the people.
 MALONE.

⁶ The sense is, No, let me add this further ; and may every thing
 divine and human which can give force to an oath, bear witness to the
 truth of what I shall conclude with.

The Romans swore by what was human as well as divine ; by their
 head, by their eyes, by the dead bones and ashes of their parents, &c.
 See Briffon de *formulis*, p. 808—817. HEATH.

⁷ To doubt is to fear. The meaning is, You whose zeal predominates
 over your terrors ; you who do not so much fear the danger of violent
 measures, as wish the good to which they are necessary, the preservation of
 the original constitution of our government. JOHNSON.

⁸ Thus the old copy. Modern editors read :

To vamp——

To jump anciently signified to jolt, to give a rude concussion to any thing.

That sure of death without it,—at once pluck out
 The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
 The sweet which is their poison: your dishonour
 Mangles true judgement,⁹ and bereaves the state
 Of that integrity which should become it;²
 Not having the power to do the good it would,
 For the ill which doth control it.

Bru. He hath said enough.

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
 As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee!—
 What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
 On whom depending, their obedience fails
 To the greater bench: In a rebellion,
 When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
 Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
 Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet,³
 And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason.

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The ædiles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people; [*Exit BRUTUS.*] in whose
 name, myself

Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,
 A foe to the publick weal: Obey, I charge thee,
 And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat:

Sen.

To jump a body may therefore mean, to put it into a violent agitation or commotion. STEEVENS.

From this passage in Pliny, it should seem that “to jump a body,” meant to *risk* a body; and such an explication seems to me to be supported by the context in the passage before us. MALONE.

⁹ *Judgement* is the faculty by which right is distinguished from wrong. JOHNSON.

² *Integrity* is in this place *soundness*, uniformity, consistency, in the same sense as Dr. Warburton often uses it, when he mentions the *integrity* of a metaphor. To *become*, is to *suit*, to *besit*. JOHNSON.

³ Let it be said by you, that what is *meet* to be done, *must* be meet, i. e. *shall be done*, and put an end at once to the tribunitian power, which was established, when irresistible violence, not a regard to propriety, directed the legislature. MALONE.

Sen. and Pat. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help, ye citizens.

Re-enter BRUTUS, with the Ædiles, and a rabble of Citizens.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he, that would
Take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, Ædiles.

Cit. Down with him, down with him! [*Several speak.*]

2. Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about Coriolanus.*]

Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho!—

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

Cit. Peace, peace, peace; stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be? I am out of breath;

Confusion's near; I cannot speak: You, tribunes

To the people,—Coriolanus, patience:⁴—

Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people;—Peace.

Cit. Let's hear our tribune:—Peace. Speak, speak,
speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:

Marcus would have all from you; Marcus,

Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1. Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic.

⁴ I would read:

Speak to the people.—Coriolanus, patience:—

Speak, good Sicinius. TYRWHITT.

Tyrwhitt proposes an amendment to this passage, but nothing is necessary except to point it properly.

Confusion's near,—I cannot. Speak you, tribunes,
To the people.

He desires the tribunes to speak to the people, because he was not able; and at the end of the speech repeats the same request to Sicinius in particular. M. MASON.

I see no need of any alteration. MALONE.

Sic. What is the city, but the people?

Cit.

True,

The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.

Cit.

You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation;
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic.

This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it:—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.

Sic.

Therefore, lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru.

Ædiles, seize him.

Cit. Yield, Marcius, yield.

Men.

Hear me one word.

Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Ædi. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru.

Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous⁵
Where the disease is violent:—Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.

Cor.

No; I'll die here.

[Drawing his sword.]

There's some among you have beheld me fighting;
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword;—Tribunes, withdraw a
while.

Bru.

⁵ I read:—are very poisons. JOHNSON.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help, help Marcius! help,
You that be noble; help him, young, and old!

Cit. Down with him, down with him!

[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the people,
are beat in.*]

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away,
All will be naught else.

2. Sen. Get you gone.

Cor. Stand fast;⁶

We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

1. Sen. The gods forbid!

I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a fore upon us,⁷
You cannot tent yourself: Begone, 'beseech you.

Com. Come, fir, along with us.

Cor. I would they were barbarians, (as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd,) not Romans, (as they are not,
Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol,)—

Men. Be gone;⁸

Put

⁶ Old copy—*Com.* *Stand fast; &c.*] This speech certainly should be given to Coriolanus; for all his friends persuade him to retire. So, Cominius presently after:

“Come, fir, along with us.” *WARBURTON.*

⁷ The two last impertinent words, which destroy the measure, are an apparent interpolation. *STEEVENS.*

⁸ The beginning of this speech, [attributed in the old copy to *Menenius*,] I am persuaded, should be given to Coriolanus. The latter part only belongs to *Menenius*:

“Be gone;

“Put not your worthy rage,” &c. *TYRWHITT.*

I have divided this speech according to Mr. Tyrwhitt's direction.

STEEVENS.

The word, *begone*, certainly belongs to *Menenius*, who was very anxious to get Coriolanus away.—In the preceding page he says,

“Go, get you to your house; begone, away,—.”

And in a few lines after, he repeats the same request.

“Pray you, be gone:

“I'll try whether my old wit be in request

“With those that have but little;” *M. MASON.*

Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another.⁹

Cor. On fair ground,
I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself
Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetick;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabrick.—Will you hence,
Before the tag return?² whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone:
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little; this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, and Others.*]

1. *Pat.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [A noise within.
Here's goodly work!

2. *Pat.*

⁹ I know not whether to *owe* in this place means to *possess by right*, or to *be indebted*. Either sense may be admitted. *One time*, in which the people are seditious, will *give us power* in some other time: or, *this time* of the people's predominance will *run them in debt*: that is, will lay them open to the law, and expose them hereafter to more servile subjection.

JOHNSON.

I believe Menenius means, "This time will owe us one more fortunate." It is a common expression to say, "This day is yours, the next may be mine." M. MASON.

The meaning seems to be, One time will compensate for another. Our time of triumph will come hereafter: time will be in our debt, will *owe* us a good turn, for our present disgrace. Let us trust to futurity.

MALONE.

² The lowest and most despicable of the populace are still denominated by those a little above them, *Tag, rag, and bobtail*. JOHNSON.

2. *Pat.*

I would they were a-bed!

Men. I would they were in Tiber!—What, the
vengeance,
Could he not speak them fair?

Re-enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the rabble.

Sic. Where is the viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes,—

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the publick power,
Which he so sets at nought.

1. *Cit.* He shall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hand.

Cit. He shall, sure on't.

[Several speak together,

Men.

Sir,—

Sic.

Peace.

Men. Do not cry, havock,⁴ where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes 't, that you
Have help to make this rescue?

Men.

⁴ i. e. Do not give the signal for unlimited slaughter, &c. STEEVENS.
To cry *havock*, was I believe, originally a sporting phrase, from *basoc*,
which in Saxon signifies a *hawk*. It was afterwards used in war. So, in
King John:

“ — Cry *havock*, kings.”

And in *Julius Cæsar*:

“ Cry *havock*, and let slip the dogs of war.”

It seems to have been the signal for general slaughter, and is expressly
forbid in *The Ordinances des Battailles*, 9 R. ii. art. 10:

“ Item, que nul soit si hardy de crier *havok* sur peine d'avoir la teste
coupe.”

The second article of the same *Ordinances* seems to have been fatal to
Bardolph. It was death even to touch the *pix of little price*.

“ Item, que nul soit si hardy de toucher le corps de nostre Seigneur, ni le
vessel en quel il est, sur peyne d'estre trainez & pendu, & le teste avoir coupe.”

MS. Cotton. Nero D. VI. TYRWHITT.

Men. Hear me speak:—
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults:—

Sic. Consul!—what consul?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He a consul!

Cit. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then;
For we are peremptory, to despatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence,
Were but one danger; and, to keep him here,
Our certain death; therefore, it is decreed,
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children⁵ is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He's a disease, that must be cut away.

Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost,
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce,) he dropp'd it for his country:
And, what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't, and suffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.⁶

Bru.

⁵ *Deserved, for deserving.* So, *delighted for delighting*, in *Othello*:

“If virtue no *delighted beauty* lack,”—MALONE.

⁶ i. e. Awry. So Cotgrave interprets, *Tout va à contrepail*. *All goes clean kam*. Hence a *cambrel* for a crooked stick, or the bend in a horse's hinder leg. WARBURTON.

The Welch word for *crooked* is *kam*; and in Lyly's *Endymion*, 1591, is

Bru. Merely awry :⁷ When he did love his country,
It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was ?⁸

Bru. We'll hear no more :—
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence ;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by process ;
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so,—

Sic.

the following passage : “ But timely, madam, *crooks* that tree that will be
a *camock*, and young it pricks that will be a thorn.”

Again, in *Sappho and Phao*, 1591 :

“ *Camocks* must be bowed with sleight not strength.”

Vulgar pronunciation has corrupted *clean kam* into *kim kam*, and this
corruption is preserved in that great repository of ancient vulgarisms,
Stanyhurst's translation of *Virgil*, 1582 :

“ *Scinditur incertum studia in contraria vulgus.*”

“ The wavering commons in *kym kam* sectes are haled ”

STEEVENS.

In the old translation of *Gusman de Alfarache* the words *kim*, *kam*, occur
several times. Amongst others, take the following instance : “ All goes
topsie turvy ; all *kim*, *kam* ; all is tricks and devices : all riddles and
unknown mysteries.” P. 100. REED.

⁷ *Merely awry* :] i. e. absolutely. STEEVENS.

⁸ Nothing can be more evident, than that this could never be said by
Coriolanus's apologist, and that it was said by one of the tribunes ; I have
therefore given it to Sicinius. WARBURTON.

I have restor'd it to *Menenius*, placing an interrogation point at the
conclusion of the speech. Mr. Malone, considering it as an imperfect
sentence, gives it thus :

For what before it was ;— STEEVENS.

You alledge, says *Menenius*, that being diseased, he must be cut away.
According then to your argument, the foot, being once gangrened, is not
to be respected for what it was before it was gangrened.—“ *Is this just ?*”
Menenius would have added, if the tribune had not interrupted him : and
indeed, without any such addition, from his state of the argument these
words were understood. MALONE.

Sic. What do ye talk ?

Have we not had a taste of his obedience ?

Our ædiles smote ? ourselves resisted ?—Come :—

Men. Consider this ;—He has been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In boulded language ; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
(In peace) to his utmost peril.

1. Sen. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way : the other course
Will prove too bloody ; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer :—
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place :—We'll attend you there :
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you :—
Let me desire your company. [*to the Senators.*] He must
come,
Or what is worst will follow.

1. Sen. Pray you, let's to him. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

A Room in Coriolanus's House.

Enter CORIOLANUS, and Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears ; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels ;⁹

Or

⁹ Neither of these punishments was known at Rome. Shakspeare had probably read or heard in his youth that Baithazar de Gerrard, who assassinated William prince of Orange in 1584, was torn to pieces by wild horses ; as Nicholas de Salvedo had been not long before, for conspiring to take away the life of that gallant prince.

When

Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

1. *Pat.*

You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse,² my mother

Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats; to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance³ stood up
To speak of peace, or war. I talk of you; [*To VOLUMNIA.*
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.⁴

Vol.

O, fir, fir, fir,

I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor.

When I wrote this note, the punishment which Tullus Hostilius inflicted on Mettius Suffetius for deserting the Roman standard, had escaped my memory:

“Haud procul inde citæ Metium in diversa quadrigæ

“Distulerant, (at tu dictis, Albane, maneres,)

“Raptabatque viri mendacis viscera Tullus

“Per sylvam; et sparsa rorabant sanguine vepres.”

Æn. VIII. 642.

However, as Shakspeare has coupled this species of punishment with another that certainly was unknown to ancient Rome, it is highly probable that he was not apprized of the story of Mettius Suffetius, and that in this as in various other instances, the practice of his own time was in his thoughts: (for in 1594 John Chastel had been thus executed in France for attempting to assassinate Henry the Fourth;) more especially as we know from the testimony of Livy (Lib. I. xxviii.) that this cruel capital punishment was never inflicted from the beginning to the end of the Republick, except in this single instance. MALONE.

² That is, *I wonder, I am at a loss.* JOHNSON.

³ — *my ordinance* —] *My rank.* JOHNSON.

⁴ Sir Thomas Hanmer supplies the defect in this line, very judiciously in my opinion, by reading:

Truly the man I am.

Truely is properly opposed to *False* in the preceding line. STEEVENS;

Cor. Let go.⁵

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so: Lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions,⁶ if
You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS, and Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, something
too rough;

You must return, and mend it.

1. Sen. There's no remedy;

Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray, be counsel'd:

I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman:

Before he should thus stoop to the herd,⁷ but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physick

For

⁵ Here again Sir Thomas Hanmer, with sufficient propriety, reads—*Why*, let it go.—Mr. Ritson would complete the measure with a similar expression, which occurs in *Othello*,—"Let it go *all*."—Too many of the short replies in this and other plays of Shakspeare, are apparently mutilated.

STEEVENS.

⁶ The old copies exhibit it:

The things of your dispositions.

A few letters replac'd, that by some carelessness dropp'd out, restore us the Poet's genuine reading:

The thwartings of your dispositions. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald only improved on Mr. Rowe's correction—

The things that thwart your dispositions. MALONE.

⁷ *Before he should thus stoop to the herd,*] [Old copy—stoop to the *heart*.] But how did Coriolanus stoop to his *heart*? He rather, as we vulgarly express it, made his proud heart stoop to the necessity of the times. I am persuaded, my emendation gives the true reading. So before in this play:

"Are these your *berd*?" THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald's conjecture is confirmed by a passage, in which Coriolanus thus describes the people:

"You shames of Rome! you *berd* of——"

Herd was anciently spelt *beard*. Hence *heart* crept into the old copy.

MALONE.

For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men.

Return to the tribunes.

Cor.

Well,

What then? what then?

Men.

Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do't to them?

Vol.

You are too absolute;

Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak.⁸ I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unfever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: Grant that, and tell me,
In peace, what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there.

Cor.

Tush, tush!

Men.

A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
The same you are not, (which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy,) how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?

Cor.

Why force you⁹ this?

Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you to,
But with such words that are but roted in
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.²
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,

Than

⁸ Except in cases of urgent necessity, when your resolute and noble spirit, however commendable at other times, ought to yield to the occasion.

MALONE.

⁹ Why urge you. JOHNSON.

² I read: "*of no alliance*;" therefore *bastards*. Yet *allowance* may well enough stand, as meaning *legal right, established rank, or settled authority*. JOHNSON.

Allowance is certainly right. So, in *Othello*, Act II. sc. i:

" — his pilot

" Of very expert and approv'd *allowance*."

Dr.

Than to take in a town³ with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.—
I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, requir'd,
I should do so in honour: I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you⁴ will rather show our general lowts⁵
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want⁶ might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!—
Come, go with us; speak fair: you may save so,
Not what⁷ is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;⁸

And

Dr. Johnson's amendment, however, is countenanced by an expression in *The Taming of a Shrew*, where Petruchio's stirrups are said to be "of no kindred." STEEVENS.

I at first was pleased with Dr. Johnson's proposed emendation, because "of no allowance, i. e. approbation, to your bosom's truth," appeared to me unintelligible. But *allowance* has no connection with the subsequent words, "to your bosom's truth." The construction is—though but, bastards to your bosom's truth, *not the lawful issue of your heart*. The words, "and syllables of no allowance," are but in opposition with *bastards*, and are as it were parenthetical. MALONE.

³ To subdue or destroy. MALONE.

⁴ Volumnia is persuading Coriolanus that he ought to flatter the people, as the general fortune was at stake; and says, that in this advice, she speaks as his wife, as his son; as the senate and body of the patricians; who were in some measure link'd to his conduct. WARBURTON.

I rather think the meaning is, *I am in their condition, I am at stake, together with your wife, your son*. JOHNSON.

I am in this, means, I am in this predicament. M. MASON.

I think the meaning is, *In this advice*, in exhorting you to act thus, I speak not only as your mother, but as your wife, your son, &c. all of whom are *at stake*. MALONE.

⁵ Our common clowns. JOHNSON.

⁶ The want of their loves. JOHNSON.

⁷ In this place *not* seems to signify *not only*. JOHNSON.

⁸ Surely our author wrote—with *thy* bonnet in thy hand; for I cannot suppose that he intended that Volumnia should either touch or take off the bonnet which he has given to Coriolanus. MALONE.

When

And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them,) Thy knee buffing the stones, (for in such business Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant More learned than the ears,) waving thy head, Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,

Now

When Volumnia says—"this bonnet," she may be supposed to point at it, without any attempt to touch it, or take it off. STEEVENS.

9 But do any of the ancient or modern masters of elocution prescribe the *waving the head*, when they treat of action? Or how does the waving of the head correct the stoutness of the heart, or evidence humility? Or, lastly, where is the sense or grammar of these words, *Which often, thus, &c.*? These questions are sufficient to show that the lines are corrupt. I would read therefore:

— *waving thy hand,*

Which soften thus, correcting thy stout heart.

This is a very proper precept of action suiting the occasion; Wave thy hand, says she, and soften the action of it thus,—then strike upon thy breast, and by that action show the people thou hast corrected thy stout heart. All here is fine and proper. WARBURTON.

The correction is ingenious, yet I think it not right. *Head* or *hand* is indifferent. The *hand* is *waved* to gain attention; the *head* is shaken in token of sorrow. The word *wave* suits better to the hand, but in considering the author's language, too much stress must not be laid on propriety, against the copies. I would read thus:

— *waving thy head,*

With often, thus, correcting thy stout heart.

That is, *shaking thy head*, and *striking* thy breast. The alteration is slight, and the gesture recommended not improper. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare uses the same expression in *Hamlet*:

"And thrice his *head waving* thus, up and down." STEEVENS.

I have sometimes thought that this passage might originally have stood thus:

— *waving thy head,*

(Which *bumble* thus;) *correcting thy stout heart,*

Now *soften'd* as the ripest mulberry. TYRWHITT.

As there is no verb in this passage as it stands, some amendment must be made, to make it intelligible; and that which I now propose, is to read *bow* instead of *now*, which is clearly the right reading. M. MASON.

I am persuaded these lines are printed exactly as the author wrote them, a similar kind of phraseology being found in his other plays. *Which, &c.* is the absolute case, and is to be understood as if he had written—*It often, &c.*

This mode of speech, though not such as we should now use, having been used by Shakspeare, any emendation of this contested passage becomes unnecessary. Nor is this kind of phraseology peculiar to our author.

Mr. M. Mason says, that there is no verb in the sentence, and therefore it must be corrupt. The verb is *go*, and the sentence, not more abrupt than

Now humble, as the ripest mulberry,²
 That will not hold the handling : Or, say to them,
 Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
 Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,
 Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
 In asking their good loves ; but thou wilt frame
 Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
 As thou hast power and person.

Men. This but done,
 Even as she speaks, why, all their hearts were yours :³
 For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
 As words to little purpose.

Vol. Pr'ythee now,
 Go, and be rul'd : although, I know, thou had'st rather
 Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
 Than flatter him in a Bower.⁴ Here is Cominius.

Enter

than many others in these plays. Go to the people, says Volumnia, and appear before them in a supplicating attitude,—with thy bonnet in thy hand, thy knees on the ground, (for in such cases action is eloquence, &c.) waving thy head ; *it*, by its frequent bendings, (such as those that I now make,) subduing thy stout heart, which now should be as humble as the ripest mulberry : or, if these silent gestures of supplication do not move them, add words, and say to them, &c.

Whoever has seen a player supplicating to be heard by the audience, when a tumult, from whatever cause, has arisen in a theatre, will perfectly feel the force of the words — “ waving thy head.”

No emendation whatever appears to me to be necessary in these lines.

MALONE.

² This fruit when thoroughly ripe, drops from the tree. STEEVENS.

Æschylus (as appears from a fragment of his ΦΡΥΓΕΣ ἢ ΕΚΤΟΡΟΣ ΑΥΤΡΑ, preserved by Athenæus, lib. ii.) says of Hector that he was softer than mulberries.

Ἄνθρωπος δὲ ἐκείνῳ ἢ πεπαισμένῳ μόνον. MUSGRAVE.

³ *Even as she speaks, why, all their hearts were yours :*] The word *all* was supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer to remedy the apparent defect in this line. I am not sure, however, that we might not better read, as Mr. Ritson proposes :

Even as she speaks it, why their hearts were yours. STEEVENS.

⁴ A bower is the ancient term for a chamber. So, Spenser, Prothalam. ft. 8. speaking of *The Temple* :

Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers.”

See also Chaucer, &c. passim. STEEVENS.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' the market-place: and, fir, 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence; all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think, 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will:—
Pr'ythee, now, say, you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd sconce?⁵ Must I
With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:
Yet were there but this single plot⁶ to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw it against the wind.—To the market-place:—
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son; as thou hast said,
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.⁷

Cor. Well, I must do't:
Away, my disposition, and possess me

Some

⁵ The suppliants of the people used to present themselves to them in sordid and neglected dresses. JOHNSON.

In the times of chivalry, when a horse was fully armed and accoutred for the encounter, he was said to be *barbed*; probably from the old word *barbe* which Chaucer uses for a veil or covering. HAWKINS.

Unbarbed sconce is *untrimm'd* or *unshaven head*. To *barb* a man, was to shave him.

To *barbe* the field was to cut the corn.

But (says Dean Milles, in his comment on *The Pseudo-Rowley*, p. 215.) “would that appearance [of being *unshaved*] have been particular at Rome in the time of Coriolanus?” Every one, but the Dean, understands that Shakspeare gives to all countries the fashions of his own.

Unbarbed may, however, bear the signification which the late Mr. Hawkins would affix to it. STEEVENS.

⁶ i. e. piece, portion; applied to a piece of earth, and here elegantly transferred to the body, carcase. WARBURTON.

⁷ Our author is still thinking of his theatre. Cominius has just said, Come, come, we'll *prompt* you. MALONE.

Some harlot's spirit ! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum,⁴ into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep ! The smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks ;⁵ and schoolboys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight ! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips ; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms !—I will not do't :
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,⁶
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol.

At thy choice then ;

To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin ; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness ;⁷ for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me ;
But owe⁸ thy pride thyself.

Cor.

Pray, be content ;

Mother, I am going to the market-place ;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going :
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul ;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery, further.

Vol.

Do your will.

[*Exit.*

Com. Away, the tribunes do attend you : arm yourself
To answer mildly ; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor.

⁴ Which played in concert with my drum. JOHNSON.

⁵ To tent is to take up residence. JOHNSON.

⁶ Πάντων δὲ μάλιστα αἰσχύνηο σαυτον. Pythagoras. JOHNSON.

⁷ This is obscure. Perhaps, she means, Go, do thy worst ; let me rather feel the utmost extremity that thy pride can bring upon us, than live thus in fear of thy dangerous obstinacy. JOHNSON.

⁸ — owe —] i. e. own. REED.

Cor. The word is, mildly:—Pray you, let us go:
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men.

Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. The Forum.

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power: If he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy⁹ to the people;
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?

Æd.

He's coming.

Bru.

How accompanied?

Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic.

Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?

Æd.

I have; 'tis ready, here.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd.

I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they here me say, *It shall be so*
I' the right and strength o' the commons, be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say, fine, cry *fine*; if death, cry *death*;
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause.²

Æd.

⁹ — *envy* —] i. e. malice, hatred. STEEVENS.

² This is not very easily understood. We might read:

— o'er the truth o' the cause. JOHNSON.

Æd. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to giv't them.

Bru. Go about it.—

[*Exit Ædile.*

Put him to choler straight: He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction: Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance:³ then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks
With us to break his neck.⁴

*Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Senators,
and Patricians.*

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece

Will

As I cannot understand this passage as it is pointed, I should suppose that the speeches should be thus divided, and then it will require no explanation.

Sic. Insisting on the old prerogative
And power.

Æd. In the truth of the cause
I shall inform them.

That is, I will explain the matter to them fully. M. MASON.

³ Our poet seems to have taken several of his images from the old pageants. In the new edition of Leland's *Collectanea*, Vol. IV. p. 190, the virtue *temperance* is represented "holding in hyr haund a bitt of an horse." TOLLET.

Mr. Tollet might have added, that both in painting and sculpture the *bit* is the established symbol of this virtue. HENLEY.

⁴ To *look* is to *wait* or *expect*. The sense I believe is, *What he has in his heart* is waiting there *to help us to break his neck*. JOHNSON.

The tribune rather seems to mean—The sentiments of Coriolanus's heart are our coadjutors, and look to have their share in promoting his destruction STEEVENS.

Will bear the knave by the volume.⁵—The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supply'd with worthy men! plant love among us!
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!⁶

I. Sen.

Amen, amen!

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

Sic.

Draw near, ye people.

Æd. Lift to your tribunes; audience: Peace, I say.

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri.

Well, say.—Peace, ho.⁷

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this present?
Must all determine here?

Sic.

I do demand,

If you submit you to the people's voices,

Allow their officers, and are content

To suffer lawful censure for such faults

As shall be prov'd upon you?

Cor.

I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says, he is content:
The warlike service he has done, consider;

Think

⁵ i. e. would bear being called a knave as often as would fill out a volume. STEEVENS.

⁶ The old copy—*Througb.*] We should read:

Throng our large temples——

The other is rank nonsense. WARBURTON.

The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald.

The *shows of peace* are multitudes of people peaceably assembled, either to hear the determination of causes, or for other purposes of civil government. MALONE.

The real *shows of peace* among the Romans, were the olivebranch and the caduceus; but I question if our author, on the present occasion, had any determinate idea annexed to his words. Mr. Malone's supposition, however, can hardly be right; because the "temples" (i. e. those of the gods,) were never used for the determination of civil causes, &c. To such purposes the Senate and the Forum were appropriated. The *temples* indeed might be thronged with people who met to thank the gods for a return of peace. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Well, say.—Peace, ho.*] As the metre is here defective, we might suppose our author to have written:

Well, sir; say on.—Peace, ho. STEEVENS.

Think on the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

Cor. Scratches with briars,
Scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier: Do not take
His rougher accents⁸ for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.⁹

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all season'd office,² and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which, you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How! Traitor?

Men. Nay; temperately: Your promise.

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd³ as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Sic.

⁸ His rougher accents are the harsh terms that he uses. MALONE.

⁹ Envy is here taken at large for malignity or ill intention.

JOHNSON.
According to the construction of the sentence, *envy* is evidently used as
a verb, and signifies to injure. M. MASON.

Rather than import ill-will to you. MALONE.

² All office established and settled by time, and made familiar to the
people by long use. JOHNSON.

³ — clutch'd —] i. e. grasp'd. STREVEN.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

Cit. To the rock with him; to the rock with him!

Sic. Peace.

We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this,
So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath

Serv'd well for Rome,—

Cor. What do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You?

Men. Is this

The promise that you made your mother?

Com. Know,

I pray you,—

Cor. I'll know no further:

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flogging; Pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with faying, Good morrow.

Sic. For that he has

(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envy'd against the people,⁴ seeking means
To pluck away their power; as now at last⁵
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence⁶

Of

⁴ i. e. behaved with signs of hatred to the people. STEEVENS.

⁵ Read rather:

—— has now at last. JOHNSON.

I am not certain but that *as* in this instance, has the power of *as well as*. The same mode of expression I have met with among our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Not* stands again for *not only*: JOHNSON.

It is thus used in *The New Testament*, 1 Thess. iv. 8:

“He therefore that despiseth, despiseth *not* man but God,” &c.

Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it; In the name o' the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city;
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates: I' the people's name,
I say, it shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so,
It shall be so; let him away: he's banish'd,
And so it shall be.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends;—

Sic. He's sentenc'd; no more hearing.

Com.

Let me speak:

I have been consul, and can show from Rome,⁷
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate,⁸ her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins: then if I would
Speak that——

Sic. We know your drift: Speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people, and his country:
It shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs!⁹ whose breath I hate

As

⁷ Read—"show *for* Rome." M. MASON.

He either means, that his wounds were got *out* of Rome, in the cause
of his country, or that they mediately were derived from Rome, by his
acting in conformity to the orders of the state. Mr. Theobald reads—*for*
Rome; and supports his emendation by these passages:

"To banish him that struck more blows *for* Rome," &c.

Again:

"Good man! the wounds that he does bear *for* Rome."—

MALONE.

⁸ I love my country beyond the rate at which I *value* my dear wife.

JOHNSON.

⁹ *Cry* here signifies a *troop* or *pack*. So, in a subsequent scene in
this play:

"—— You have made good work,

"You and your *cry*." MALONE

As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
 As the dead carcasses of unburied men
 That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
 And here remain with your uncertainty!
 Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
 Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
 Fan you into despair! Have the power still
 To banish your defenders; till, at length,
 Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,²)
 Making not reservation of yourselves,
 (Still your own foes,) deliver you, as most

Abated

² *Still retain the power of banishing your defenders, till your undiscerning folly, which can foresee no consequences, leave none in the city but yourselves, who are always labouring your own destruction.*

It is remarkable, that, among the political maxims of the speculative Harrington, there is one which he might have borrowed from this speech. *The people, says he, cannot see, but they can feel.* It is not much to the honour of the people, that they have the same character of stupidity from their enemy and their friend. Such was the power of our author's mind, that he looked through life in all its relations private and civil.

JOHNSON.

“The people, (to use the comment of my friend Dr. Kearney, in his ingenious *LECTURES ON HISTORY*, quarto, 1776,) cannot nicely scrutinise errors in government, but they are roused by galling oppression”—Coriolanus, however, means to speak still more contemptuously of their judgment. Your ignorance is such, that you cannot see the mischiefs likely to result from your actions, till you actually experience the ill effects of them.—Instead, however, of “Making *but* reservation of yourselves,” which is the reading of the old copy, and which Dr. Johnson very rightly explains, *leaving none in the city but yourselves*, I have no doubt that we should read, as I have printed, “Making *not* reservation of yourselves,” which agrees with the subsequent words—“still your own foes,” and with the general purport of the speech; which is, to show that the folly of the people was such as was likely to destroy the whole of the republic without *any* reservation, *not only others, but even themselves*, and to subjugate them as abated captives to some hostile nation. If, according to the old copy, the people have the prudence to make reservation of themselves, while they are destroying their country, they cannot with any propriety be said to be in that respect “*still their own foes.*” These words therefore decisively support the emendation now made.

How often *but* and *not* have been confounded in these plays, has already been frequently observed. In this very play *but* has been printed, in a former scene, instead of *not*, and the latter word substituted in all the modern editions. MALONE.

Abated captives,³ to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS,
Senators, and Patricians.]

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Cit. Our enemy's banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

[*The people shout, and throw up their caps.*]

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite:
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

Cit. Come, come, let us see him out at gates; come:—
The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come. *Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The same. Before a Gate of the City.

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS,
COMINIUS, and several young Patricians.

Cor. Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell:—the
beast

With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating: fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning:⁴ you were us'd to load me

With

³ *Abated* is dejected, subdued, depressed in spirit. STEEVENS.

⁴ This is the ancient and authentick reading. The modern editors have, for *gentle wounded*, silently substituted *gently wounded*, and Dr. Warburton has explained *gently* by *nobly*. It is good to be sure of our author's words before we go explain their meaning.

The

With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman,—

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!

I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
Droop not; adieu:—Farewell, my wife! my mother!
I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are saltier than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,
'Tis fond⁵ to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot well,
My hazards still have been your solace: and
Believ't not lightly, (though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen,) your son
Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.⁶

Vol.

The sense is, When Fortune strikes her hardest blows, to be wounded, and yet continue calm, requires a generous policy. He calls this calmness *cunning*, because it is the effect of reflection and philosophy. Perhaps the first emotions of nature are nearly uniform, and one man differs from another in the power of endurance, as he is better regulated by precept and instruction.

They bore as heroes, but they felt as men. JOHNSON.

⁵ i. e. 'tis foolish. See our author, *passim*. STEEVENS.

⁶ By artful and false tricks, and treason. JOHNSON.

Cautelous, in the present instance, signifies—*insidious*. In the sense of *cautious* it occurs in *Julius Cæsar*:

“Swear priests and cowards, and men *cautelous*.”

STEEVENS

*Vol.*My first son,⁷

Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
 With thee a while: Determine on some course,
 More than a wild exposure⁸ to each chance
 That starts i' the way before thee.

Cor.

O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
 Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
 And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
 A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
 O'er the vast world, to seek a single man;
 And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
 I' the absence of thee needer.

Cor.

Fare ye well:—

Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
 Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
 That's yet unbruised: bring me but out at gate.—
 Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
 My friends of noble touch,⁹ when I am forth,
 Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
 While I remain above the ground, you shall
 Hear from me still; and never of me aught
 But what is like me formerly.

Men.

That's worthily

As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.—
 If I could shake off but one seven years
 From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
 I'd with thee every foot.

Cor.

⁷ *First*, i. e. noblest, and most eminent of men. WARBURTON.
 Mr. Heath would read:

My fierce son. STEEVENS.

⁸ I know not whether the word *exposure* be found in any other author.
 If not, I should incline to read *exposure*. MALONE.

We should certainly read—*exposure*. So, in *Macbeth*:

“And when we have our naked frailties hid
 “That suffer in *exposure*,—.”

Exposure is, I believe, no more than a typographical error.

STEEVENS.

⁹ i. e. of true metal unallay'd. Metaphor from trying gold on the
 touchstone. WARBURTON.

Cor.
Come.

Give me thy hand:

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The same. A Street near the Gate.

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no further.—
The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home:
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home.

[*Exit Ædile.*]

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say, she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us:

Keep on your way.

Vol. O, you're well met: The hoarded plague o'the
gods

Requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—
Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone?

[*to Brutus.*]

Vir. You shall stay too: [*to Sicin.*] I would, I had the
power

To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool; Is that a shame?—Note but this fool.—

Was

Was not a man my father?⁵ Hadst thou foxship⁶
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed heavens!

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words;
And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what;—Yet go:—
Nay, but thou shalt stay too:—I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then?

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continu'd to his country,
As he began; and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had? 'Twas you incens'd the rabble:
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome; so far, my son,
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see,)
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru.

⁵ The word *mankind* is used maliciously by the first speaker, and taken perversely by the second. A *mankind* woman is a woman with the roughness of a man, and, in an aggravated sense, a woman ferocious, violent, and eager to shed blood. In this sense Sicinius asks Volumnia, if she be *mankind*. She takes *mankind* for a human creature, and accordingly cries out:

“ ——— Note but this fool.—

“ Was not a man my father?” JOHNSON.

⁶ Hadst thou, fool as thou art, mean cunning enough to banish Coriolanus? JOHNSON.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?

Vol. Take my prayers with you.—
I would the gods had nothing else to do, [*Exeunt Tribunes.*
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet them
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.

Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with me?

Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let's go:
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fie, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

A Highway between Rome and Antium.

Enter a Roman and a Volce, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, fir, and you know me: your name,
I think, is Adrian.

Vol. It is so, fir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are,
against them: Know you me yet?

Vol. Nicanor? No.

Rom. The same, fir.

Vol. You had more beard, when I last saw you; but your
favour is well appear'd by your tongue.⁷ What's the news in
Rome?

⁷ This is strange nonsense. We should read:

—— is well appeal'd,

i. e. brought into remembrance. *WARBURTON.*

I would read:

—— is well appear'd.

This is, *strengthened, attested*, a word used by our authour.

“His title is appear'd.” *Macbeth.*

To repeal may be to bring to remembrance, but *appeal* has another meaning.

JOHNSON.

I would

Rome? I have a note from the Volcian state, to find you out there: You have well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrection: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Vol. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state thinks not so; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division,

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness, to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banish'd?

Rom. Banish'd, sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, The fittest time to corrupt a man's wife, is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer Coriolanus being now in no request of his country.

Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one: the centurions, and their charges,
distinctly

I would read:

Your favour is well approv'd by your tongue,

i. e. your tongue confirms the evidence of your face. STEEVENS.

If there be any corruption in the old copy, perhaps it rather is in a preceding word. Our author might have written—your favour *has* well appear'd by your tongue: but the old text may, in Shakspeare's licentious dialect, be right. Your favour is fully *manifested*, or *rendered apparent*, by your tongue.

In support of the old copy it may be observed, that *besomed* was formerly used as a participle. MALONE.

distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment,⁸ and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Antium. Before Aufidius's House.

Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean apparel, disguised, and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium: City,
'Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me. Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies: Is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, 'beseech you?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir; farewell.

[*Exit Citizen.*]

O, world, thy slippery turns!⁹ Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love

Unseparable,

⁸ That is, though not actually encamped, yet already in pay. To entertain an army is to take them into pay. JOHNSON.

⁹ This fine picture of common friendships, is an artful introduction to the sudden league, which the poet made him enter into with Aufidius, and no less artful an apology for his commencing enemy to Rome.

WARBURTON.

Unseparable, shall within this hour,
 On a dissention of a doit, break out
 To bitterest enmity: So, fellest foes,
 Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
 To take the one the other, by some chance,
 Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
 And interjoin their issues. So with me:—
 My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
 This enemy town.—I'll enter: if he slay me,
 He does fair justice; if he give me way,
 I'll do his country service.

[Exit.]

SCENE V.

The same. A Hall in Aufidius's House.

Musick within. Enter a Servant.

1. *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine! What service is here! I think
 our fellows are asleep. [Exit.]

Enter another Servant.

2. *Serv.* Where's Cotus? my master calls for him. Cotus!
 [Exit.]

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house: The feast smells well: but I
 Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

1. *Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence are you?
 Here's no place for you: Pray, go to the door.

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment,
 In being Coriolanus.²

Re-enter second Servant.

2. *Serv.* Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in
 his head, that he gives entrance to such companions?³ Pray,
 get you out.

Cor.

² i. e. in having derived that surname from the sack of Corioli.

STEEVENS.

³ *Companion* was formerly used in the same sense as we now use the word
fellow. MALONE.

Cor. Away!

2. *Serv.* Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

2. *Serv.* Are you so brave? I'll have you talk'd with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3. *Serv.* What fellow's this?

1. *Serv.* A strange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him o'the house: Pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3. *Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.⁴

3. *Serv.* What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3. *Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3. *Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station: here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go.

And batten on cold bits.

[*Pushes him away.*

3. *Serv.* What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2. *Serv.* And I shall.

[*Exit.*

3. *Serv.* Where dwell'st thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3. *Serv.* Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3. *Serv.* Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

3. *Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows?—What an afs it is!—Then thou dwell'st with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3. *Serv.* How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 'tis an honefter service, than to meddle with thy mistress:

Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher, hence!

[*Beats him away.*

Enter

⁴ Here our author has both followed and deserted his original, the old translation of *Plutarch*. The silence of the servants of Aufidius, did not suit the purposes of the dramatist. STEEVENS.

Enter Aufidius and the second Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2. Serv. Here, sir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence comest thou? what wouldest thou? Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus, [*unmuffling.*

Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not

Think me for the man I am, necessity

Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name?

[*Servants retire.*

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volcians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face

Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,

Thou show'st a noble vessel: What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not:—Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done

To thee particularly, and to all the Volces,

Great hurt and mischief; thereto witnesses may

My surname, Coriolanus: The painful service,

The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood

Shed for my thankless country, are requited

But with that surname; a good memory,⁵

And witness of the malice and displeasure

Which thou should'st bear me: only that name remains;

The cruelty and envy of the people,

Permitted by our dastard nobles, who

Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;

And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be

Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity

Hath brought me to thy hearth; Not out of hope,

Mistake me not, to save my life; for if

I had

⁵ The Oxford editor, not knowing that *memory* was used at that time for *memorial*, alters it to *memorial*. JOHNSON.

I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
 I would have voided thee: but in mere spite,
 To be full quit of those my banishers,
 Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
 A heart of wreak in thee,⁶ that will revenge
 Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
 Of shame⁷ seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
 And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it,
 That my revengeful services may prove
 As benefits to thee; for I will fight
 Against my canker'd country with the spleen
 Of all the under fiends.⁸ But if so be
 Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
 Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
 Longer to live most weary, and present
 My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:
 Which not to cut, would show thee but a fool;
 Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
 Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
 And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
 It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius,
 Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
 A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
 Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and say,

'Tis

⁶ A heart of resentment. JOHNSON.

Wreak is an ancient term for revenge. STEEVENS.

⁷ That is, disgraceful diminutions of territory. JOHNSON.

⁸ Shakspeare, by imputing a stronger degree of inveteracy to subordinate fiends, seems to intimate, and very justly, that malice of revenge is more predominant in the lower than the upper classes of society. This circumstance is repeatedly exemplified in the conduct of Jack Cade and other heroes of the mob. STEEVENS.

This appears to me to be refining too much. *Under fiends* in this passage does not mean, as I conceive, fiends *subordinate*, or in an *inferior* station, but *infernal* fiends.

In Shakspeare's time some fiends were supposed to inhabit the air, others to dwell under ground, &c. MALONE.

As Shakspeare uses the word *under-skinker*, to express the *lowest* rank of waiter, I do not find myself disposed to give up my explanation of *under fiends*. Instances, however, of "too much refinement" are not peculiar to me. STEEVENS.

'Tis true; I'd not believe them more than thee,
 All noble Marcius.—O, let me twine
 Mine arms about that body, where against
 My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
 And scar'd the moon² with splinters! Here I clip
 The anvil of my sword;³ and do contest
 As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
 As ever in ambitious strength I did
 Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
 I lov'd the maid I married; never man
 Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
 Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,
 Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
 Bestride my threshold.⁴ Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
 We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
 Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
 Or lose mine arm for't: Thou hast beat me out
 Twelve several times,⁵ and I have nightly since
 Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
 We have been down together in my sleep,
 Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
 And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
 Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that
 Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
 From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war
 Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
 Like a bold flood o'er-beat. O, come, go in,
 And take our friendly senators by the hands;
 Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
 Who are prepar'd against your territories,
 Though not for Rome itself.

Cor.

² Old copy—*scarr'd*,] I believe, rightly. The modern editors read *scar'd*, that is, *frightened*. MALONE.

I read with the modern editors, rejecting the Chrononhotonthological idea of *scarifying* the moon. STEEVENS.

³ To *clip* is to embrace. STEEVENS.

⁴ Shakspeare was unaware that a Roman bride, on her entry into her husband's house, was prohibited from *bestriding* his threshold; and that, lest she should even touch it, she was always lifted over it. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Out* here means, I believe, *full, complete*. MALONE.

Cor.

You bleſs me, Gods!

Auf. Therefore, moſt abſolute ſir, if thou wilt have
 The leading of thine own revenges, take
 The one half of my commiſſion; and ſet down,—
 As beſt thou art experienc'd, ſince thou know'ſt
 Thy country's ſtrength and weakneſs,—thine own ways :
 Whether to knock againſt the gates of Rome,
 Or rudely viſit them in parts remote,
 'To fright them, ere deſtroy. But come in :
 Let me commend thee firſt to thoſe, that ſhall
 Say, *yea*, to thy deſires. A thouſand welcomes!
 And more a friend than e'er an enemy ;
 Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand ! Moſt welcome!

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.]1. *Serv.* [*advancing.*] Here's a ſtrange alteration!

2. *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have ſtrucken
 him with a cudgel ; and yet my mind gave me, his clothes
 made a falſe report of him.

1. *Serv.* What an arm he has ! He turn'd me about with
 his finger and his thumb, as one would ſet up a top.

2. *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was ſome-
 thing in him : He had, ſir, a kind of face, methought,—I
 cannot tell how to term it.

1. *Serv.* He had ſo ; looking, as it were,——'Would I
 were hang'd, but I thought there was more in him than I
 could think.

2. *Serv.* So did I, I'll be ſworn : He is ſimply the rareſt
 man i' the world.

1. *Serv.* I think, he is : but a greater ſoldier than he,
 you wot one.

2. *Serv.* Who ? my maſter ?1. *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.2. *Serv.* Worth fix of him.

1. *Serv.* Nay, not ſo neither ; but I take him to be the
 greater ſoldier.

2. *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to ſay that ;
 for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1. *Serv.* Ay, and for an aſſault too.*Re-enter*

Re-enter third Servant.

3. *Serv.* O, slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals.

1. 2. *Serv.* What, what, what? let's partake.

3. *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemn'd man.

1. 2. *Serv.* Wherefore? wherefore?

3. *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

1. *Serv.* Why do you say, thwack our general?

3. *Serv.* I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2. *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1. *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth cn't: before Corioli, he scotch'd him and notch'd him like a carbonado.

2. *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.

1. *Serv.* But, more of thy news?

3. *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o' the table: no question ask'd him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with's hand,⁶ and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday: for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and fowle the porter of Rome

⁶ Alluding, improperly, to the act of *crossing* upon any strange event.

JOHNSON.

I rather imagine the meaning is, considers the touch of his hand as holy; clasps it with the same reverence as a lover would clasp the hand of his mistress. If there be any religious allusion, I should rather suppose it to be the imposition of the hand in confirmation. MALONE.

Perhaps the allusion is (however out of place) to the degree of sanctity anciently supposed to be derived from touching the corporal relick of a saint or a martyr. STEEVENS.

Rome gates by the ears :⁷ He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage poll'd.⁸

2. *Serv.* And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3. *Serv.* Do't? he will do't: For, look you, fir, he has as many friends as enemies: which friends, fir, (as it were,) durst not (look you, fir,) show themselves (as we term it,) his friends, whilst he's in directitude.⁹

1. *Serv.* Directitude! What's that?

3. *Serv.* But when they shall see, fir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1. *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3. *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2. *Serv.*

⁷ That is, I suppose, drag him down by the ears into the dirt. *Souiller*, Fr. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's supposition, though not his derivation, is just. Skinner says the word is derived from *sow*, i. e. *to take hold of a person by the ears, as a dog seizes one of these animals.*

Perhaps Shakspeare's allusion is to *Hercules* dragging out *Cerberus*.

STEEVENS.

Whatever the etymology of *sowle* may be, it appears to have been a familiar word in the last century. Lord Strafford's correspondent, Mr. Garrard, uses it as Shakspeare does. *Straff Lett.* Vol. II. p. 149. "A lieutenant *soled* him well by the ears, and drew him by the hair about the room." Lord Strafford himself uses it in another sense, Vol. II. p. 138. "It is ever a hopeful throw, where the caster *soles* his bowl well." In this passage to *sole* seems to signify what, I believe, is usually called to ground a bowl. TYRWHITT.

Cole in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, renders it, *aurem summa vi vellere.*

MALONE.

To *sowle* is still in use for pulling, dragging, and lugging, in the West of England. S. W.

⁸ That is, *bared, cleared.* JOHNSON.

To *poll* a person anciently meant to cut off his hair. It likewise signified to cut off the head. STEEVENS.

⁹ I suspect the author wrote:—whilst he's in *discredit*; a made word, instead of *discred.t.* He intended, I suppose, to put an uncommon word into the mouth of this servant, which had some resemblance to sense: but could hardly have meant that he should talk absolute nonsense.

MALONE.

2. *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.²

1. *Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent.³ Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mull'd,⁴ deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than wars a destroyer of men.⁵

2. *Serv.* 'Tis so: and as wars, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1. *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3. *Serv.* Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volcians.—They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Rome. *A Publick Place.*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;

His

² I believe a word or two have been lost. Shakspeare probably wrote:—

This peace is good for nothing but, &c. MALONE.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—is *worth* nothing, &c. STEEVENS.

³ Full of *rumour*, full of materials for *discourse*. JOHNSON.

⁴ i. e. soften'd and dispirited, as wine is when burnt and sweeten'd. *Lat. Mollitus.* HANMER.

⁵ i. e. than *wars* are a destroyer of men. Our author almost every where uses *wars* in the plural. See the next speech. Mr. Pope, not attending to this, reads—than *war's*, &c. which all the subsequent editors have adopted. *Waking*, the reading of the old copy in this speech, was rightly corrected by him. MALONE.

I should have persisted in adherence to the reading of Mr. Pope, had not a similar irregularity in speech occurred in *All's well that ends well*, Act II. sc. i. where the second Lord says—"O, 'tis brave *wars*!" as we have here—"wars may be said to be a ravisher."

Perhaps, however, in all these instances, the old blundering transcribers or printers, may have given us *wars* instead of *war*. STEEVENS.

His remedies are tame i' the present peace⁶
 And quietness o' the people, which before
 Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
 Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had,
 Though they themselves did suffer by't, behold
 Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see
 Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
 About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he; O, he is grown most kind
 Of late.—Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus, sir, is not much mis'd,
 But with his friends: the commonwealth doth stand;
 And so would do, where he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much better, if
 He could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife
 Hear nothing from him.

⁶ The old reading is,

His remedies are tame, the present peace.

I do not understand either line, but fancy it should be read thus:

——— *neither need we fear him;*

His remedies are ta'en, the present peace

And quietness o' the people, ———

The meaning, somewhat harshly expressed, according to our author's custom, is this: *We need not fear him, the proper remedies against him are taken, by restoring peace and quietness.* JOHNSON.

I rather suppose the meaning of Sicinius to be this:

His remedies are tame,

i. e. *ineffectual* in times of peace like these. When the people were in commotion, his friends might have strove to remedy his disgrace by tampering with them; but now, neither wanting to employ his bravery, nor remembering his former actions, they are unfit subjects for the factious to work upon.

Mr. M. Mason would read, *lame*; but the epithets *tame* and *wild* were, I believe, designedly opposed to each other. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter three or four Citizens.

Cit. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good-e'en, our neighbours.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

1. Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours: We wish'd Coriolanus
Had lov'd you as we did.

Cit. Now the gods keep you

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying, Confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,—

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.⁷

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports,—the Volces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before them.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;

Which

⁷ That is, without *assessors*; without any other suffrage. JOHNSON.

Which were inshell'd, when Marcius stood for Rome,²
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you
Of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be,
The Volces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!

We have record, that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,⁹
Before you punish him, where he heard this;
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:
I know, this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going
All to the senate house: some news is come,
That turns their countenances.²

Sic. 'Tis this slave;—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising!
Nothing but his report!

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,

(How

² i. e. stood up in its defence. Had the expression in the text been
met with in a learned author, it might have passed for a Latinism:

— fummis stantem pro turribus idam. *Æneid IX.* 575.

STEEVENS.

⁹ That is, have some talk with him. In this sense Shakspeare often
uses the word. JOHNSON.

² i. e. that renders their aspect *sour*. This allusion to the acescence
of milk occurs again in *Timon of Athens*:

“Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,

“It turns in less than two nights?” MALONE.

I believe nothing more is meant than—changes their countenances.

STEEVENS.

{How probable, I do not know,) that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome;
And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker fort may wish
Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely :
He and Aufidius can no more atone,³
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. You are sent for to the senate :
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories ; and have already
O'er-borne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work!

Men. What news? what news?

Com. You have help to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads⁴ upon your pates ;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses ;—

Men. What's the news? what's the news?

Com. Your temples burned in their cement ; and

Your

³ To *atone*, in the active sense, is to *reconcile*, and is so used by our author. To *atone* here, is, in the neutral sense, to *come to reconciliation*. To *atone* is to *unite*. JOHNSON.

Atone seems to be derived from *at* and *one*;—to reconcile to, or, to be at, union. In some books of Shakspeare's age I have found the phrase in its original form, “—to reconcile and make them *at one*.”

MALONE.

⁴ Our author, I believe, was here thinking of the old city gates of London. MALONE.

The same phrase has occurred already, in this play. See p. 476. *Leads* were not peculiar to our city gates. Few ancient houses of consequence were without them. STEEVENS.

Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an augre's bore.

Men.

Pray now, your news?—

You have made fair work, I fear me:—Pray, your news?
If Marcius should be join'd with Volcians,—

Com.

If!

He is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better: and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butter-flies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men.

You have made good work,
You, and your apron-men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation,⁵ and
The breath of garlick-eaters!⁶

Com.

He will shake

Your Rome about your ears.

Men.

As Hercules

Did

⁵ *Occupation* is here used for *mechanicks*, men occupied in daily business.
So, again *Julius Cæsar*, Act I. sc. ii.

“An I had been a man of any *occupation*,” &c. MALONE.

In the next page but one, the word *crafts* is used in the like manner,
where Menenius says,

“— you have made fair hands,

“You, and your *crafts*!” M. MASON.

⁶ To smell of garlick was once such a brand of vulgarity, that garlick
was a food forbidden to an ancient order of Spanish knights, mentioned by
Guevara. JOHNSON.

So, in *Measure for Measure*: “— he would mouth with a beggar,
though she smell'd brown bread and garlick.” MALONE.

To smell of *leeks* was no less a mark of vulgarity among the Roman
people in the time of Juvenal. Sat. iii:

— *quis tecum scetile porrum*

Sutor, et elixi vervecis labra comedit?

And from the following passage in Decker's *If this be not a good Play
the Devil is in it*, 1612, it should appear that garlick was once much used
in England, and afterwards as much out of fashion.

“Fortune favours nobody but garlick, nor garlick neither now; yet
she has strong reason to love it: for though garlick made her smell abomi-
nably in the nostrils of the gallants, yet she had smelt and stunk worse for
garlick.”

Hence, perhaps, the cant denomination *Pil-garlick* for a deserted fellow,
a person left to suffer without friends to assist him. STEEVENS.

Did shake down mellow fruit :⁷ You have made fair work!

Bru. But is this true, sir?

Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt;⁸ and, who resist,
Are only mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say, *Be good to Rome*, they charg'd him⁹ even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true:
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, *'Beseech you, cease.*—You have made fair hands,
You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not, we brought it.

Men. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but, like beasts,
And cowardly nobles,² gave way to your clusters,
Who

⁷ A ludicrous allusion to the apples of the Hesperides. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Smilingly* is the word in the old copy, for which *seemingly* has been printed in late editions.

To revolt smilingly is to revolt with signs of pleasure, or with marks of contempt. STEEVENS.

⁹ Their *charge* or injunction would show them insensible of his wrongs, and make them *show like enemies*. JOHNSON.

They charg'd, and therein show'd, has here the force of *They would charge, and therein show*. MALONE.

² I suspect that our author wrote—*coward*, which he sometimes uses adjectively. So, in *King John*:

“Than e'er the coward hand of France can win.”

STEEVENS.

Who did hoot him out o' the city.

Com. But, I fear
They'll roar him in again.⁶ Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer:—Desperation
Is all the poliey, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.—
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Cit. 'Faith, we hear faithful news.

1. *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

2. *Cit.* And so did I.

3. *Cit.* And so did I: and, to say the truth, so did very
many of us: That we did, we did for the best: and though
we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against
our will.

Com. You are goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry!⁷—Shall us to the Capitol?

Com. O, ay; what else? [*Exeunt COM. and MEN.*

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd;
These are a side, that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.

1. *Cit.*

⁶ As they *booted* at his departure, they will *roar* at his return; as he went out with scoffs, he will come back with lamentations. JOHNSON.

⁷ Alluding to a pack of hounds. So, in *Hamlet*, a company of players are contemptuously called a *cry* of players. STEEVENS.

1. *Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's home. I ever said, we were i' the wrong, when we banish'd him.

2. *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home.

[*Exeunt* Citizens.]

Brn. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Brn. Let's to the Capitol:—'Would, half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

A Camp; at a small distance from Rome.

Enter AUFIDIUS, and his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but
Your foldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now;
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier⁸
Even to my person, than I thought he would,
When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature
In that's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir,
(I mean, for your particular,) you had not
Join'd in commission with him: but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not

What

⁸ We have already had in this play—more *worthier*, as in *Timon of Athens*, Act IV. sc. i. we have *more kinder*; yet the modern editors read here—more *proudly*. MALONE.

What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
 And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
 To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
 And shows good husbandry for the Volcian state;
 Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
 As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone
 That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
 Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
 And the nobility of Rome are his:
 The senators, and patricians, love him too:
 The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
 Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
 To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome,
 As is the osprey⁹ to the fish, who takes it
 By sovereignty of nature. First he was
 A noble servant to them; but he could not
 Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,
 Which out of daily fortune ever taints
 The happy man; whether² defect of judgement,
 To fail in the disposing of those chances
 Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
 Not to be other than one thing, not moving
 From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace
 Even with the same austerity and garb
 As he controll'd the war: but, one of these,
 (As he hath spices of them all, not all,³
 For I dare so far free him,) made him fear'd,
 So hated, and so banish'd: But he has a merit,

To

⁹ *Osprey*, a kind of eagle, *ossifraga*. POPE.

I learn from Mr. Lambe's notes to the ancient metrical legend of *The Battle of Flodden*, that the *osprey* is a "rare, large, blackish hawk, with a long neck, and blue legs. Its prey is fish, and it is sometimes seen hovering over the Tweed." STEEVENS.

² Aufidius assigns three probable reasons of the miscarriage of Coriolanus; pride, which easily follows an uninterrupted train of success; unskilfulness to regulate the consequences of his own victories; a stubborn uniformity of nature, which could not make the proper transition from the *casque* or *helmet* to the *cushion* or *chair of civil authority*; but acted with the same despotism in peace as in war. JOHNSON.

³ i. e. not all complete, not all in their full extent. MALONE.

To choke it in the utterance.⁴ So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time :
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.⁵
One fire drives out one fire ; one nail, one nail ;
Rights by rights fouler,⁶ strengths by strengths, do fail.
Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all ; then shortly art thou mine. [*Exeunt.*

4 He has a merit, for no other purpose than to destroy it by boasting it. JOHNSON.

5 This is a common thought, but miserably ill expressed. The sense is, the virtue which delights to commend itself, will find the surest *tomb* in that *chair* wherein it holds forth its own commendations :

“ unto itself most commendable,”

i. e. which hath a very high opinion of itself. WARBURTON.

If our author meant to place Coriolanus in this *chair*, he must have forgot his character, for, as Mr. M. Mason has justly observed, he has already been described as one who was so far from being a boaster, that he could not endure to hear “ his nothings monster'd.” But I rather believe, “ in the utterance” alludes not to Coriolanus himself, but to the high encomiums pronounced on him by his friends. — MALONE.

6 Thus the old copy. Modern editors, with less obscurity—Right's by right fouler, &c. i. e. What is already right, and is received as such, becomes less clear when supported by supernumerary proofs. Such appears to me to be the meaning of this passage, which may be applied with too much justice to many of my own comments on Shakspeare.

Dr. Warburton would read—*fouled*, from *fouler*, Fr. to trample under foot. STEEVENS.

Right's by right fouler, may well mean, “ That one right or title, when produced, makes another less fair.” All the short sentences in this speech of Aufidius are obscure, and some of them nonsensical. M. MASON.

I am of Dr. Warburton's opinion that this is nonsense ; and would read, with the slightest possible variation from the old copies :

Rights by rights foul are, strengths, &c. RITSON.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Rome. *A publick Place.**Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and Others.*

Men. No, I'll not go: you hear, what he hath said,
Which was sometime his general; who lov'd him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father:
But what o'that? Go, you that banish'd him,
A mile before his tent fall down, and kneel
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd⁷
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men.

Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to: forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name i' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so; you have made good work:
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,⁸
To make coals cheap: A noble memory!⁹

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was less expected: He reply'd,
It was a bare petition² of a state

To

⁷ i. e. condescended unwillingly, with reserve, coldness. STEEVENS.

⁸ To rack means to harass by exactions, and in this sense the poet uses it in other places.

I believe it here means in general, You that have been such good stewards for the Roman people, as to get their houses burned over their heads, to save them the expence of coals. STEEVENS.

⁹ — memory!] for memorial. STEEVENS.

² A bare petition, I believe, means only a mere petition. Coriolanus weighs the consequence of verbal supplication against that of actual punishment. STEEVENS.

I have

To one whom they had punish'd.

Men.

Very well :

Could he say less?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends : His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff : He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

Men.

For one poor grain
Or two? I am one of those ; his mother, wife,
His child, and this brave fellow too, we are the grains :
You are the musty chaff ; and you are smelt
Above the moon : We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient : If you refuse your aid
In this so never-heeded help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men.

No ; I'll not meddle.

Sic. I pray you, go to him.

Men.

What should I do?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men.

Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard ; what then ?—
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? Say't be so?

Sic.

Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

Men.

I'll undertake it :
I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,

And

I have no doubt but we should read,—

It was a *base* petition, &c.

meaning that it was unworthy the dignity of a state, to petition a man whom
they had banished. M. MASON.

And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
 He was not taken well; he had not din'd:³
 The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
 We pout upon the morning, are unapt
 To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
 These pipes, and these conveyances of our blood
 With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
 Than in our priest-like fasts:⁴ therefore I'll watch him
 Till he be dieted to my request,
 And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
 And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
 Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
 Of my success.⁵ [Exit.]

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold,⁶ his eye
 Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury
 The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him:
 'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise*; dismiss'd me
 Thus, with his speechless hand: What he would do,

He

³ This observation is not only from nature, and finely expressed, but admirably befits the mouth of one, who in the beginning of the play had told us, that he loved convivial doings. WARBURTON.

⁴ I am afraid, that when Shakspeare introduced this comparison, the religious abstinence of modern, not ancient Rome, was in his thoughts.

STEEVENS.

Priests are forbid, by the discipline of the church of Rome, to break their fast before the celebration of mass, which must take place after sun-rise, and before mid-day. C.

⁵ There could be no doubt but Menenius himself would soon have knowledge of his own success. The sense therefore requires that we should read,

Speed how it will, you shall ere long have knowledge
 Of my success. M. MASON.

That Menenius at *some time* would have knowledge of his success, is certain; but what he asserts, is, that he would *ere long* gain that knowledge.

MALONE.

All Menenius designs to say, may be—I shall not be kept long in suspense as to the result of my embassy. STEEVENS.

⁶ He is enthroned in all the pomp and pride of imperial splendour.

— χρυσόθρονος. Hgn. Hom. JOHNSON.

He sent in writing after me ; what he would not,
Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions:⁷

So,

⁷ This is apparently wrong. Sir T. Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton after him, read :

Bound with an oath not yield to new conditions.

They might have read more smoothly :

—— *to yield no new conditions.*

But the whole speech is in confusion, and I suspect something left out. I should read:

—— *What he would do,*

He sent in writing after ; what he would not,

Bound with an oath. To yield to his conditions.——

Here is, I think, a chasm. The speaker's purpose seems to be this : *To yield to his conditions* is ruin, and better cannot be obtained, *so that all hope is vain.* JOHNSON.

I suppose, Coriolanus means, that he had sworn to give way to the *conditions*, into which the ingratitude of his country had forced him.

FARMER.

The amendment which I have to propose, is a very slight deviation from the text—the reading “ *in his conditions,*” instead of “ *to his conditions.*” — *To yield*, in this place, means to *relax*.

What Cominius means to say, is, “ That Coriolanus sent in writing after him the conditions on which he would agree to make a peace, and bound himself by an oath not to depart from them.”

The additional negative which Hanmer and Warburton wish to introduce, is not only unnecessary, but would destroy the sense ; for the thing which Coriolanus had sworn *not* to do, was to *yield in his conditions.* M. MASON.

What he would do, i. e. the conditions on which he offered to return, he sent in writing after Cominius, intending that he should have carried them to Menenius. *What he would not*, i. e. his resolution of *neither dismissing his soldiers, nor capitulating with Rome's Mechanics*, in case the terms he prescribed should be refused, he bound himself by an oath to maintain. If these conditions were admitted, the oath of course, being grounded on that proviso, must *yield to them*, and be cancelled. That this is the proper sense of the passage, is obvious from what follows :

Cor. “ —— if you'd ask, remember this before ;

“ The things I have foresworn to grant, may never

“ Be held by you denials. Do not bid me

“ *Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate*

“ Again with Rome's mechanics.” — HENLEY.

I believe, two half lines have been lost ; that *Bound with an oath* was the beginning of one line, and *to yield to his conditions* the conclusion of the next. Perhaps, however, *to yield to his conditions*, means—to yield *only* to his conditions ; referring these words to *oath* : that his oath was irrevocable, and should yield to nothing but such a reverse of fortune as he could not resist. MALONE.

So, that all hope is vain,
 Unless his noble mother, and his wife;
 Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
 For mercy to his country.⁷ Therefore, let's hence,
 And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

*An advanced post of the Volcian Camp before Rome. The
 Guard at their Stations.*

Enter to them, MENENIUS.

1. G. Stay : Whence are you ?

2. G. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men ; 'tis well : But, by your leave,
 I am an officer of state, and come
 To speak with Coriolanus.

1. G. From whence ?

Men. From Rome ?

1. G. You may not pass, you must return : our general
 Will no more hear from thence.

2. G. You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
 You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,

If

⁷ *Unless his mother and wife*—do what? The sentence is imperfect. We should read :

Force mercy to his country.——

and then all is right. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's emendation is surely harsh, and may be rendered unnecessary by printing the passage thus :

—— mean to solicit him

For mercy to his country——Therefore, &c.

This liberty is the more justifiable, because, as soon as the remaining hope crosses the imagination of Menenius, he might suppress what he was going to add, through haste to try the success of a last expedient.

STEEVENS.

No amendment is wanting, the sense of this passage being complete without it. We say every day in conversation,—You are my only hope—He is my only hope,—instead of—My only hope is in you, or in him. The same mode of expression occurs in this sentence, and occasions the obscurity of it. M. MASON.

If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,⁸
My name hath touch'd your ears : it is Menenius.

1. G. Be it so ; go back : the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover : I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified ;
For I have ever verify'd my friends,
(Of whom he's chief,) with all the size that verity⁹
Would without lapsing suffer : nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,²
I have tumbled past the throw ; and in his praise
Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing :³ Therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

1. G. 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf,
as you have utter'd words in your own, you should not pass
here :

⁸ A lot here is a prize. JOHNSON.

Lot, in French, signifies prize. *Le gros lot*. The capital prize. S. W.
I believe Dr. Johnson here mistakes. Menenius, I imagine, only means
to say, that it is more than an equal chance that his name has touch'd their
ears. *Lots* were the term in our author's time for the total number of
tickets in a lottery, which took its name from thence. MALONE.

⁹ To *verify*, is to *establish by testimony*. One may say with propriety, *he
brought false witnesses to verify his title*. Shakspeare considered the word
with his usual laxity, as importing rather *testimony* than *truth*, and only
meant to say, *I bore witness to my friends with all the size that verity would
suffer*.

I must remark, that to *magnify*, signifies to *exalt* or *enlarge*, but not
necessarily to *enlarge* beyond the truth. JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards would read *varnished* ; but Dr. Johnson's explanation of
the old word renders all change unnecessary.

To *verify* may, however, signify to *display*. STEEVENS.

² *Subtle* means *smooth, level*.

Subtle, however, may mean *artificially unlevel*, as many bowling greens
are. STEEVENS.

May it not have its more ordinary acceptation, *deceitful* ? MALONE.

³ i. e. given the *sanction* of truth to my very *exaggerations*. This appears
to be the sense of the passage, from what is afterwards said by the 2. Guard.

"Howsoever you have been his *liar*, as you say you have."—*Leasing*
occurs in our Translation of the Bible. See Psalm. iv. 2. HENLEY.

I have almost given the *lie* such a sanction as to render it *current*.

here; no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live chafily. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

2. *G.* Howsoever you have been his liar, (as you say, you have,) I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he dined, can'st thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1. *G.* You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1. *G.* Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have push'd out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans² of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decay'd dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceiv'd; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemn'd, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, If thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2. *G.* Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1. *G.* My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood;—back,—that's the utmost of your having:—back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now, that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant³ cannot office me from my son Coriolanus;

² i. e. slight, inconsiderable. STEEVENS.

³ This term is equivalent to one still in use—a *Jack in office*; i. e. one who is as proud of his petty consequence, as an excise-man.

Coriolanus : gueſs, but by my entertainment with him,⁴ if thou ſtand'ſt not i' the ſtate of hanging, or of ſome death more long in ſpectatorſhip, and crueller in ſuffering ; behold now preſently, and ſwoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods ſit in hourly ſynod about thy particular proſperity, and love thee no worſe than thy old father Menenius does ! O, my ſon ! my ſon ! thou art preparing fire for us ; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee : but being aſſured, none but myſelf could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with ſighs ; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods aſſuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here ; this, who, like a block, hath denied my acceſs to thee.

Cor. Away !

Men. How ! away ?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs are ſervanted to others : Though I owe my revenge properly,⁵ my remiſſion lies in Volcian breſts. That we have been familiar, Ingrate forgetfulneſs ſhall poiſon, rather Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone. Mine ears againſt your ſuits are ſtronger, than, Your gates againſt my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,⁶ Take this along ; I writ it for thy ſake, [*Gives a letter.* And would have ſent it. Another word, Menenius, I will not hear thee ſpeak.—This man, Aufidius, Was my belov'd in Rome : yet thou behold'ſt—

Auf. You keep a conſtant temper.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*]

1. G. Now, ſir, is your name Menenius.

2. G. 'Tis a ſpell, you ſee, of much power : You know the way home again.

1. G.

⁴ Old copy—but] I read, *Gueſs by my entertainment with him, if thou ſtandeſt not i' the ſtate of hanging.* JOHNSON.

⁵ Though I have a peculiar right in revenge, in the power of forgiveness the Volcians are conjoined. JOHNSON.

⁶ — for I lov'd thee,] i. e. becauſe. STEEVENS.

1. G. Do you hear how we are shent⁷ for keeping your greatness back?

2. G. What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, you are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself,⁸ fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away! [Exit.

1. G. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2. G. The worthy fellow is our general: He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The Tent of CORIOLANUS.

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and Others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow Set down our host.—My partner in this action, You must report to the Volcian lords, how plainly I have borne this business.⁹

Auf. Only their ends You have respected; stopp'd your ears against The general suit of Rome; never admitted A private whisper, no, not with such friends That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man, Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome, Lov'd me above the measure of a father; Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge Was to send him: for whose old love, I have (Though I show'd sourly to him,) once more offer'd The first conditions, which they did refuse,

And

⁷ *Shent* is brought to destruction. JOHNSON.

Shent does not mean brought to destruction, but shamed, disgraced, made ashamed of himself. PERCY.

⁸ i. e. by his own hands. MALONE.

⁹ That is, how openly, how remotely from artifice or concealment.

JOHNSON.

And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more; a very little
I have yielded too; Fresh embassies, and suits,
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this?

[*Shout within.*

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.—

*Enter in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, leading
young Marcius, VALERIA, and Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.—
What is that curt'fy worth? or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a mole hill should
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, *Deny not*.—Let the Volces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Virg. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Virg. The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think so.²

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, *Forgive our Romans*.—O, a kiss

Long

² Virgilia makes a voluntary misinterpretation of her husband's words. He says, *These eyes are not the same*, meaning, that he saw things with *other eyes*, or other *dispositions*. She lays hold on the word *eyes*, to turn his attention on their present appearance. JOHNSON.

Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
 Now by the jealous queen of heaven,³ that kifs
 I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
 Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate,
 And the most noble mother of the world
 Leave unsaluted: Sink, my knee, i' the earth; [kneels.
 Of thy deep duty more impressiō show
 Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up blest'd!
 Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
 I kneel before thee; and improperly
 Show duty, as mistaken all this while
 Between the child and parent. [kneels.

Cor. What is this?
 Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
 Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach⁴
 Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
 Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
 Murd'ring impossibility, to make
 What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior;
 I hope to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,⁵

The

³ That is, by *Juno*, the guardian of marriage, and consequently the avenger of connubial perfidy. JOHNSON.

⁴ The *hungry* beach is the *sterile unprolific* beach. Every writer on husbandry speaks of *hungry* soil, and *hungry* gravel; and what is more barren than the sands upon the sea shore? If it be necessary to seek for a more recondite meaning,—the shore, on which vessels are stranded, is as *hungry* for shipwrecks, as the waves that cast them on the shore. Shakespeare, on this occasion meant to represent the beach as a mean, and not as a magnificent object. STEEVENS.

⁵ Valeria, methinks, should not have been brought only to fill up the profession without speaking. JOHNSON.

It is not improbable, but that the poet designed the following words of Volumnia for Valeria. Names are not unfrequently confounded by the player-editors; and the lines that compose this speech might be given to the sister of Publicola without impropriety. It may be added, that though the scheme to solicit Coriolanus was originally proposed by Valeria, yet Plutarch has allotted her no address when she appears with his wife and mother on this occasion. STEEVENS.

The moon of Rome ; chaste as the icicle,⁶
That's curded by the frost from purest snow,
And hang's on Dian's temple : Dear Valeria !

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,⁷
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove,⁸ inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness ; that thou may'st prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,⁹
And saving those that eye thee !

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace :
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before ;
The things, I have forsworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanicks :—Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural : Desire not
To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more !
You have said, you will not grant us any thing ;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that

Which

⁶ Some Roman lady of the name of *Valeria*, was one of the great examples of chastity held out by writers of the middle age. STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope and all the subsequent editors read *curdled* ; but *curdied* is the reading of the old copy, and was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time.

STEEVENS.

⁷ I read :

—*epitome of you.*

An epitome of you, which, enlarged by the commentaries of time, may equal you in magnitude. JOHNSON.

Though Dr. Johnson's reading is more elegant, I have not the least suspicion here of any corruption. MALONE.

⁸ This is inserted with great decorum. Jupiter was the tutelary God of Rome. WARBURTON.

⁹ That is, every gust, every storm. JOHNSON.

Which you deny already : Yet we will ask ;
That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardnes : therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volces, mark ; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private. — Your request ?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment,²
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither : since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weep, and shake³ with fear and sorrow ;
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see

The

² “ The speeches copied from Plutarch in *Coriolanus*, may (says Mr. Pope) be as well made an instance of the learning of Shakspeare, as those copied from Cicero, in *Catiline*, of Ben Jonson.” Let us inquire into this matter, and transcribe a *speech* for a specimen. Take the famous one of Volumnia ; for our author has done little more, than throw the very words of North into blank verse.

“ If we helde our peace (my sonne) and determined not to speake, the state of our poore bodies, and present sight of our rayment, would easely bewray to thee what life we haue led at home, since thy exile and abode abroad. But thinke now with thy selfe, howe much more unfortunately than all the women liuinge we are come hether, considering that the sight which should be most pleasaunt to all other to beholde, spitefull fortune hath made most fearfull to us : making my selfe to see my sonne, and my daughter here, her husband, besieging the walles of his natieue countrie. So as that which is the only comfort to all other in their aduersitie and miserie, to pray unto the goddes, and to call to them for aide, is the onely thinge which plongeth us into most deep perplexitie. For we cannot (alas) together pray, both for victorie, for our countrie, and for safety of thy life also : but a worlde of grievous curses, yea more than any mortall enemye can heape uppon us, are forcibly wrapt up in our prayers. For the bitter soppe of most hard choyce is offered thy wife and children, to forgoe the one of the two : either to lose the persone of thy selfe, or the nurse of their natieue countrie. For my selfe (my sonne) I am determined not to tarrie, till fortune in my life doe make an ende of this warre. For if I cannot persuade thee, rather to doe good unto both parties, then to overthrowe and destroye the one, preferring loue and nature before the malice and calamite of warres ; thou shalt see, my sonne, and trust unto it, thou shalt no soner marche forward to assault thy countrie, but thy foote shall tread upon thy mother's wombe, that brought thee first into this world.” FARMER.

³ That is, *constrains* the eye to weep, and the heart to shake.

JOHNSON.

The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
 His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
 Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us
 Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
 That all but we enjoy: For how can we,
 Alas! how can we for our country pray,
 Whereto we are bound; together with thy victory,
 Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must lose
 The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,
 Our comfort in the country. We must find
 An evident calamity, though we had
 Our wish, which side should win: for either thou
 Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
 With manacles thorough our streets; or else
 Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;
 And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
 Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
 I purpose not to wait on fortune, till
 These wars determine: * if I cannot persuade thee
 Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,
 Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
 March to assault thy country, than to tread
 (Trust to't, thou shalt not,) on thy mother's womb,
 That brought thee to this world.

Virg. Ay, and on mine,
 That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
 Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me;
 I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
 Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
 I have fat too long.

[*rising.*

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
 If it were so, that our request did tend
 To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
 The Volces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
 As poisonous of your honour: No; our suit
 Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volces
 May say, *This mercy we have show'd*; the Romans,

This

* i. e. conclude, end. STEEVENS.

*This we receiv'd; and each in either side
 Give thee all-hail to thee, and cry, Be blest'd
 For making up this peace! Thou know'st, great son,
 The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
 That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
 Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,
 Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
 Whose chronicle thus writ,—The man was noble,
 But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;
 Destroy'd his country; and his name remains
 To the ensuing age, abhorr'd. Speak to me, son:
 Thou hast affected the fine strains⁵ of honour,
 To imitate the graces of the gods;
 To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o'the air,
 And yet to charge thy sulphur⁶ with a bolt
 That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
 Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
 Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you:
 He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy;
 Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more
 Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the world
 More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me prate,
 Like one i' the stocks.⁷ Thou hast never in thy life
 Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
 When she, (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,
 Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
 Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,
 And spurn me back: But, if it be not so,
 Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee,
 That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
 To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:
 Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
 To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,*

Than

⁵ The niceties, the refinements. JOHNSON.

⁶ The old copy has *change*. The correction is Dr. Warburton's.

MALONE.

The meaning of the passage is, To threaten much, and yet be merciful. WARBURTON.

⁷ Keep me in a state of ignominy talking to no purpose.

JOHNSON.

Than pity to our prayers. Down ; An end :
 This is the last ;—So we will home to Rome,
 And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us :
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
 But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,
 Does reason our petition⁸ with more strength
 Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go :
 This fellow had a Volcian to his mother ;
 His wife is in Corioli, and his child
 Like him by chance :—Yet give us our despatch :
 I am hush'd until our city be afire,
 And then I'll speak a little.

Cor.

O mother, mother!

[*Holding Volumnia by the hands, silent.*

What have you done ? Behold, the heavens do ope,
 The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
 They laugh at. O my mother, mother ! O !
 You have won a happy victory to Rome :
 But, for your son, believe it, O, believe it,
 Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
 If not most mortal to him. But, let it come :—
 Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
 I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
 Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard
 A mother less ? or granted less, Aufidius ?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor.

I dare be sworn, you were :

And, sir, it is no little thing, to make
 Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
 What peace you'll make, advise me : For my part,
 I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you ; and pray you,
 Stand to me in this cause.—O mother ! wife !

Auf. I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour
 At difference in thee ; out of that I'll work
 Myself a former fortune.⁹

[*Aside.*

[*The ladies make signs to Coriolanus.*

Cor.

⁸ Does *argue* for us and our petition. JOHNSON.

⁹ I will take advantage of this concession to restore myself to my former credit and power. JOHNSON.

Cor.

Ay, by and by ;

[To Volumnia, Virgilia, &c.]

But we will drink together ;² and you shall bear
 A better witness back than words, which we,
 On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
 Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
 To have a temple built you :³ all the swords
 In Italy, and her confederate arms,
 Could not have made this peace.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Rome. *A publick Place.**Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.*

Men. See you yond' coign o' the Capitol; yond' corner-stone ?

Cic. Why, what of that ?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some home the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But, I say, there is no hope in't; our throats are sentenced, and stay upon execution.⁴

Sic. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man ?

Men. There is difference between a grub, and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He lov'd his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight year old horse.⁵ The tartness of his face fours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his

² Perhaps we should read—*think*. FARMER.

³ Plutarch informs us, that a temple dedicated to the *Fortune of the Ladies*, was built on this occasion by order of the senate. STEEVENS.

⁴ i. e., stay but for it. STEEVENS.

⁵ Subintelligitur *remembers his dam*. WARBURTON.

his hum is a battery. He sits in his state,⁶ as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god, but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: 'There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banish'd him, we respected not them: and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house: The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune, And hale him up and down; all swearing, if The Roman ladies bring not comfort home, They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Mes. Good news, good news;—The ladies have prevailed,

The Volces are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone: A merrier day did never yet greet Rome, No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend, Art thou certain, this is true? is it most certain?

Mes. As certain, as I know the sun is fire: Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it? Ne'er through an arch so hurry'd the blown tide,⁷

As

⁶ In a foregoing note he was said to sit in gold. The phrase, as a thing made for Alexander, means, as one made to resemble Alexander. JOHNSON.
His state means his chair of state. MALONE.

As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you;
[Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drums beaten, all together. Shouting also within.]

The trumpets, sackbuts, pfalteries, and fifes,
 Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
 Make the sun dance. Hark you! *[Shouting again.]*

Men. This is good news:

I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
 Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
 A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
 A sea and land full: You have pray'd well to-day;
 This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
 I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!

[Shouting and musick.]

Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings: next,
 Accept my thankfulness.

Mef. Sir, we have all
 Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city?

Mef. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We will meet them,
 And help the joy. *[Going.]*

Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patricians, and People. They pass over the stage.

2. Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome:
 Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
 And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:
 Unshout

⁷ *Blown* in the text is *swell'd*.

The effect of a high or spring tide, as it is called, is so much greater than that which wind commonly produces, that I am not convinced by the following note that my interpretation is erroneous. Water that is subject to tides, even when it is not accelerated by a spring tide, appears swollen, and to move with more than ordinary rapidity, when passing through the narrow strait of an arch. MALONE.

The *blowen tide* is the tide blown, and consequently accelerated by the wind. So, in another of our author's plays:

“My boat sails swiftly both with *wind* and tide.”

STEEVENS.

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
 Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;
 Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome!—

All. Welcome, ladies!
 Welcome!

[*A flourish with drums and trumpets. Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Antium. A publick Place.

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here:
 Deliver them this paper: having read it,
 Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,
 Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
 Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse,
 The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
 Intends to appear before the people, hoping
 To purge himself with words: Despatch.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius' faction.

Most welcome!

1. *Con.* How is it with our general?

Auf. Even so,

As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
 And with his charity slain.

2. *Con.* Most noble sir,
 If you do hold the same intent wherein
 You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
 Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;
 We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3. *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilst
 'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
 Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf.

I know it :

And my pretext to strike at him admits
 A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
 Mine honour for his truth : Who being so heighten'd,
 He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
 Seducing so my friends : and, to this end,
 He bow'd his nature, never known before
 But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3. *Con.* Sir, his stoutness,
 When he did stand for consul, which he lost
 By lack of stooping,—

Auf.

That I would have spoke of :

Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth ;
 Presented to my knife his throat : I took him ;
 Made him joint-servant with me ; gave him way
 In all his own desires ; nay, let him choose
 Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
 My best and freshest men ; serv'd his designments
 In mine own person ; help'd to reap the fame,
 Which he did end all his ;⁸ and took some pride
 To do myself this wrong : till at the last,
 I seem'd his follower, not partner ; and
 He wag'd me with his countenance,⁹ as if
 I had been mercenary.

1. *Con.*

So he did, my lord :

The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,
 When he had carried Rome ; and that we look'd
 For no less spoil, than glory,—

Auf.

There was it ;

For which my sinews shall be stretch'd² upon him.

At

⁸ In Johnson's edition it was, " Which he did *make* all his," which seems the more natural expression, though the other be intelligible.

M. MASON.

End is the reading of the old copy, and was changed into *make* by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

⁹ This is obscure. The meaning, I think, is, he *prescribed* to me with an air of authority, and gave me *his countenance* for my *wages* ; thought me sufficiently rewarded with good looks. JOHNSON.

To *wage a task* was, anciently, to undertake a task for *wages*.

STEEVENS.

² This is the point on which I will attack him with my utmost abilities. JOHNSON.

At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action; Therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the people.*]

1. *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

2. *Con.* And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear,
With giving him glory.

3. *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he expresses himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more;
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the city.

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it,
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.

1. *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines: but there to end,
Where he was to begin; and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge; ³ making a treaty, where
There was a yielding; This admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, with drums and colours; a crowd of
Citizens with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love,

Than

³ That is, rewarding us with our own expences; making the cost of war its recompense. JOHNSON.

Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
 Under your great command. You are to know,
 That prosperously I have attempted, and
 With bloody passage, led your wars, even to
 The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home,
 Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
 The charges of the action. We have made peace,
 With no less honour to the Antiates,
 Than shame to the Romans: And we here deliver,
 Subscrib'd by the consuls and patricians,
 Together with the seal o'the senate, what
 We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
 But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
 He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor!—How now?—

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius; Dost thou think
 I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
 Coriolanus in Corioli?—

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
 He has betray'd your business, and given up,
 For certain drops of salt,⁴ your city Rome
 (I say, your city,) to his wife and mother:
 Breaking his oath and resolution, like
 A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
 Counsel o' the war; but at his nurse's tears
 He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;
 That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
 Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears,—

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.⁵

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
 Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—

Pardon

⁴ For certain tears. MALONE.

⁵ This should rather be given to the *first lord*. It was not the business of *Aufidius* to put a stop to the altercation. TYRWHITT.

Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgements, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie : and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes impress'd on him ; that must bear
My beating to his grave ;) shall join to thrust
The lie unto him.

1. *Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volces ; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy ! False hound !
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volces in Corioli :
Alone I did it.—Boy !

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears ?

Con. Let him die for't. [*several speak at once.*]

Cit. [*speaking promiscuously.*] Tear him to pieces, do it
presently. He kill'd my son ;—my daughter ;—He kill'd
my cousin Marcus ;—He kill'd my father.—

2. *Lord.* Peace, ho ;—no outrage ;—peace.
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth.⁶ His last offence to us
Shall have judicious hearing.⁷—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O, that I had him,
With fix Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword !

Auf. Insolent villain !

Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[*AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw, and kill CORIO-
LANUS, who falls, and AUFIDIUS stands on him.*]

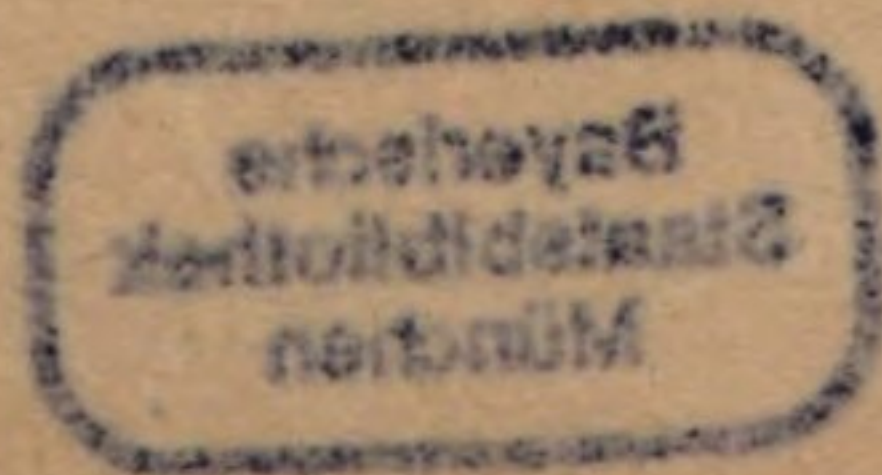
Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1. *Lord.*

⁶ His fame overspreads the world. JOHNSON.

⁷ Perhaps *judicious*, in the present instance, signifies *judicial* ; such a hearing as is allowed to criminals in courts of judicature. Thus *im-
perious* is used by our author for *imperial*. STEEVENS.



1. *Lord.* O Tullus,—

2. *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep.

3. *Lord.* Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be quiet ;
Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage,
Provok'd by him, you cannot,) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1. *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him : let him be regarded
As the most noble corse, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.⁸

2. *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up :—
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers ; I'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully :
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.⁹—

Assist. [*Exeunt, bearing the body of Coriolanus. A dead
march sounded.*²

⁸ This allusion is to a custom unknown, I believe, to the ancients, but observed in the publick funerals of English princes, at the conclusion of which a herald proclaims the style of the deceased. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Memory for memorial.* STEEVENS.

² The tragedy of *Coriolanus* is one of the most amusing of our author's performances. The old man's merriment in Menenius ; the lofty lady's dignity in Volumnia ; the bridal modesty in Virgilia ; the patrician and military haughtiness in Coriolanus ; the plebeian malignity and tribunitian insolence in Brutus and Sicinius, make a very pleasing and interesting variety : and the various revolutions of the hero's fortune fill the mind with anxious curiosity. There is, perhaps, too much bustle in the first act, and too little in the last. JOHNSON.

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